This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES

£15.00

Oma
8/74

PrPr26

Block (John)

BONNITON LIN.

Black, John

THE

FALLS OF CLYDE,

OR,

THE FAIRIES;

A SCOTISH DRAMATIC PASTORAL,

IN FIVE ACTS.

WITH THREE PRELIMINARY DISSERTATIONS.

Fairy Elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees; while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course. They, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

Paradise Lost, I. 781.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR WILLIAM CREECH,

AND LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME, AND J. MURRAY,

FLEET-STREET, LONDON.

A. SMELLIE, Printer.

1806.

PR4118
T35F3

INTRODUCTION,

CONSISTING OF THREE DISSERTATIONS,

I. *ON FAIRIES.*

II. *ON THE SCOTISH LANGUAGE.*

III. *ON PASTORAL POETRY.*

DISSERTATION I.

The propriety of the ſubject of the following Paſtoral ſhown by the example of Poets and the opinion of Critics—The peculiar right a Scotchman has to adopt the fairy way of writing—Remarks on local poetry—Three kinds of Fairies, Continental, Engliſh, and Scotiſh.

> The native legends of thy land rehearſe.
>
> *Collins.*

It may ſeem to require explanation why, in the following Paſtoral Drama, I have aſſumed a hypotheſis which, though once generally prevalent, has now loſt its credit, except in the nurſery, and why I have written it in a dialect which is decaying daily. This dialect, too, can already boaſt of the fineſt poem of the paſtoral kind that perhaps has ever been written, and which (by raiſing high the ſtandard of this ſort of compoſition) has rendered ſucceſs extremely difficult.

On both these points I shall endeavour to satisfy the reader, provided his patience accompany me through the following Dissertations, which I will freely confess are of a length apparently very disproportionate to the work which they profess to introduce,

If we consider the history of poetry, we shall see that all the best poets have created or adopted some system of ideal existence. The Greek and Roman writers availed themselves of the polytheistic notions of their countries. The Italians adopted the magic of the Arabs; Milton chose the hierarchies of the Talmud and schoolmen; and Spenser and Voltaire have allegorised the passions.

The title *Poet* or *Maker* (which last word was at one time adopted in our language) seems to express the opinion of the ancients that, to create, to "body forth the form of things unknown," was the object of that distinguished class of men, who, according to Hecataeus, an old Greek writer, ought to be possessed of πολλα θελκτηρια, *many soothing tales*; the name Troubadours, or *inventors*, shews the sentiments of the middle ages. Fracastoro, the greatest perhaps of modern Latin poets, gives the muses the epithet of amantes mira camoenae, *the wonder-loving muses*; and Shakespeare tells us that the pen of the poet turns his phantasies to shape, and "gives to airy nothing a local habitation and a name."

I would not multiply these authorities, which some may think pedantic, had not fancy for many years discovered a disposition to pass from the poets to the philosophers. The ancient and best poets however, in almost all countries, have been fond of brisk fairies and dapper elves. In England, Shakespeare, Drayton,

and Milton—in Germany, Wieland—in Italy, Ariosto, are proofs of this assertion.

Such airy beings awe the untutor'd ſwain ;
Nor thou, though learn'd, his homelier thoughts neglect ;
Let thy ſweet muſe the rural faith ſuſtain ;
Theſe are the ſcenes of ſimple ſure effect,
That add new conqueſts to her boundless reign,
And fill with double force her heart-commanding ſtrain.

Nor needſt thou bluſh that ſuch false themes engage
Thy gentle mind, of fairer ſtores poſſeſt,
For not alone they touch the village breaſt,
But fill'd in elder time the hiſtoric page ;
There Shakeſpeare's ſelf, with every garland crown'd,
In muſing hour his wayward ſiſters found,
And with their terrors dreſs'd his magic ſcene.

Collin's Ode on the Popular Superſtition of the Highlands.

(*a*) Nor have I only the greatest poets to support me in my choice of this subject, but likewise the ablest critics. Mr Addison employs a paper in the Spectator (419) on the fairy way of writing, which, he justly observes, requires *a very odd turn of thought*. He bestows great praises on it ; and says, " it is indeed more difficult than any that depends on the poet's fancy, because he has no pattern to follow in it, and must work altogether out of his own invention."

To the same purpose I may also quote Bishop Hurd, who, speaking of the tragic distress which Tasso and others have introduced into pastorals, says of Shakespeare, " He saw, I suppose, that pastoral subjects were unfit to bear a tragic distress. And besides, when the distress rises to any height, the wantonness of pastoral imagery grows distasteful. But, to make up in surprise what was wanting in passion, Shakespeare hath,

with great judgment, adopted the popular system of fairies; which, while it so naturally supplies the place of the old sylvan theology, gives a wildness to this sort of pastoral painting, which is perfectly inimitable.—*Notes on Horace, vol.* 1. *p.* 211. 4th edition.

Besides these arguments, deduced from the example of the poets and the remarks of critics, the very country in which I was born had a tendency to direct my attention to this subject. Collins, in his fine ode on the superstition of the highlands, observes to Mr Home, on his return to Scotland:

> 'Tis Fancy's land on which thou ſet'ſt thy feet,
> Where ſtill 'tis ſaid the fairy people meet,
> Beneath each birken ſhade on mead and hill.

Indeed it is extremely worthy of being remarked, that Scotland has ever been considered as the country of strange productions, of enchantment, and of romance. The Caledonian forest was a favourite place for the Paladines, the Knights of the Round Table, and other testy gentlemen, to exercise their valour in. The caves of our country are represented by the romantic writers as infested with dragons, and its seas with orks.

Shakespeare considered the heaths of Scotia as the scenery best fitted for the introduction of his weird sisters, and (to pass from ancient to modern writers) the Abbé de Lille, in a late poem, *L'homme de Champs*, tells a pretty long and not very natural story, of a young shepherdess, named Egeria, who lived with her father in one of the floating islands of Scotland, as if floating islands were as common in this country as reindeer are in Lapland.

Sous les monts de L'Ecoſſe en un lac où des Iles,
Preſſent dit-on les flots de leurs maſſes mobiles.
2 *Chant.*

Nor is it only the poets who have peopled our country with " gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire ;" but I have remarked that even the philosophers and divines of other countries are willing to consider Scotia as abounding in anomalous productions. Thus De Maillet, in his Telliamed, endeavouring to prove that men originally had tails, says, " There are a great number of these men in Ethiopia, Egypt, the Indies, England, and *especially Scotland*, according to all relations (*b*)."

I shall not examine at present whether thus making Scotland the scene of astonishing productions and supernatural events, be owing to the wild romantic beauties of the country, or to its remoteness, and the supposed uncivilized condition of its inhabitants. Probably its remoteness from the more early cultivated parts of Europe, and its being so little known, was the principal reason, for it is natural for a poet to place his wonders in distant and unknown lands. All Homer's prodigies are in Sicily, or on the then unfrequented coasts of Italy, and in short on those shores of the Mediterranean farthest from the regions where he recited his poem : There he places the isle of Circe, the Cyclops, and Scylla and Charybdis. The monsters which Pliny speaks of are all too in strange and distant countries, on the banks of the Ganges, in Pontus, and in Africa : it is in such scenes that he places his dog-headed people, those who want heads altogether, and those who live only on the smell of apples.

But whatever be the cause of our picturesque and sublime country being made use of in this manner, to furnish out wild descriptions, a Scotsman has certainly fully as great a right as any one to make use of any advantage furnished by his situation, compensating his proximity to the scenery by justness of description. I may be pardoned, therefore, if in a Drama, written in the dialect of the country, and of which the scenes are laid in the most romantic situation perhaps in Scotland, I may be pardoned if I have introduced some personages who, though now reckoned supernatural, existed once (if ancient tale can be in aught believed) in great abundance:

> I ſpeke of many hundred yere agoe,
> But now can no man ſee no elfes moe.
>
> *Chaucer's Wife of Bath's Tale.*

The time unfortunately being past when people

> Employ'd the power of fairy hands
> To raiſe the ceilings fretted height,
> Each pannel in atchievement cloathing;
> Rich windows that exclude the light,
> And paſſages that lead to nothing.
>
> *Gray.*

As to the locality of the action, I have chosen the Falls of Clyde, partly no doubt on account of the ancient tradition on which my pastoral is founded, partly because they are near the place where I was born, but principally on account of the sublime beauties of the scenery. In every country, and with writers in I believe every modern language, a fairy land, or fairy prospect or

or scene, is synonimous with one of exquisite beauty; and in every country, too, such scenes, when they exist, should be celebrated by the poetical writers of the country. In Greece, not a rivulet flowed, not a mountain reared its head unsung; at every step imagination burns. "Quacunque enim ingredimur in aliquam historiam vestigium ponimus."—*Cicero Defin. lib.* v. *c.* 2.

(*c*) The ingenious editor of the Works of Burns, speaking of the Scotish songs, says, "The alliance of the words of the Scotish songs with the music has, in some instances, given to the former a popularity which otherwise they would not have obtained."

"The association (continues he) of the words and the music of these songs with the more beautiful parts of the scenery of Scotland, contribute to the same effect. It has given them not merely popularity, but permanence; it has imparted to the works of men some portion of the durability of the works of Nature. If, from our imperfect experience of the past, we may judge with any confidence respecting the future, songs of this description are of all others least likely to die. In the changes of language they may no doubt suffer change, but will perhaps survive while the clear stream sweeps down the vale of Yarrow, or the yellow broom waves on the Cowdenknows.

"Burns has made an important addition to the songs of Scotland: he has enlarged the poetical scenery of his country (*d*). Many of her rivers and mountains, formerly unknown to the Muse, are now consecrated by his immortal verse. The Doon, the Lugar, the Ayr, the Nith, and the Cluden, will in future, like the Yarrow, the Tweed, and the Tay, be considered

as classic streams, and their borders will be trod with new and superior emotions."

In this enumeration of streams, the Clyde, the most beautiful and romantic of our rivers, does not make its appearance; and, in fact, I do not recollect a song or tolerable copy of verses where it is mentioned: but my acquaintance with the writers of poetry is not very general. If the following Pastoral be found worthy of the approbation of the public, this opprobrium will be removed; the beauty of the fall of Bonniton will be considered with new interest; and the cataract of Corra will seem more wild and awful, while, when the visitants of these scenes saunter amid the neighbouring groves, they will recal the airy forms of their former tenants, their dress, their songs and dances, *imminente luna.*

It may be expected, perhaps, that I should endeavour to shew the kind of creatures that Fairies were supposed to be; and this perhaps may be best accomplished by dividing the genus into its several distinct species: for, as to the existence of the genus, I need only refer to the convincing proof brought by Queen Mab herself, who endeavours, like Descartes, to prove her own existence, in the first scene of the second act of this Pastoral.

With respect to the species, there are three kinds of Fairies; the Continental Fairies, if I may call them so—the Scotish or Gothic Fairy—and the English, which is a sort of middle species, differing in some degree from each of the others.

The Continental Fairies are very different indeed from the "wee green-coated bodies of Scotland." They are almost all of them fine ladies, Florinas,

Rosettas, Brilliantes, Luminosas, or Chrystallinas. These ladies dwelt in palaces of opals or rubies, surrounded by emerald groves, and sapphire seas (*e*). Nothing is more wonderful in the stories in which they are introduced than natural events; and indeed the most marvellous thing in a fairy tale, as Fontenelle observes, is when a person, shipwrecked in the middle of the ocean, has the misfortune to be drowned.

In short, the philosophers who have written these tales seem to have excluded nothing from their scenes except nature: They have, in a considerable degree, transgressed the rule, *sint ficta simillima veris;* and appear to have been of the opinion of the celebrated Dr Young, who, in his Night Thoughts, says to Lorenzo,

> Know this, Lorenzo, ſeem it ne'er ſo ſtrange,
> Nothing can ſatisfy but what *confounds*,
> Nothing but what *aſtoniſhes* is true.

It is extremely probable, as has been observed in a dissertation in the Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border, that not only the idea, but even the name of fairies, was derived from the East. In Persia, we are told by Sir William Jones and Ousely, there is supposed to exist a class of imaginary beings called Peris: These are represented as benignant and beautiful females,

> Gay creatures of the element,
> That in the colours of the rainbow live,
> And play i' the plighted clouds.
>
> *Comus, l.* 300.

They hover in the balmy and fragrant air, and live upon the odours of the jasmine and the rose.

With these beautiful beings, we are told the Persians contrast the Dives, as in the Rape of the Lock the Sylphs are contrasted with the Gnomes. The Dives are of the masculine gender, and are as cruel and malignant as the Peris are beneficent and amiable. In like manner, in fairy tales, we have malignant green dwarfs, who enchant or shut up princesses in towers or subterraneous palaces, so that it often requires no little sagacity and valour in princes to set them free, notwithstanding all the assistance which some good fairy is ever apt to give on such momentous occasions.

From the Arabs, who were extremely fond of Persian tales and poetry, and who, wanting the letter P in their alphabets, called these beings Feris, the name as well as the idea was communicated to the cruisaders, and to the western nations of Europe (*f*). The term Elfe is of Gothic origin, and signified those inferior spirits who inhabited the woods, lakes, and mountains (*g*). For in all countries, in the infancy of physics, each phenomenon has a particular cause assigned it, to which is attributed intelligence and will. Nature is peopled with a world of spirits, like the sylphs of Pope, who fan the flowers, scatter the rain, and pour the stream.

> They thought that Genii mov'd the mighty frame,
> Directed all, and fill'd with vital flame:
> Hence Jove, hence Juno, in the ſapphire heaven
> Were plac'd; hence Vulcan to the flames was given.
> To tower-crown'd Cybele the earth they gave
> In charge; and Neptune rul'd the toſſing wave.
> So to the Sun, which bleſſes from afar,
> Immortal ſteeds were feign'd, and golden car:

In trees the Dryads; Naiads dwelt in floods;
And ſhameleſs Fawns and Satyrs trod the woods (*b*).
Cardinal Polignac.

But leaving these ladies who travel in chariots of carbuncles, drawn by flying cats, winged serpents, or birds of Paradise, we shall proceed to say something of the Scotish Fairies, who are a very different race, being derived from the superstitions of the Gothic nations.

From the Edda and the writings of northern authors, we learn, that there was believed to exist a kind of diminutive demons, whom they called Duergar, or Dwarfs, to whom many wonderful performances were attributed. They excelled particularly in the fabrication of arms and other mechanical arts, and inhabited mighty caves among the rocks.

The belief in the existence of such supernatural beings arose, in these countries, not, perhaps, as in happier climates, from a warm imagination communicating life to every object, or attempting to account for the phenomena of nature: It arose perhaps from their solitude, and wild romantic situation, amid lonely hills and dismal lakes. In such cases, where the ideas are few, fancy is ever busy to fill up the void which the uniformity of external objects leaves in the mind. The imagination blends itself with the reality, the wonderful with the natural, the false with the true. The ideas acquire strength, and mingle in such a manner with external impressions as hardly to be distinguished from them. And as the laws of nature are yet unknown, the problem of probability is unlimited, and fancy grows familiar with chimeras which pass for truths.

The effect of solitude in realising the fictions of the imagination is well exemplified in the second-sight of the highlands of Scotland; and the pictures which lonely fancy delineates on the mind cannot be more happily expressed than in the following lines of the Castle of Indolence:

> As when a Shepherd of the Hebride Isles,
> Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
> (Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles,
> Or that aërial beings sometimes deign
> To stand embodied to the senses plain)
> Sees, on the naked hill, or valley low,
> The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
> A vast assembly moving to and fro;
> Then all at once in air dissolves the wond'rous show.

Indeed I have often thought it fortunate that, in ages of ignorance, the tales of fairies, and witches, and enchantments were credited; for it is difficult to imagine how the peerless dames and valiant knights of those days could have passed the winter evenings in their moated castles, without the help of such narrations *. And I have sometimes thought that many

---

* O l'heureux temps que celui de ces fables
Des bons démons, des esprits familiers,
Des farfadets aux mortels secourables!
On écoutait tous ces faits admirables
Dans son château, près d'un large foyer:
Le pere et l'oncle, et la mere et la fille,
Et les voisins, et toute la famille,
Ouvraient l'oreille à monsieur l'aumônier
Qui leur faisait des contes de sorcier.

On a banni les demons et les fées;

of the ancient feuds and robberies arose from *ennui*, and in order to fill up the irksome vacancies of an empty mind (*i*).

But to return from this digression. In the north, as I have said, there was supposed to exist, in the caverns of the mountains, a dwarfish race of people, skilled in mechanical arts: these had often communication with men; stole away their children; and acted in many respects similar to the Scotish fairy.

The Scotish fairies are represented to us as diminutive old looking creatures, dressed in green, and living in green hills, or in the caverns of the rocks: in their dispositions they were capricious and resentful, but at the same time fond of an intercourse with men, from whom they sometimes borrowed, and to whom (a virtue which it is to be wished we would condescend to imitate) they not only paid back but lent in return. Most of our popular tenets concerning them are mentioned in the following Pastoral, and need not therefore be detailed here (*k*).

The English fairies, though far less harsh and gloomy, had many analogies with the Scotish or Gothic fairies; such as being dressed in green, dancing by moonlight in a circle, withering the grass upon which they trod, and stealing away children. They were distinguished from the Scotish elves by their love of neatness (*l*), and by their harmless disposition, which was rather frolicksome and useful than malicious and hurtful.

Sous la raiſon les graces étouffées,
Livrent nos coeurs à l'inſipidité.

Voltaire.

This more gay character seems justly attributed, by Mr Leyden, to the more cultivated state of the country, and to the less harsh character of its religious polity. "Perhaps (says he) the persecution which these sylvan deities underwent, at the instance of the stricter presbyterian clergy, had its usual effect in hardening their dispositions, or at least in rendering them more dreaded by those among whom they dwelt. The face of the country, too, might have some effect, as we should naturally attribute a less malicious disposition, or a less frightful appearance, to the Fays who glide by moonlight through the oaks of Windsor, than to those who haunt the solitary heaths and lofty mountains of the north."

But the poets of England, Shakespeare, Drayton, and others, have joined, if I may say so, the attributes of the eastern and of the Gothic fairies; and instead of a disagreeable race of beings, have made of them the most whimsical creatures of the fancy. They have given them chariots drawn by gnats, instead of horses, with harnesses of gossamour, and with covers of the wings of butterflies: And suitable to the delicacy of these tiny beings, is the nature of their employment.

> I muſt go ſeek ſome dew-drops here and there,
> And hang a pearl in every cowſlips ear (*m*).
>
> *Midſummer Night's Dream, act 2. ſc. 1.*

In the following Pastoral, I have adopted fairies of a sort of middle nature between the Scotish and English elves; on the one hand, I thought the public had got enough of the waggon-spokes of spinner's legs, with fly charioteers, glow-worms, and bracelets of emmet's eyes; on the other hand, my fairies are not described

as malicious and disagreeable; they are such as these beings appear to a person who joins the ideas he has derived from the traditions of his own country, with those which have been furnished by the authors among our neighbours. The story is founded upon a hypothesis in which the popular tenets of most or all countries agree, I mean the stealing away of infants; for, in every system of popular belief, a fondness for the children of mortals was characteristic of those beings. At the birth of an illustrious child on the Continent, there was generally some good or bad fairy contending for the honour of taking away the infant prince or princess, for the purpose of education. In Britain these beings were not so polite, but without any ceremony flew away with the infant, and substituted a changeling in its place.

By wells and rills and meadowes green,
We nightly dance our hey-day guiſe;
And to our fairye king and queen,
We chant our moonlight harmonies.
When larks gin ſing
Away we fling,
And babes new borne ſteal as we go;
An elfe in bed
We leave inſtead,
And wend us laughing, ho! ho! ho!

Percy's Reliques, vol. iii.

DISSERTATION II.

The Scotiſh a purer language than the Engliſh—Cauſes of the deviation of the Engliſh from the original ſtandard attributed to tranſlations and poetry—The ſuperior melody of the Scotiſh language, and particularly its fitneſs for paſtoral writing—Cauſes of the ſuppoſed vulgarity of that dialect, and objections to the uſe of it anſwered—Reaſons of the ſtyle of the following Paſtoral approaching ſo nearly to the Engliſh—Of Ramſay and Burns.

Sur le ton des Français, il faut chanter en France.

Voltaire.

Nous avons l'habitude
De rediger au long de point en point,
Ce qu'on pensa; mais nous ne pensons point.

Id.

I PROCEED now to the ſecond object of this introductory eſſay, which is to juſtify my adoption of the Scotiſh dialect in the following Drama: And this apology will reſt on two propoſitions which, as they may be repugnant to the opinions of the Engliſh reader, I ſhall be at ſome pains to eſtabliſh. The firſt is, that the Scoto-Saxon dialect is ſuperior to the Anglo-Saxon in point of purity; and the ſecond is, that it ſurpaſſes the latter in melody or ſweetneſs of ſound.

When two dialects spring from a common source, that certainly is most corrupted which deviates most from the original standard. That the English language deviates more than the Scotish from the Saxon can bear no dispute (*a*). Indeed no nation seems ever to have been so eager as the English to adopt adventitious terms, while they rejected, to make way for them, many native words of far superior sweetness and energy.

The writers of the age of Queen Elisabeth are considered by S. Johnson as the pure and genuine sources of our language; and he observes that, from them, "a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance." In no period, however, was a language made "a gallimaufrey, or hodge-podge of all other speeches," so speedily as the English was at that time; and the innovations it suffered from the Italian, Spanish, French, and Latin, is a frequent subject of complaint with many of the writers of that age: Thus Marston says in one of his Satires,

> I cannot quote a *motte Italianate*,
> Or brand my satires with a Spanish term.
>
> *Proeme, b. 2.*

Carew, in a letter to Camden, says, "We, within these sixty years, have incorporated so many Latin and French words, as the third part of our tongue consisteth now in them." And Camden himself, having given us a specimen of the Lord's Prayer in Old English, has these words: "Hitherto will our sparkfull youth laugh at their great-grandfathers' English, who had more care to do well than to speak minion like, and left more glory to us by their exploiting great

actes, than we shall by our forging new words and uncouth phrases." (*b*)

This sophistication of the English language at that period (for I do not speak of the consequences of the Norman conquest) was principally owing to two causes. The first was the vast number of translations which were then made, and which, unless the greatest care be used, affect both the idiom and words of the translator. The second cause was a kind of poetical necessity, induced by the constraint of verse, and the absolute need a person sometimes has for a rhyme. The author of an old Arte of English Poesie says of Gower, that, to "make up his rime, he would *for the most part* write his terminant syllable with false orthographie, and many times not sticke to put a plaine French word for an English, and so by your leave do many of our common rimers at this day."

Spencer, praising the style of Chaucer, calls him "Dan Chaucer well of English undefilde." But Skinner, a better judge, tell us that "Chaucer (pessimo exemplo) imported waggon-loads of French words into our language, and deprived of all native grace and beauty a tongue already adulterated by the consequences of the Norman conquest." Much indeed cannot be said for the English style of a writer who, telling us that a person's boots were of tanned leather, says,

> His jambeux were of cure buly.
>
> *Rime of Sir Thopas*, 3380.

> Ses jambeux etoient de cuir bouilli.

Scoto-Saxon than in English. Thus they often changed *sh* into *s*, saying *sall*, *buss*, for *shall*, *bush*; often they changed *s* into a liquid letter, *depone*, *expreme*, instead of *depose*, *express*; sometimes they changed to a simple consonant a harsh combination of consonants, as, instead of *neglect*, *self*, *twelve*, they said *neglek*, *sel*, *twal*; *stolen* is *stown*; *doing*, *saying*, are *doin'*, *sayin'*; for *describe*, *love*, *heave*, they said *descriv*, *luv*, *hae*: and instead of the harsh *th*, which, except the British, it is said no nation in Europe but the Spanish pronounce, they retained the Saxon *d*, saying *fadir*, *medir*, *hidder*, for *father*, *mother*, *hither*.

In fact it seems to me, and it is a circumstance which has often been remarked, that the Scotish bears to the English a relation extremely similar to what the Doric bore to the other dialects of Greece. Perhaps the principal characteristic of the Doric was the substitution of *a* for other vowels; as for η (φάμα for φήμη); for ε (γᾶ for γε); for ω (πρᾶτος for πρῶτος). Now one of the greatest distinctions of the Scotish from the English is, as we have observed, the substitution of *a* for sounds in English similar to those in Greek, not only for different sounds of *a*, but also for *o*. Other analogies might easily be shewn.

Hence I have often flattered myself, that if a few writers of merit would, in some of their compositions, make use of Scotish, *that* dialect might be to the English what the Doric was to the Attic Greek. Much has been done by Ramsay (*e*), and still more by Burns, in producing this effect. The Scotish dialect is peculiarly fitted for pastoral subjects, not only by its melody, but also by the circumstance of its being admirably adapted for a description of the external scenery of the country. When men are acquainted only with a few

objects, these few are examined with great attention, and every variation of them is expressed by a new term. Thus, in Lapland, the rein-deer has about a dozen of names; a rein-deer of four years of age having a different name from one of five, and that again being distinguished from one of six or seven. The pastoral Scots had their attention divided by few objects, and hence no language is so copious in the names given to every variety of external scenery. Let us hope, then, that the British Theocritus will, like Shakespeare, Milton, and Spenser, mingle Scotish words with his writings, and that the Sicilian muses will warble in Scotish strains (*f*).

> You'll say my fancy paints o'er high,
> This pleasant piece of imagery;
> Perhaps it does. I'm apt to paint
> My portraits rather full than faint;
> Yet were our letter'd men inclin'd
> To hae the Scotish tongue refin'd,
> And did our lang-purs'd chieftains chuse
> To patronise the Scotish muse,
> Wha ken's but Arthur's Seat might rise,
> Anither Pindus, to the skies?
> An' sweet St Anton's Well be seen
> To match Beotias Hippocrene?
>
> *Geddes.*

Some Scotish critics (principally, I believe, those who have been born in a part of the country where a ruder dialect is spoken, or who, by being educated in a town, have never been acquainted with the simple manners and sterling worth of the Scotish peasantry) fastidiously annex an idea of rudeness and vulgarity to every

thing written in the native dialect of their country. But "there is a *naiveté*, (says Burns) a pastoral simplicity, which is more in unison, in a slight intermixture of Scots words and phraseology, (at least to my taste, and, I will add, to every genuine Caledonian taste) with the simple pathos or rustic sprightliness of our native music, than any English verses whatever." An observation which, though it is applied particularly to songs, may be extended to several other branches of poetry.

"One cannot but wonder (says an admirable writer) at the observation which is sometimes made, even by Scotsmen of good taste, that the language of the Gentle Shepherd disgusts from its vulgarity. It is true that, in the present day, the Scotish dialect is heard only in the mouths of the lowest of the populace, in whom it is generally associated with vulgarity of sentiment (*g*). But if the sentiments of the speakers be not reproachable with unnecessary vulgarity, we cannot with justice associate vulgarism with a dialect which in itself is proper, and in its application is characteristic *."

The same excellent writer gives us reason to hope that this association which, in the minds of many, exists between the Scotish dialect and coarseness and vulgarity, will be only temporary. "As associated

---

* See *Remarks on the Writings of Ramsay*, prefixed to the London edition 1800 of that Poet's works, in two volumes. This anonymous writer unites a truly classical, with what Burns calls the genuine Caledonian taste.

ideas arise only when the connection is either in itself necessary, or the relation is so intimate that the two ideas are seldom found disunited, so, of late years, that disunion has taken place in a twofold manner, for the language even of the common people of Scotland is gradually refining and coming nearer the English standard; and it has fortunately happened that the Scotish dialect has lately been employed in compositions of transcendent merit, which have not only exhibited the finest strokes of the pathetic, but have obtained even a high pitch of the sublime. For the truth of this observation, we may appeal to the *Cottar's Saturday Night* and to the *Vision* of Burns."

As the Scotish language (he goes on to observe in a note) has to an Englishman the air of an antiquated tongue, it will be relished as such in grave compositions, on the principle assigned by Quintilian: Propriis verbis dignitatem dat antiquitas, namque et sanctiorem, et magis admirabilem reddunt orationem, quibus non quilibet fuerit usurus; eoque ornamento acerrimi judicii Virgilius unice est usus *Olli* enim et *Quianam*, et *mis* et *pone* pellucent, et aspergunt illam quae etiam in picturis est gratissima, vetustatis inimitabilem arti auctoritatem. *Lib.* 7. *c.* 3. (*b*). That the Scotish language is relished by an English ear, on a kindred principle, is acknowledged by a very excellent critic: "I suspect (says Mr Aikin) that Ramsay gains a great advantage among us, by writing in the Scotish dialect; this not being familiar to us, and scarcely understood, softens the harsher parts, and gives a kind of foreign air that eludes the critics severity.

A remark similar to that just mentioned is made by Dr Currie in his observations on the writings of Burns, in vol. i. p. 331, of the first edition of that Poet's works. "Great efforts have been made (says he) by the inhabitants of Scotland, of a superior rank, to approximate in their speech to the pure English standard; and this has made it difficult to write in the Scotish dialect without exciting in them some feelings of disgust, which in England are scarcely felt. An Englishman, who understands the meaning of the Scotish words, is not offended; nay, on certain subjects, he is perhaps pleased with the rustic dialect, as he may with the Doric Greek of Theocritus.

"But a Scotsman inhabiting his own country, if a man of education, and more especially if a literary character, has banished such words from his writings, and has attempted to banish them from his speech: And, being accustomed to hear them from the vulgar daily, does not easily admit of their use in poetry, which requires a style elevated and ornamental. A dislike of this kind is however accidental not natural."

Then follows an excellent observation, which, the ingenious writer says, has "been excited by some remarks of respectable correspondents of the description alluded to."—"Burns (says he) wrote professedly for the peasantry of his native country, and by them their native dialect is universally relished. To a numerous class of the natives of Scotland, of another description, it may also be considered as attractive in another point of view. Estranged from their native soil, and spread over foreign lands, the idiom of their country unites with the sentiments, and the descriptions on which it

is employed, to recal to their minds the interesting scenes of infancy and youth, to awaken many pleasing, many tender recollections. Literary men, residing in Edinburgh or Aberdeen, cannot judge on this point for one hundred and fifty thousand of their expatriated countrymen."

With such sentiments relative to the Scotish dialect, it may be wondered at by some that the language of the following Pastoral approximates so nearly to the English. One reason for this was, that I had, for a considerable time, associated with people who spoke a different dialect: Besides I began and finished this Pastoral without having read any Scotish composition, except some songs, the Gentle Shepherd, and a few of the poems of Ramsay and of Burns *. Hence I have

---

* Since I finished my Pastoral, I have read over the works of both these writers. Perhaps in the writings of few poets, who have gained so much reputation as Ramsay, are there so many "versus inopes rerum nugaeque canorae," if indeed they always deserve this last epithet. But in his better productions (I speak not at present of his admirable pastoral) there is much ease, much good sense, and a certain *auld-farrandness*, if I may apply that Scotish word to a Scotish poet. Never was a finer piece of comic painting than his two cantos of Christ's Kirk on the Green; nor could a higher testimony be given to his powers of ludicrous description than the compliment paid him by Hogarth, who, though the language of Ramsay must have been scarcely intelligible to him, and the humour such as none but a Scotsman can perfectly perceive and relish, dedicated his twelve plates of Hudibras to Allan Ramsay of Edinburgh, and William Wood of Great Houghton in Northamptonshire.

Ramsay seems to have had a prodigious deal of vanity, and always speaks of bestowing immortality on whom he pleased. But he was a poet; he had raised himself to distinction by his talents; and it is a remark of Le Sage, "Les Barbiers ne sont pas les gens du monde le moins

lost the recollection of a great number of Scotish words and phrases, and I was too indolent, or too much occupied, to endeavour to recover them.

ſuſceptibles de vanité." In one place he conſiders himſelf as ſuperior to the greateſt man who perhaps ever exiſted, the Czar Peter the Great:

> Stand yon't proud Czar, I wadna niffer fame,
> Wi' thee, for a' *thy furs*, an' paughty name.

Burns had much more of the *acer vis et ſpiritus*. With a great deal of fire he united a deep ſenſibility, almoſt as exceſſive as that of Rouſſeau. He deſcribed the emotions of his own feeling heart; he painted exactly the ſcenery of nature, and manners of ruſtic life; and conſequently the charm of his writings will be always felt by him who has an obſerving eye, and a ſympathiſing mind. But, though Burns was a great genius, I do not think that his fancy had much range, that he belonged to the ſame claſs, that he was moulded, if I may ſay ſo, in the ſame model with a Homer, a Virgil, a Milton, or an Arioſto. Fitted to delineate the ſtrong, but *fleeting*, emotion of the hour, I know not if he could have formed a large plan, and kept it ſteadily in his imagination, ſoaring, in order to enrich it, from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. The *high poetical ſpirit* does not perhaps conſiſt in the Sybilline fury, in the agitation of an hour; it has much ſenſibility indeed, but its ſenſibility is *calm and dignified, and ſubjected to the underſtanding*. Newton is ſaid to have declared, that his power of diſcovery conſiſted chiefly in his patience, in his ſtrength and ſteadineſs of thought, which never loſt ſight of an object once fixed before it. Thus it was not carried away in the current of ideas; thus the object, which at firſt was ſcarcely ſeen by the dawnings of a faint light, ſhone more and more, till it was illuminated by the glories of the perfect day. Such too ſeems to have been the genius of Milton; the ſcene which his imagination painted as lovely, and his underſtanding had approved, he could keep before him, undiſturbed by the violence of *paſſionate* tranſport; and when it was ſketched in immortal verſe, he

But there was another and stronger reason, which induced me often to adopt an English term or phrase, even when a Scotish one, which pleased me better, presented itself, or, though fading in my memory, might easily have been revived. It is extremely disagreeable to read a work only by help of a glossary, and hence I resolved not to write such pure Scotish as Allan Ramsay had done in his Gentle Shepherd. In the passage already quoted, where Quintilian judiciously advises a sprinkling of old words, he adds, "Sed utendum modo, nec ex ultimis tenebris repetenda;" and *he* perhaps would not add much to the popularity of his book who studiously searched for antiquated terms in the works of Gawin Douglas and of Thomas the Rhymer. The writings of Robert Burns, especially his more elevated compositions, seem upon the whole to be in a happy medium. The language of the following Pastoral is perhaps even less Scoticised than his, and is at the same time somewhat different, as the language of the district where the scene of the piece is laid is that of the east, not of the west country. "The dialect of the upper ward of Clydesdale (says a very intelligent writer, who gives the notice of the parish of Lanark in the Statistical Account) as to pronunciation, is the same with that spoken in Edinburgh, differing materially from that of the middle and lower wards."

In the characters of Adam and Catharine (the gudeman and the gudewife) I have painted what Martial calls the "rus verum et barbarum." Their language is of

---

could calmly, or at leaſt only with dignified and pleaſing emotion, create a new one.

course more rusticated than that of the others, some of whom had been refined by education. The scenes in which these good people appear are however my own favourites. They are the scenes which I have read most frequently, and with the greatest pleasure.

DISSERTATION

DISSERTATION III.

Remarks on the general diſeſteem for paſtoral poetry—Charms of that ſpecies of writing, to what owing—Theocritus—Short account of paſtoral poetry—The falſe notions of it generally entertained by poets and critics—This attributed chiefly to the character of the genius of Virgil—Of Sannazaro and Fracaſtoro—Superiority of the *Gentle Shepherd* to the Italian paſtorals—Remarks on the Drama of the *Falls of Clyde*; of the manners of its perſons, of the ſongs, &c.—Of the great impropriety of ſatirical criticiſm.

Ils ne ſont formés ſur le brillant modelle
De ces paſteurs galants, qu'a chantés Fontenelle.

Voltaire.

It is obſerved by Virgil, that the groves (by which he means paſtoral poetry) delight not every perſon: did he live at preſent, he might ſay they give delight to nobody. We have heard ſo much of the gambols of lambkins, of murmuring rills, of the wings of Cupid, Flora, and the Zephyrs, that the very name of a paſtoral poem leads us to expect a diſgusting repetition of common place deſcription, and of trivial and unnatural

sentiments. Like the animals whose guides they pretend to describe, the writers of this sort have been indeed a *race moutonniere*; they have almost all of them followed their first leader to his accustomed glades and pastures, so that it is impossible, when reading them, not to exclaim,

Peut on être si pauvre en chantant la Nature!

De Lille.

The great S. Johnson, perhaps more than any critic, has contributed to bring contempt on this species of composition. Like a hero in romance, entering full armed into an Arcadian scene, he has dispersed and terrified the gentle shepherdesses and sighing swains. But that which was the aversion of Johnson, and will be disliked by every reasonable person, was not so much the description of rural life; it was the silly exhibition of the Golden Age, of fawns and satyrs; it was the absurd fiction of writers like Shenstone, representing themselves as shepherds, and talking of the crook, the pipe, the sheep, and the kids. It must be owned, that the aversion Johnson had to this silly sort of composition, extended itself in some degree to pastoral writing in general *. Nor is

* We are told by Boſwell, that Johnſon did not ſeem to poſſeſs much reliſh for the picturesque beauties of nature, and are preſented with the following ludicrous dialogue. "We (Johnſon and Boſwell) walked in the evening in Greenwich Park. He aſked me, I ſuppoſe by way of trying my diſpoſition, 'Is not this very fine?' Having no

this difficult to be accounted for. To a person whose vision was imperfect, who was enamoured of a town life, and who considered a chair in a tavern as the throne of happiness; to a person whose mind was agitated by a series of violent emotions, accustomed to intellectual entertainment, to the agitation of contest, and the triumph of victory; to such a person, the scenes of the country must have been languid and uninteresting.—The principal charm of a rural life is the tranquillity it represents; but, to a mind like Johnson's, tranquillity was a curse (*a*). Indeed I do not know if a person of much mental energy, unless a proprietor, or landscape painter, can long feel delight from a tranquil peaceful scenery. The glittering freshness of a summer day, "when God hath showered the earth," when a pearl hangs on every thorn and spike of grass; when the song of rapture is loud in the birchen groves, which shed new fragrance, and display a lovelier green; while the rainbow smiles above, and below every field is smoking incense—Such a scene I must own delights, or rather fills with transport. It is delightful also, while sheltered by a rock or forest, to behold the storm travelling over the heath, or the furious agitation of the waves; but I think a mere placid landscape cannot long fill the mind, but always leaves it empty and dissatisfied.

From the very great number who have attempted pastoral poetry, it is evident that it contains some-

---

exquisite relish of the beauties of nature, and being more delighted with the *busy hum of men*, I answered, 'Yes Sir, but not equal to Fleet-street.' *Johnson.* YOU ARE RIGHT SIR.——*Life of Johnson.* vol. I. p. 425.

thing very pleasing. The principal desire of the human mind is, perhaps, the love, or rather the hope of ease. It is the object at which we point, after all our schemes of interest, of glory, or of ambition, are satisfied. Now to this love of ease pastoral poetry addresses itself. It addresses itself also to our love of natural beauty, by selecting for description those scenes which are best fitted to please or interest the mind. Many have thought meanly of mere descriptive poetry, but as J. Warton observes, " in a sister art, landscape painting is next in rank to history, description being ever preferred to single portraits and pieces of still life." Lastly, pastoral painting addresses itself to the moral sense, by painting chiefly the passion of love; a passion, says S. Johnson, " which he who never felt was never happy, and he who laughs at deserves not to feel; a passion which has caused the change of empires, and the loss of worlds; a passion which has inspired heroism, and subdued avarice *."

Theocritus is generally considered as the father of pastoral poetry; and there are, indeed, in his works

---

* Every thing, says an old philosopher, has two handles. The same S. Johnson observes, in his Preface to Shakespeare, " Love is only one of the many passions, and as it has no *great influence* on the sum of life, it has *little operation* in the dramas of a poet who caught his ideas from a living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him." My lord! said an old advocate to the president of the grand council at Venice, after a decision, My lord! in a case precisely similar to the present, you decided absolutely contrary about a fortnight ago, *and always well*, e sempre bene.---In a considerable number of Shakespeare's dramas, love, so far from having *little*, has the *principal* operation.

many beautiful descriptions and happy touches of nature. Such is that passage in his third Idyll: "I wish I were a bee, Amaryllis! I would enter humming into the grotto where you retire, and would creep among the ivy with which you are adorned." I wish not, (says a shepherd in the 8th Idyll), I wish not to possess the wealth of Pelops, nor to run swifter than the wind; but I will sing under this rock, holding you in my arms, and beholding at the same time my flocks and the Sicilian Sea." Nothing, too, can be more beautiful than the description at the end of the 7th Idyll; its chief fault is perhaps being too crowded, an usual error of Theocritus:

On ſoft beds recline,
Of lentisk, and young branches of the vine;
Poplars and elms *above* their foliage ſpread,
Lent a cool ſhade, and wav'd the breezy head;
Below, a ſtream, from the nymphs' ſacred cave,
In free meanders led its murmuring wave;
In the warm ſun-beams verdant ſhades among,
Shrill graſhoppers renew'd their plaintive ſong;
At diſtance far, conceal'd in ſhades alone,
Sweet Philomela * pour'd her tuneful moan;
The lark, the goldfinch, warbl'd lays of love,
And ſweetly penſive coo'd the turtle-dove;
While honey-bees, for ever on the wing,
Humm'd round the flowers, or ſipt the ſilver ſpring.
The rich ripe ſeaſon gratified the ſenſe,
With ſummer's ſweets and autumn's redolence;
Apples and pears lay ſtrew'd in heaps around,
And the plum's loaded branches kiſs'd the ground.

Fawkes. (*b*)

---

* *Orig*, the woodlark.

But it is not enough to paint, we must make a proper selection of objects. The artist ought to compound rather than copy nature, to separate the mean from the agreeable, the beautiful from the deformed. " Truth (says the admirable Fontenelle) is necessary to please the imagination, but it is not necessary to show *all* the truth. If the half of a thing is painted in a lively and energetic manner, the other part may be concealed, and concealed without observation. The illusion and charm of the pastoral life consists in shewing the picture of its tranquillity, while every thing base and mean is concealed. The shepherds, who are represented in eclogues, should be like the pastoral habits of those who represent them in the theatre. The stuffs are much finer than those of the habits of real peasants; they are even adorned with ribbons and other ornaments, but still they are in the rustic mode. Thus the sentiments and situation of the shepherds in pastorals should be more delicate and agreeable than those in real life, without however departing from the rustic fashion." (*c*)

Theocritus has much offended against this rule; he perhaps represents nature, but his sketches are often coarse and unpleasing. In his fifth Idyll, Lacon and Comatas reproach one another with their mutual thefts: Comatas has stolen the flute of Lacon; Lacon had stolen the skin with which Comatas covered himself, and had left him naked. Then, says Fontenelle, (from whom, after verifying it, I have adopted this analysis) apres que l'un a fait encore a l'autre un petit reproche de sentir mauvais, *after the one has made to the other the small reproach of having a bad smell,* they propose a singing combat, when, considering what had

gone before, one should more naturally expect a boxing-match. And what is very pleasant, after so much abuse, when they are going to sing in opposition to each other, they are delicate, *ils font le delicats*, with regard to the choice of the place where they shall sing; each of them proposes one, of which he makes a flowery description (*d*).—When it is said that Venus, the Graces, and the Loves, composed the Idylls of Theocritus, it cannot be pretended that they had a hand in such as these.

I shall continue the history of pastoral poetry from a passage in Johnson's life of Phillips, to which I shall add a few notes for the purpose of illustration.

" The rustic poems of Theocritus were so highly valued by the Greeks and Romans, that they attracted the imitation of Virgil, whose eclogues seem to have been considered as precluding all attempts of the same kind; for no shepherds were taught to sing by any succeeding poet, till Nemesianus and Calphurnius ventured their feeble efforts in the lower age of Latin literature.

" At the revival of learning in Italy, it was soon discovered that a dialogue of imaginary swains might be composed with little difficulty, because the conversation of shepherds excludes all profound or refined sentiment *; and for images and descriptions, satyrs,

* On the contrary, this introducing of profound and refined ſentiment into the character of ſhepherds, was one of the defects of the modern eclogues. Virgil introduced philoſophy, hiſtory, and allegory into his paſtorals; and in this he was imitated by others, as by Mantuan, Sannazaro, Spencer.

and fawns, and naiads and dryads, were always within call (*e*); and woods, and meadows, and hills, and rivers, supplied variety of matter, which, having a natural power to soothe the mind, did not quickly cloy it.

"Petrarch entertained the learned men of his age with the novelty of modern pastorals in Latin. Being not ignorant of Greek, and finding nothing in the word Eclogue of rural meaning, he supposed it to be corrupted by the copiers, and therefore called his own productions Æglogues, by which he meant to express the talk of goat-herds, though it will mean only the talk of goats. This name was adopted by subsequent writers, and among others by our Spencer.

"More than a century afterwards (1498) Mantuan published his Bucolics with such success, that they were soon dignified by Badius with a comment, and, as Scaliger complained, received into schools, and taught as classical *. His complaint was vain; and the practice, however injudicious, spread far and continued long. Mantuan was read in some of the inferior schools of this kingdom to the beginning of the present century. The speakers of Mantuan carried their disquisitions beyond the country, to censure the corruptions of the church; and from him Spencer learned to employ his swains on topics of controversy.

---

* This is in the 6th book of his Poetics called Hypercriticus. "In noſtro tyrocinio (ſays he) literarum triviales quidam paedagogi, etiam Virgilianis paſtoribus hujus (viz. Mantuani) *bireas* praetulere; *adeò ſui quiſque ſequitur ideam ingenii.*" The criticiſm of Scaliger in this book, and of Johnſon in his Lives of the Poets, is very ſimilar; vigorous and lively,

The Italians soon transferred pastoral poetry into their own language. Sannazaro wrote Arcadia in prose and in verse. Tasso and Guarini wrote *Favole Boscarecchie*, or Sylvan Dramas; and all the nations of Europe filled volumes with Thyrsis and Damon, and Thestylis and Phillis (*f*)."

In the *Remarks* which I have already quoted with so much praise, the ingenious author endeavours (and has succeeded in his attempt) to show, that the Gentle Shepherd gains much by a comparison with the two most celebrated Italian pastorals, the Aminta and Pastor Fido. By this assertion, it is not meant to affirm that Allan Ramsay was a poet in any sort to be compared to Tasso, or perhaps even to Guarini: but that he has executed a work which, by the beauty of the fable, the interest of the situations, and the character of the actors, affects more strongly than the Italian pastorals (*g*).

"The defects of these celebrated poems (says this elegant critic) have arisen from the erroneous idea entertained by their authors, that the province of this species of poetry was not to imitate nature, but to paint that chimerical state of society which is termed the *golden age*. Mr Addison who, in the Guardian, has treated the subject of pastoral poetry at considerable length, has drawn his critical rules from that absurd principle; for he lays it down as a maxim, that, to form a right

---

though sometimes unjust. Scaliger is however fairer, for he never blames a passage without shewing how he thinks it ought to be written.

judgment of pastoral poetry, it is necessary to cast back our eyes on the first ages of the world, and inquire into the manners of men "before they were formed into large societies, cities built, or commerce established; a state (says he) of ease, innocence, and contentment, where plenty begot pleasure, and pleasure begot singing, and singing begot poetry, and poetry begot singing again:" a description this, which is so fantastical, as would almost persuade us that the writer meant to ridicule his own doctrine, if the general strain of his criticism did not convince us it was seriously delivered. Is it necessary to prove that this notion of pastoral poetry, however founded in the practice of celebrated writers, has no basis in reason, nor conformity to good sense? To a just taste and unadulterated feelings, the natural beauties of the country, the simple manners, rustic occupations, and rural enjoyments of its inhabitants, brought into view by the medium of a well-contrived dramatic fable, must afford a much higher degree of pleasure than any chimerical fiction, in which Arcadian nymphs and swains hold intercourse with Pan, and his attendant fawns and satyrs.

"The fables of the Aminta and Pastor Fido, drawn from a state of society which never had an existence, are, for that reason, incapable of exciting any high degree of interest; and the mind cannot for a moment remain under the influence of that deception, which it is the great purpose of the drama to produce.

"The characters or persons of the Italian pastorals are coy nymphs and swains, whose sole occupation is hunting wild beasts; brutal satyrs, who plot against the chastity of these nymphs; shepherds, deriving their origin from the gods; stupid priests of these

gods, who are the dupes of their ambiguous will; and gods themselves disguised like shepherds, and influencing the conduct and issue of the piece. The manners of these unnatural and fictitious beings, are proper to their ideal characters. A dull moralizing chorus is found necessary, to explain what the characters themselves must have left untold or unintelligible."

What this writer observes of the Aminta and Pastor Fido is true also of the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher, and most other pastoral dramas in our own and other languages; and the opinion of Mr Addison has been that of the greater number of critics. The error of these poets and critics arose from the servile character of the Roman genius, and particularly that of Virgil. In most branches of literature, the Romans were the slavish followers of the Greeks, from whom they derived their comedies, their odes, their pastorals, and in general their notions of poetry and the other fine arts. Besides, the character of the genius of Virgil was of that kind which, qualified less to create, embellishes, by the aid of a fine taste, the thoughts of others, and by the dignity of the verse, and the propriety of their position, gives them a majestic sweetness which they were not before possessed of (*b*). But with regard to invention, that may be applied to Virgil which Muretus says of Macrobius: " Ut appareat eum factitasse eandem artem, quam plerique hoc seculo faciunt, qui ita a se nihil alienum putant ut alienis aeque utantur ut suis. *It appears that he acted in a similar manner to many in the present age; which people are so observant of the precept to consider all men as brethren, that they use with equal freedom the property of others and that belonging to*

themselves." There is scarcely a sentiment or incident in the works of Virgil, which he derived not from other writers; hence "he not only brings his gods from Greece, but his shepherds from Arcadia, and his swans from Cayster. If Diana dances, it must be on the banks of the Eurotas *."

I do not mention these things as a reproach to Virgil, after the admirable answer which he himself gave to those who accused him of plagiarism: "Cur non illi quoque eadem furta tentarent? *Why have not they attempted similar thefts?*" I only take notice of the circumstance to account for the general insipidity of this species of writing. Because Virgil imitated Theocritus in a servile manner, every pastoral writer seems to have thought it a kind of impiety to introduce any thing new; and hence those tame imitations, those childish common-places, with which the silly compositions of every pastoral-monger abounds (*i*).

In fact, when any beautiful model exists in an art, it affects the mind so strongly that we are apt to think that, in order to execute properly any thing of the same kind, that model must be imitated. The very number of the books of the original are thought worthy to be observed, and accidental circumstances are exalted into general rules. It was natural, then, for the Romans, struck with admiration of the sublime and beautiful productions of the Grecian muse, to follow her lessons with servility. A similar thing took place at the revival of literature. Though Jupiter,

* Wood on the Original Genius of Homer, p. 140.

Neptune, and Pluto, were considered either as imaginary or demons, they still remained gods in the writings of the poets. Sannazaro represents the Virgin as reading the Sybilline verses, and the mysteries of the Incarnation are sung by Proteus. Nothing seemed poetical, nothing in short elegant, without the admixture of pagan mythology. Bembo makes Leo X. say, in the letters written on the occasion of his elevation, that he was raised to the tiara by the favour of the immortal Gods.

At last Boiardo, Ariosto, and other admirable writers, broke the fetters, and introduced, instead of the now stale fables of antiquity, the *speciosa miracula* of the Gothic mythology. The experiment succeeded: And while Trissino and other servile imitators of the ancients continued unread, the works of the former have been viewed with increasing pleasure and admiration. Nor is it any wonder, for "such are their terrible graces of magic and enchantment, so magnificently marvellous are their fictions and fablings, that they contribute in a wonderful degree to rouse and invigorate all the powers of the imagination, to store the fancy with those sublime and charming images which true genius delights to display best." To this observation of T. Warton, it may be added, that the Gothic mythology is superior to that of Homer and the ancients, in its innocence and freedom from vice. Plato would have have had no reason to have excluded the painter of fairies and elves from his republic, as he did the greatest human genius, on account of his unworthy representation of the Divinity. Thus giving a sanction to the grossest passions, and justifying the pursuit of vice and immorality.

Deum ſeſe in hominem convertiſſe, atque per alienas tegulas
Veniſſe clanculum, per impluvium fucum factum mulieri;
At quem Deum? qui templa coeli ſumma ſonitu concutit,
Ego homuncio hoc non facerem *.

Terence Eunuchus, act 3.

Thus was a happy change effected in other branches of poetry. But Pan and his satyrs still kept possession of the woods; and in general both the writers and critics of *dramatic* and other kinds of *pastoral* poetry, seemed ignorant that a genuine imitation of nature will always please; they seemed to think it was necessary to follow the example of the Roman poet, and have wearied by a repetition of the same common-place images, unnatural incidents, and trifling conceits (*k*).

Sannazaro attempted to vary somewhat the sameness of imagery, by introducing into his eclogues fishermen instead of shepherds. For this attempt he has been blamed by Fontenelle, by Hume, by Blair, and by an host of critics, but is well defended in a beautiful passage of the excellent Mr Swinburne's travels in Sicily: "Sannazaro has been censured for making the sea and its shores the scene of his eclogues; but whoever condemns his piscatory idylls, merely as such, must derive his dislike from his own familiarity

---

* What? Shall a god (thus ſecretly I ſaid)
Drop through the roof, and cheat a ſimple maid!
And what a god!—the maſter of the thunder!
If I then raviſh, too, ſhould people wonder.

with the boisterous gloomy aspect of our northern sea, and the process of a whale fishing. He would be more indulgent to the author were he acquainted with the glassy bays of the Neapolitan sea, where a smooth azure surface reflects large masses of super-impending rocks, richly crowned with groves, that spread their boughs and roots in that wild majestic style so admirably touched by Salvator Rosa.—It was in these bays that Claude and Poussin imbibed their ideas of landscape; and surely scenes that employed the pencil of such masters, cannot be deemed unworthy of the poet's pen."

Ramsay has not followed the servile herd of writers whom we have lately mentioned; his paintings are taken, not from the copies of authors, but fresh from nature, and his sentiments are borrowed from the heart (*l*). He seems to have had a different opinion of pastoral writing from those who thought it sufficient to talk of Pan and Diana, of kids and roses, brooks and breezes. What he says of Scotish poetry in general, in his preface to the Evergreen, is peculiarly applicable to his own pastoral: "The morning rises in the poet's description, as she does in the Scotish horizon; we are not carried to Greece and Italy for a shade or stream, or a breeze; the groves rise in our own valleys, the rivers flow from our own fountains, and the winds blow upon our own hills." And what is here said of the scenery, may also be applied to the manners of his drama.

Such indeed has been the success of Ramsay, that Robert Burns, a poet of a class considerably superior, perfectly acquainted with the manners of the Scotish peasantry, and perfectly able to paint them—Burns,

I say, when repeatedly urged by his friends to attempt a work of this kind, was deterred, as he used to confess, by the merit of the Gentle Shepherd (*m*). The interest, indeed, of the story upon which that drama is founded, is so great as scarcely to be paralleled; and upon the plot and incidents much of the success of a dramatic composition depends. "Verbaque provisam rem non invita sequentur." It is easy to write (and we have several anecdotes of great dramatic writers testifying this truth) when one is master of proper situations, and circumstances, in which to place the characters. An affecting fable, of itself, will excite much interest, and no beauty of sentiments or images will atone for this defect. What composition abounds with more poetry than the *Faithful Shepherdess* of Fletcher; yet such is the intricacy of the plot, such its want of probability, that, if read at all, it will be read but once (*n*).

But I refer the reader, who wishes to see the beauties of the Gentle Shepherd fully displayed, to the elegant *Remarks*, from which I have quoted so abundantly. And I shall conclude this Dissertation with a few observations on that Pastoral Drama which I myself offer to the Public.

As to my choice of the subject, I have said enough in the First Dissertation; nor, considering the scenery, the opportunity furnished for description, and the variety thereby given to the piece, shall I, without stronger objections than have yet presented themselves to me, have reason to regret it. The notions of our ancestors are not equally repulsive to our imaginations, as the fictions of the Grecian poets.

As to the scenery of the piece, I have copied not from authors but from nature (*m*); and have more than once visited the Falls of Clyde, that I might be enabled to give to my descriptions not only natural but local truth.

With regard to the Fairies, I have spoken of them sufficiently, and perhaps more than sufficiently, in my First Dissertation. In the manners of the other characters of the piece, there will be observed a threefold gradation of refinement. Sir John is a gentleman of birth and education, who is represented as having lived during his youth in a country which had made considerable progress in elegance and civilization. The heroine of the piece had spent her childhood and is spending her youth with fairies, beings who (as knowledge is derived from the senses) must *caeteris paribus* be considerably superior to lagging mortals.—The hero is a young man of genius and courage, who, for reasons shewn in the piece, had enjoyed the advantages of a learned education. Every body knows that the Scotish peasantry are superior to those of any other country; but *James*, from his advantages, may, without impropriety, utter sentiments somewhat higher than could be expected from a common shepherd, though I have heard wonderful remarks from them. Thus I cannot share the ridicule of Ronsard, on account of his learned shepherdess Margot: "In Ronsard's first eclogue (says Fontenelle) Margot sings the eulogy of Turnebus, Budaeus, and Vatablus, the first men of their age for Greek and Hebrew, but who assuredly ought not to have been acquaintances of Margot." A similar impropriety is in the *Sad Shepherd*

of Ben Johnson; in which drama, one of the shepherds, talking of the misfortunes often attendant upon true love, cites the authority of several Greek authors of pastoral romances, with whom it is not very natural to think that the shepherds of Sherwood could be acquainted in the days of Robin Hood.

> The trueſt lovers are leaſt fortunate;
> Look all their lives and legends, what they call
> The lovers ſcriptures, Heliodores, or Tatii,
> Longi! Euſtathii! Prodromi! you'll find it.
>
> *Act* 1. *ſcene* 5. (*n*)

There is another remark made by Fontenelle, which perhaps comes nearer me, but I think does not hit me; he is talking of the Shepherds of the Astrée of Mr D'Urfé: "Quelquefois ils me paroissent des sophistes trés pointilleux, car quoique Silvandre fût le seul qui eut etudié a l'ecole des Massiliéns, il y a en d'autres à qui il arrive d'être aussi subtils que lui, et je ne sais seulement comment ils pouvoient l'entendre, eux qui n'avoient pas fait leurs cours chez les Massiliéns." In like manner, it may be said that *Simeon* and *Ann*, who have the second degree of refinement, have too much of it. To this it might be sufficient to reply, that they had associated intimately with the person whose refinement above mere common shepherds we have already accounted for; and one will always gain some of the virtues of a person with whom he usually associates, like the clay of Sadi, which had acquired fragrance from its proximity to the rose. But indeed the true answer is given in a remark of a philosopher: The persons of whom we are now speak-

ing are in love : "Now (says he) the passions, with all their trouble, have a certain light which they communicate almost equally to all those of whom they take possesion. There is a certain penetration, certain views, connected, independently of the difference of talents, with all that interests us in a lively manner." Inspire a man with virtuous love, and he will at once become more eloquent than if he had digested all the maxims of Cicero and Quintilian; he will at once be taught to utter,

> Ces diſcours dictés par l'amour méme,
> Que les indifférents ne peuvent imiter;
> Qu'un amant hors de là ne ſauroit repeter.

As to the manners of *Adam* and *Catherine*, the only other persons of whom I will here speak, though I have nothing to apprehend on the score of refinement, I am afraid that, by the weak, and still more by the malignant, a more serious objection will be made. When a dramatic writer undertakes a piece, he is not answerable for the sentiments of every character in it, unless he makes them utter what is obscene or irreligious. When a tyrant is painted, the writer is not supposed to describe his own sentiments, but those of the tyrant; in the same way as Milton is not supposed to put into the mouth of Satan his own sentiments, but sentiments such as were suitable and natural to a degraded, fallen, and miserable spirit.

The chief characteristic of the peasants of Scotland, what distinguishes them essentially from those I believe of every other country, is a fondness for puzzling

themselves among the inextricable mazes of theological metaphysics. And this is often productive of very serious evils. It produces in them a kind of spiritual pride, than which nothing can be more directly contrary to that humility which is the greatest ornament of the true Christian. They go to church, not to be instructed, but to sit in judgment. And in almost every case, where they have the choice of their own spiritual guide, they reject the learned and enlightened man, however pious, who thinks it necessary to recommend the Christian virtues and the social duties; while they prefer the preachers, however ignorant, who, like the fallen spirits of Milton, *reason*, if it deserves that name, of

> Foreknowledge, will, and fate,
> Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute.

I have therefore, in order both to enliven the dialogue and to characterise the peasantry, painted in the following drama this peculiarity. Indeed the characters and sentiments of *Adam* and *Catherine* are copied literally from particular life, and I could not soften the features without destroying the resemblance. I believe what pleasantry there is to be entirely innocent, or most assuredly I would not be the author, or rather the transcriber, of it; since I covet no eulogy of a poet so highly as that of Thomson, that there was "no line which dying he would wish to blot."

I have written this pastoral in rhyme, because the Gentle Shepherd is so; in which drama, I believe no person of taste will find any thing constrained or unna-

tural on that account. Perhaps every body will agree that it could not have been so beautiful either in prose or blank verse; for such is the charm of a perfect work, that, like a lovely woman, the dress in which it appears seems always more becoming than any other we can possibly imagine. Nobody was ever more hostile to blank verse than S. Johnson, and yet in his criticisms both on the Paradise Lost and the Seasons, he says that these admirable works are better in their present state than they could have been in rhyme.

It was the opinion of the late Adam Smith that, had Dryden possessed in any considerable degree the dramatic genius of Shakespeare, he would have brought rhyming tragedies into fashion, and that nothing but laziness hinders us from writing them as they do in France. "Rhyme (says S. Johnson) has been so long banished from the theatre, that we know not its effect upon the passions of an audience; but it has this convenience, that sentences stand more independent on each other, and striking passages are therefore easily selected and retained." If the reader wishes to see the other advantages attending it, he may consult the essay of Dryden on *Dramatic Poesy*, with the defence of it prefixed to the *Indian Emperor*, and his dedication of the *Rival Ladies*; but indeed the judgment of Dryden was generally the dupe of his interest, and he was never at a loss for arguments in support of what suited his convenience. Mr Malone, in his essay on the Chronology of the Plays of Shakespeare, observes, that though that great poet never entirely laid aside his mixture of rhymes and blank verse in the same play, yet that his more early productions are charac-

terized by a greater multitude of similar terminations, than those which he wrote after the year 1600. And therefore, says he, " wherever, of two early pieces, it is doubtful which preceded the other, I am disposed to believe (other proofs being wanting) that play in which the greater number of rhymes is found to have been first composed. Whether (says he) in process of time Shakespeare grew weary of the bondage of rhyme, or whether he became convinced of its impropriety in a dramatic dialogue, his neglect of rhyming, for he never wholly disused it, seems to have been gradual." Dryden boldly asserts, that it was laziness that induced Shakespeare to abandon it; and indeed that sublime genius seems often to have written with too great haste. Perhaps Dryden's partiality to rhyming arose from his great superiority in the art, which gave him the advantage of his contemporaries in that particular.

But without entering in any degree into the merits of the dispute, or giving an opinion on the subject, it is sufficient for me, that the writers of most pastoral pieces have mingled with them a considerable number of similar terminations. The greater part, indeed almost the whole, of Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess* is in rhyme. In the *Mid-summer Night's Dream*, and in the *Saa Shepherd* of Ben Johnson, the story goes " sometimes on rhyme, sometimes on blank verse, like a horse who eases himself on trot and amble." Milton himself, in his *Comus*, at the entrance of the attendant spirit, makes that being and the elder brother discourse a short time in rhymes.—In short, with so many authorities in my favour, I may assert,

that if the following Pastoral be blamed because it is in rhyme, the defect is not this, but some other imperfection (*o*).

As to the Songs, which are scattered through the performance, they are not altogether original. I have sometimes adopted a stanza from an old Scotish song, and added new words, such as I thought suited my subject; in other cases, I have only borrowed some old burthen or chorus, and sometimes I have written songs altogether new. My reason for sometimes adapting an old line or stanza was the following. I am quite unacquainted with music as an art; and hence the only safe way I could do, was to look over some collection of Scotish songs, to consider which read best, and the rhythmus of which seemed to suit best with the sentiments which I wished to express.

"You know (says Burns to his correspondent Mr Thomson) that my pretensions to musical taste are merely a few of nature's instincts, untaught and untutored by art. For this reason, many musical compositions, particularly where much of the merit lies in counterpoint, however they may transport and ravish the ears of you connoisseurs, affect my simple *lug* no otherwise than merely as melodious din. On the other hand, by way of amends, I am delighted with many little melodies, which the learned musician despises as silly and insipid." Such is precisely my situation at present; and indeed my musical taste pretty much resembles that of those elegant gentlemen who, in the time of Henry VIII. drew up the *Seventy-eight fautes and abuses of Religion*, and who assert that "singing, and saying of mass, matins, or even song, is but roryng, howling,

whistleying, mummying, conjurying, and jogelyng, and the playing at the organys a foolish vanity."

But, while a considerable portion of the compositions of the Italian and German masters appear to me, with the exception of those of Corelli, mere tweedledum and tweedledee, my heart melts at the *wild pathetic sweetness*, at the natural and simple melody of many of our Scotish songs.

> That ſtrain again, it had a dying fall;
> Oh! it came o'er my ear like the ſweet ſouth,
> That breathes upon a bank of violets,
> Stealing, and giving odour. (*p*)

I deliver this my first production (and which will, whatever is its success, be my last in the same kind) to the world, with a wish that it may please, but without much anxiety. Not that I am altogether indifferent about reputation, or desire to be classed with that numerous order of writers who are less solicitous about admiration than alms; but because, if I have health and leisure, I hope to give other works to the world, which will better entitle me to the public esteem. Like Noah, while myself and other property are snug in the ark, I send forth this as the raven to wander around, and to gather from its fate rules for my future conduct.

I interrupted, to write this performance, a work in which I was much more interested; hence I was in considerable haste to finish, and did not court favourable occasions, nor give much respite to the muse. To all this let it be added, that it is a first, and that some part of it is a boyish production, and besides it is a

dramatic work, perhaps the most difficult species of writing.

> Your Ben and Fletcher, in their firſt young flight,
> Did no Volpone, no Arbaces write;
> Shakeſpeare's own muſe his Pericles firſt bore,
> The Prince of Tyre is elder than the Moor;
> 'Tis miracle to ſee a firſt good play.
>
> *Dryden.*

I mention these circumstances, not as if I either wished or hoped that the judgment of the public would be swayed by any thing but the intrinsic merit of the composition, but that whatever criticism is used be candid and without malignity. *To criticise*, said the King of Prussia, is easy, *but the art of criticism is difficult.* And it should never be forgotten, that it ought to be an examination, not a satire (*q*). No man is very perfect at first; and if the early productions of the most eminent poets were published to day, the poor authors would be hooted out of countenance, and perhaps be induced, in despair, to abandon those arts by which they have attained a glory so extensive. Had the first productions of Raphael been compared with his *Transfiguration*, how mean and pitiful must they have appeared? And what an immense interval is there between Milton's hobbling verses to the memory of Shakespeare, and the Paradise Lost? Yet such is the hardship which a young author has to struggle with, when perfect models are abundant (*r*). His work is compared, not with common, but with the most eminent writers; not with the first productions of these

writers, but with the last and most perfect. And then, mercy on us! what a cry is raised. "The vivacity of our modern critics (says Cibber in his life) is of late grown so riotous, that an unsuccessful author has no more mercy shewn him than a notorious cheat in the pillory.; every fool, the lowest member of the mob, becomes a wit, and will have a fling at him."

This *vivacity of criticism*, as Mr Cibber calls it, though a considerable grievance to all the members of the republic of letters, bears particularly hard upon writers of fancy. If a person publishes a scientific work, and it is unjustly attacked, he can demonstrate it is so, having only to construct his diagram, or bring forward his equation, "with biquadratics rang'd in dread array." Thus he can be little affected by the assault of petulance; but for poor poets there is, alas! no such resource. A man may be convinced, but cannot easily be pleased against his will; and even Milton himself could have no redress against the sarcasms of the most paltry scribbler. The life of Tasso was embittered, and his mind deranged, by attacks on a poem, one of the most perfect productions of the human mind, written before he was thirty years of age.

And this is a new reason why criticism should not be too wanton in her reproaches, since it is only the highest minds that she can wound acutely. An inferior writer has generally little of that infirmity of noble minds, the desire of fame, and consequently perseveres unhurt amid ridicule and insult. But the writings of Pope and Voltaire (*s*) show how deeply they were affected by the wounds inflicted by the feeblest adversary. The sensibility of Montesqueiu is well known: A parody,

it is said, of one of the odes of Gray, disgusted him with poetry: and Racine acknowledged to his son, that the petulant attacks of the meanest scribbler gave him pain more acute than the highest eulogies of taste and learning had given him pleasure.

But "if bad writers (says S. Johnson in his life of Pope) were to pass without reprehension, what should restrain them? and upon bad writers alone will censure have much effect. The satire, which brought Theobald and Moore into contempt, dropped impotent from Bentley, like the javelin of Priam."

Instead of saying, upon *bad writers alone will censure have much effect*, he ought to have said, upon *the works* of bad writers. All this may be true; and perhaps there is much justice in a remark I have somewhere seen attributed to Bentley, that no man was ever written down but by himself. But of what importance is it to a man that his works survive his persecutors, if his peace while living was disturbed? Of what importance is it to Tasso or Racine that, while the memory of their opponents shall not follow them, their own fame "spreads and grows brighter with the length of days."

> Can Honour's voice provoke the silent duſt?
> Or Flattery ſoothe the dull cold ear of death? (t)

In short, unless a writer is himself dogmatical and overbearing, unless he attacks the interests of religion and morality, he ought never to be treated in a manner as cruel as if he were an enemy to society. And

surely neglect is of itself a sufficient punishment for attempting to please the public, without having the misfortune aggravated by the wantonness of insult, and the taunts of petulance.

NOTES

NOTES

TO

DISSERTATION I.

NOTE (*a*) *p.* 5.—Machiavel has employed a chapter in his Diſcourſes on Livy, to prove that, in order that a ſect or republic may long ſubſiſt, it muſt ſometimes be winded up as it were, or reſtored to its original ſpring. A volere che una ſetta, o una republica viva lungamente, è neceſſario ritirarla ſpeſſo verſo il ſuo principio. This certainly holds in many things, and is perhaps true in poetry; it began with the creations of fancy, with wonderful fictions and fablings: it left theſe for wit and ſatire, which however, not being very convenient for poetical writers, many of them (indeed the great proportion) contented themſelves with mere rhyme. In order to reſtore poetry, it will be neceſſary perhaps to return to the ſtudy of Homer, and to the old Gothic fictions. A diſpoſition of this ſort has of late manifeſted itſelf, and is a favourable ſymptom of the revival of the art "I may tell you, ſays Milton, whither my younger feet wandered: I betook me among thoſe lofty fables and romances which recount, in ſolemn cantos, the deeds of knighthood." Nor did he ceaſe to wander into the haunts of the Grecian and Roman muſe. It was this, and the being *smit* with the love of fame and of ſong, that hath rendered his name immortal; and it is to ſimilar circumſtances that the world muſt be indebted for its future Miltons and Taſſos.

Note (*b*) *p.* 7.—St Jerome, in his work againſt Jovian, lib. 2. cap. 6. tells his readers the following anecdote, when ſpeaking of

The nations which each other eat,
The Anthropophagi,

Quid loquar de ceteris nationibus? cum *ipse* adoleſcentulus in Gallia viderim Scotos gentem Britannicam humanis veſci carnibus, et cum per Sylvas pecorum greges, et armentorum pecudumque reperiunt: paſtorum nates, et foeminarum papillas ſolere abſcindere, et has ſolas ciborum delicias arbitrari.

Note (*c*) *p.* 9.—"The Ancients (ſays Joſeph Warton, in his *Remarks on the Life and Writings of Pope*) conſtantly availed themſelves of the mention of particular mountains, rivers, and other objects of nature; and indeed almoſt confine themſelves to the tales and traditions of their reſpective countries. Whereas we have been ſtrangely neglectful of celebrating our own Severn, Thames or Malvern, and have therefore fallen into trite repetitions of claſſical images, as well as claſſical names. Our muſes have ſeldom been

Playing on the ſteep,
Where our old bards the famous druids lie."

There are few works more amuſing than that from which the above extract is taken. It is indeed (to uſe an expreſſion of Mr Cibber) "a mere ragout toſſed up from the offal of other authors," but the cookery is excellent. One thing a perſon does not like, is the declamation againſt French critics and criticiſm, while ſuch uſe is making of them; and, in particular, almoſt whole pages tranſcribed from the work of the Abbé du Bos.

Note (*d*) *p.* 9.—That what the editor here mentions was early the ambition of Burns, we may collect from the following ſtanzas to a brother ruſtic poet.

Ramsay and famous Ferguſon,
Gie'd Forth and Tay a lift aboon;
Yarrow and Tweed to mony a tune,
O'er Scotland rings;
While Irwin, Lugar, Ayr, and Doon,
Nae body ſings.

The Iliſſus, Tiber, Thames, and Seine,
Glide ſweet in mony a tuneful line;
But Willie ſet your foot to mine,
An' cock your creſt,
We'll gar our ſtreams an' burnies ſhine,
Amang the beſt.

We'll ſing auld Coila's plains and fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks and braes, her dens and fells,
Where glorious Wallace,
Aft bure the gree, as ſtory tells,
Frae ſouth'ron billies.

* * * * *

Oh, ſweet are Coila's haughs and woods,
Where Lintwhites chant amang the buds,
An' jinkin hares in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy;
While through the braes the cuſhat croods,
Wi' wailfu' cry.

Vol. III. p. 250.

Note (*e*) *p.* 11.—From theſe fairy palaces the Italian poets borrowed their ſplendid deſcriptions, which in turn were adopted and imitated by our early Engliſh poets Arioſto, in his 34th canto, when he makes Aſtolpho aſcend to the terreſtrial paradiſe, where he ſees and converſes with the apoſtle John, thus deſcribes the country.

With *opal* tow'rs and battlements adorn'd
Of living *saphir*, once his native ſeat;
And faſt by, hanging in a *golden* chain,
This pendent world.——*B.* ii. 1050.

Theſe remarks, being connected with the text, will not be thought impertinent, as they relate to the only poet, perhaps, in the peruſal of whoſe works "fancy has her fill."—"Milton's florid ſtyle (ſays T. Warton) has this diſtinction from that of moſt other poets, that it is marked with a degree of dignity." It is indeed very different from the glittering tinſel of Dr Darwin, and others of the ſame ſtamp, in the ſame way as true jewels differ from paſte.

Note (*f*) *p.* 12.—"The intercourſe of France and Italy (ſays Mr Leyden) with the Moors of Spain, and the prevalence of the Arabic as the language of ſcience in the dark ages, facilitated the introduction of their mythology among the nations of the Weſt. Hence the romances of France, of Spain, and Italy, unite in deſcribing the Fairy as an inferior ſpirit, in a beautiful female form, poſſeſſing many of the qualities of the eaſtern Peri."——*Minſtrelsy of the Scotiſh Border*, *vol.* 2. p. 176.

The fairies however as we learn from Millot, the hiſtorian of the Troubadours, are not often mentioned in the productions of theſe fathers of modern poetry. In the account he gives of William IX. of Poitou, Duke of Aquitaine, he tells how that prince, defending his inconſtancy to the ladies, ſays, "Les fées l'ont ainſi conſtitué." "Nous ne connoiſſons pas (ſays Millot) de temoignage plus ancien ſur les fées, et ſans doute elles faiſoient peu de ſenſation, puiſque les Troubadours n'ont point du tout profité des reſſources qu'elles pouvoient fournir à la poeſie.—*Hiſt. Literaire des Troubadours*, i. 13.

If we may judge from another Troubadour, Sordel, the fairies of the middle ages were not very correct in point of morals. "J'en ſais (ſays Sordel, with what D'Alembert calls a noble confidence) tant en amour qu'il n'eſt point de dame ſi vertueuſe qui puiſſe ſe defendre de mes douces perſecutions. Je ſuis *tellement doué par les fées*, qu'il faut que

J'obtienne en amour tout ce qui je ſouhaite." In the very next ſong, this favourite of the fairies complains of his miſtreſs allowing him to die of deſpair and love.

Note (*g*) *p.* 12.—Elfe it is ſaid ſignifies *quick*, but etymologiſts greatly differ about the word. In Spencer, book ii. ſtanza 10---70, we are informed that man firſt made by Prometheus was called Elfe. This gentleman, traverſing the globe, arrived at the gardens of Adonis, where he found a female, whom he called Fay. The iſſue of Elfe and Fay were called Fairies, who ſoon grew to be a mighty people, and conquered all nations. Their eldeſt ſon Elfin governed America; Oberon was the eighth in deſcent from Elfe. Several powerful kings reigned before Elfe, one of whom ſurrounded his principal city Cleopolis (or London) with a golden wall; another built the palace Panthea (Windſor) of cryſtal; and a third threw a bridge of glaſs over the ſea, the ſound of which was like thunder.

Note (*b*) *p.* 13.—In order that the Cardinal may not ſuffer by my tranſlation, I ſhall ſubjoin his own fine verſes.

Paſſim genios ſparſere latentes,
Qui regerent, motumque darent, vitamque foverent,
Jupiter hinc coelo datur, et Saturnia Juno,
Vulcanus flammis, Terrae Berycinthia mater,
Oceano Neptunus, et aequorea Amphitrite,
Sic etiam Soli quo cuncta foventur
Aurigam, currumque, immortaleſque quadrigas,
Arboribus Dryadas, fluviorum Naiadas undis,
Tum Satyros ſylvis, et turpia Numina Faunos.

Anti-Lucretius, lib. 6. 475.

We are told by D'Alembert, in his *History of the French Academy*, of a philoſopher who did not like this method of deſcription: " Ne

peut-on (he was accuſtomed to ſay) rendre agréable la deſcription d'une fontaine ou d'un bois ſi une Naiade ou des nymphes n'y ſont cachées. Pourquoi d'ailleurs mettre partout les femmes? Ne ſont-elles aſséz de mal où elles ſont naturellement."

Note (*i*) *p.* 15.—Pourquoi les paſſions ont-elles tant d'attraits pour les hommes? C'eſt qu'elles arrachent a l'ennui, c'eſt qu'elles occupent vivement. On aime mieux, s'egarer, ſouffrir et même ſe perdre que s'ennuyer.—*Madame Genlis.*

The hoſpitality of people in a lonely and ſemi-barbarous ſtate has often been celebrated; and many compliments have been paid them at the expence of thoſe who are more refined. But in truth the hoſpitality of thoſe people has not much more of virtue in it, than an inhabitant of Edinburgh has in purchaſing a novel or newſpaper. In their ſituation, food was abundant, and *ennui* great; of courſe they willingly exchanged a portion of their pork and mutton for amuſement and news. The converſation of ſuch a man as Ulyſſes is painted to us, was cheaply purchaſed at the expence of a whole herd of ſwine.

Note (*k*) *p.* 15.—In a work in blank verſe, entitled *Scotish Scenery*, by Dr Cririe, there is a note concerning fairies, which deſerves perhaps to be quoted, on account of its whimſical abſurdity. "Moſt of the traditional stories reſpecting fairies, (ſays the Doctor) eſpecially ſuch as repreſented them as *embodied* ſpirits, might perhaps be accounted for, upon ſuppoſition that the Druids, or rather ſome conquered aborigines, had fled from their enemies, and taken up their reſidence in thoſe ſubterranean dwellings ſo frequently diſcovered in digging in various parts of Scotland, and in ſome places called Picts houſes. Covered with artificial mounts, they were generally green hills. When the country came to be inhabited around them, a regard for their own ſafety would induce them to lie hid by day, and to come abroad only in the night. It would be of conſequence, if at any time their

occaſions ſhould force them abroad in daylight, that their clothing ſhould be as like the ground as poſſible; *hence they were always dreſſed in green*; Their narrow dwelling kept them much confined by day; *hence the exerciſe of dancing by moonlight* muſt have been to them *moſt delightful*, and frequently repeated in remote glens and ſequeſtered places. Hence alſo their muſic by night, in the open air; by day, in their dwellings, it might have betrayed them. Hence alſo, in dark nights, thoſe gleams of light, which were neceſſary to find their way to water, or any thing elſe they might need. *Their ſtock of proviſions might at times run ſhort*: hence their females appearing in *green gowns*, borrowing oat-meal, and repaying it. Their families in that confined ſtate of life, from putrid or infectious diſeaſes, might become thin or wear away; and hence their carrying off women and children to recruit their ſtock; hence alſo the return of thoſe carried off, being permitted to depart, after ſeveral years of abſence from their own families, under a promiſe of keeping their ſecret. *Difficulties may be ſtarted*, but ſuch a ſuppoſition as that of a diminutive lunar race, ſerves to account for ſtories that paſſed current with people who, though ſuperſtitious and apt to be imposed on by their own imagination, were not indifferent to what they thought to be truth, more than people of the preſent age. It may alſo be proper to remark, that the fairy tales of this country were widely different from thoſe we generally find in books."

Note (*l*) *p.* 15.—In all the deſcriptions of the Engliſh Fays, they are repreſented as remarkably attentive to neatneſs: Thus Drayton,

> Theſe make our girls their ſluttery rue,
> By pinching them both black and blue;
> And put a penny in their ſhoe,
> The houſe for cleanly ſweeping.

In the fairy queen's ſong, in Biſhop Percy's *Reliques*, vol. 3. p. 207. we have the ſame thing mentioned.

> And if the houſe be foull,
> With platter, diſh, or bowll,

Up ſtairs we nimbly creep,
And find the ſluts aſleep,
Each we pinch till loud ſhe cries,
None us heares, none us ſpies.

But if the houſe be ſwept,
And from uncleanneſs kept,
We prayſe the houſehold maid,
And duly ſhe is paid;
Every night before we go,
We drop a teſter in her ſhoe.

Indeed all the Engliſh poets repreſent neatneſs as perfectly neceſſary to ſecure the favour or invite the reſidence of fairies. We are informed by Puck, in the Midſummer Night's Dream, act v.

I am ſent with broom before,
To ſweep the duſt behind the door.

Note (*m*) *p.* 16.—Thoſe who wiſh to have the moſt fanciful picture of Fairies, in their leaſt and moſt tiny ſtate, ſhould read the *Nymphidia* of Drayton, or, as Biſhop Warburton calls him, "one Michael Drayton."—"It will be apparent to him (ſays S. Johnſon) that ſhall compare Drayton's poem with the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, that either one of the poets copied the other, or, as I rather believe, that there was ſome ſyſtem of the fairy empire generally received, which they both repreſented as accurately as they could. Whether Drayton or Shakeſpeare wrote firſt, I cannot diſcover."

When any thing appears in Shakeſpeare and a contemporary writer, and it is required who wrote firſt, it may generally, as appears from his commentators, be given againſt Shakeſpeare, who might well have ſaid, as Pope has done in his preface, "I fairly confeſs I have ſerved myſelf all I could by reading." It has been proved, however, by the editor of the *Canterbury Tales*, that the *Nymphidia* was written after the *Midſummer Night's Dream*. For in the poem of Drayton, *Don Quixote* is mentioned; now the work of Cervantes was not publiſhed

till 1605, whereas we have an edition of the *Midſummer Night's Dream* in 1600.

In the *Nymphidia* there is an account given of an aſſignation between Queen Mab and Pigwiggen, a favourite fairy. The poet then deſcribes the rage and jealouſy of Oberon, who, in his endeavours to diſcover them, encounters ſeveral unfortunate accidents. At laſt he meets with Puck, whom he ſends to trace the queen, but who is ſtill more unlucky than his maſter, principally owing to the arts of a fairy called Nymphidia. At laſt Pigwiggen offers, by duel, to defend the honour of his queen; a combat enſues between him and Oberon, which is however made up, and the whole forgotten, by each getting a draught of the water of Lethe.

Such is the outline of the piece, the detail of which is very ſportive; the agitation of Oberon, his adventures, and the pranks he played, are whimſically amuſing.

He next upon a glow-worm light,
(You muſt ſuppoſe it now was night)
Which, for her hinder part was bright,
He took to be a devil;
And furiously doth her aſſail,
For carrying fire in her tail;
He thraſh'd her rough coat with a flail;
The mad king fear'd no evil.

Oh! quoth the glow-worm, hold thy hand,
Thou puiſſant king of fairy land,
Thy mighty ſtrokes who may withſtand,
Hold! or of life deſpair I:
Together then herſelf doth roll,
And tumbling down into a hole,
She ſeem'd as black as any coal,
Which vext away the fairy.

* * * *

A new adventure him betides;
He met an ant, which he beſtrides,

And poſt thereon away he rides,
Which with his haſte doth ſtumble,
And came full over on her ſnout,
Her heels ſo threw the dirt about,
For ſhe by no means could get out,
But over him doth tumble.

During all theſe misfortunes of poor Oberon,

The Queen, bound with love's powerful charm,
Sat with Pigwiggen arm in arm;
Her merry maids that thought no harm,
About the room were ſkipping:
A humble bee their minſtrel play'd,
Upon his hautboy---every maid
Fit for this revel was array'd,
The hornpipe neatly tripping.

Theſe things are very trivial, but many they amuſe; and indeed no objection is in general more ſilly than that of complaining, that one waſtes his attention on a frivolous ſubject, ſince there are a ſufficient number of writers for every variety of compoſition. The Abbé Winckelman obſerves, that among the Greeks every thing perfect in its kind was eſteemed, whatever that kind might be—"On eſtima toujours ce qui etoit parfait dans ſon genre quelque fût ce genre"—And attributes to this much of the ſuperiority of that wonderful people. Nothing is in itſelf mean or little in nature or in art; and the true philoſopher views, with almoſt equal intereſt, Manpertuis journeying to Lapland to determine the figure of the earth, and Spallanzani going to the lakes of Comacchio to inveſtigate the propagation of eels.

With regard to the fictions of poetry in particular, the following admirable remarks are made by Lord Bacon.---"As the active world is inferior to the rational ſoul, ſo poetry gives to mankind what hiſtory denies, and in ſome meaſure ſatisfies the mind with ſhadows when it cannot enjoy the ſubſtance. For, upon a narrow inſpection, poetry ſtrongly ſhews that a greater variety of things, a more perfect order, a more beautiful variety, is pleaſing to the mind, than can any where

be found in nature. And as real hiſtory gives us not the ſucceſs of things according to the deſerts of vice and virtue, poetry corrects it, and preſents us with the fates and fortunes of perſons rewarded or puniſhed according to merit. And as real hiſtory diſguſts us with a familiar and conſtant ſimilitude of things, poetry relieves us by unexpected turns and changes; and thus not only delights, but inculcates morality and nobleneſs of ſoul: Whence it may juſtly be eſteemed of a divine nature, as it raiſes the mind, by accommodating the images of things to our deſires; and, not like hiſtory and reaſon, ſubjecting the mind to things."——*De Augm. Scient. lib.* ii. *p.* 13.

Fontenelle ſeems to have had his eye on the foregoing noble paſſage, when he wrote the following verſes.

Souvent en s'attachant à des Fantômes vaines,
Notre raiſon ſeduite avec plaiſir s'égare;
Elle-même jouit des plaiſirs qu'elle a feints,
Et cette illuſion pour quelque temps repare
Le defaut des vrais biens, que la Nature avare,
N'a pas accordés aux humains.

NOTES

TO

DISSERTATION II.

NOTE (*a*) *p.* 20.—Mr Horne Tooke (*Diverſions of Purley*, 8vo. 242.) ſays: "And here it may be proper to obſerve, that Gawin Douglas' language, though written about a century after, muſt yet be eſteemed more ancient than Chaucer's; even at this day, the preſent Engliſh ſpeech in Scotland is, in many reſpects, more ancient than that ſpoken in England ſo far back as the reign of Queen Elizabeth." So Mr Caſaubon (*De vet. Ling. Ang.*) ſays of his time: "Scotica lingua Anglica hodierna purior:" where, by *purior*, he means nearer to the Anglo-Saxon. So G. Hickes, in his Anglo-Saxon Grammar, c. 3. ſays, "Scoti in multis Saxonizantes."

There are few perſons in the preſent age to whom philoſophy is ſo much indebted as to H. Tooke, who has ſwept away a vaſt maſs of traſh, and eſtabliſhed firm foundations on which to build the theory of language.

> Quæ toties animos veterum torſere Sophorum,
> Quæque ſcholas fruſtra rauco certamine vexant,
> Obvia conſpicimus.——*Halley.*

What tortur'd oft the ſophiſts though acute,
What wearied oft the ſchools with hoarſe diſpute,
We ſee!

What a pity that, born for the univerſe, he has narrowed his mind; and that, inſtead of devoting the powers of his vigorous underſtanding excluſively to what will be eternally uſeful, he has diſtracted it in the purſuit of objects and affairs,

Quæ dum geruntur,
Percellunt animos, cum præteriere nihil ſunt.
Polignac.

Which, while they laſt, enſnare the dazzled mind,
But fleeting paſs, nor leave a wreck behind.

For the manner in which the Saxon language was introduced into Scotland, conſult Ritſon's Hiſtorical Eſſay on Scotiſh Song, and the authors mentioned by him. He obſerves, that Malcolm III. (Canmore, who aſcended the throne in 1056) reſided a conſiderable time in England, during the uſurpation of Macbeth: that he married an Engliſh princeſs, and probably preferred the poliſhed manners of that country to thoſe of his own: that the piety of his conſort introduced a great number of prieſts: that Malcolm, in an irruption into England, brought home a vaſt number of captives: and that the Norman conqueſt in 1080, forced a number of Saxons to ſeek an aſylum in Scotland: Beſides the Saxon was a cultivated and written language, which the Celtic was not.

Note (*b*) *p.* 21.—T. Warton, to whoſe remarks on Spenſer I am indebted for ſome of theſe paſſages, gives us a ſtill more pathetic complaint of the famous antiquary Thomas Hearne, on account of our adoption of the Roman character. "As it is a reproach to us (ſays Thomas) that the Saxon language ſhould be ſo forgot, as to have but few (comparatively ſpeaking) that are able to read it, ſo it is a greater

reproach that the *black letter*, which was the character ſo much in uſe in our grandfathers' days, ſhould be now as it were diſuſed and rejected."—Talking of the Bible, Thomas ſays, "But though I have taken ſo much pleaſure in peruſing the Engliſh Bible of the year 1541, yet *'tis nothing equal* to that I ſhould take in turning over that of the year 1539." Such is the value of two years only in the eyes of an antiquary, that even the ſacred book itſelf becomes thereby more venerable.

Hearne's character reſembles one of Johannes Subfuſcus, which I have ſomewhere ſeen whimſically drawn. "Johannes Subfuſcus, antiquarius ille venerabilis, *vetuſtatis* avidus, *novitate* averſus, *coelum* ipſum faſtidiens quod *Nova* dicitur *Hieroſolyma*, et nullum non locum reſpuens quo neque tinea neque aerugo corrumpit.—John Browniſh, that venerable antiquarian; lover of antiquity; hater of novelty; deſpiſer of heaven itſelf, becauſe it is called the *New* Jeruſalem; and abhorring every place but thoſe which are corrupted by moths and ruſt."

Note (c) *p.* 22.—We need only open the works of the elder poets to obſerve a number of words now antiquated in England but uſed in Scotland. I ſhall inſtance a few.

The man whom heavens have ordain'd to bee
The ſpouſe of Britomart, is Arthegall;
He wonneth in the land of Fayeree,
Yet is no fairy born, ne *fib* at all
To elfes, but ſprung of ſeed terreſtrial;
And whilome by falſe fairies ſtolen away,
While yet in infant cradle he did crall.

Edit. 1590. *book* 3. *ſt.* 26.

For Banquo's iſſue have I *fil'd* my mind.

Macbeth, act 3. *ſc.* 2.

A little *wee* face.——*Merry Wives of Windſor.*

For you are call'd plain Kate,
And *bonny* Kate.——*Taming of the Shrew, act* 2. *ſc.* 4.

Eyne, (eyes) is common in Shakeſpeare, Spenſer, Chaucer.

In Comus, Thyrſis, talking of the herb haemony, ſays, it is

> Unknown, and light eſteem'd; and the dull ſwain
> Treads on it daily with his clouted *ſhoon*.

And Shakeſpeare, in *Cymbeline*, *act* 4. *ſc.* 2.

> I thought he ſlept, and put
> My clouted *brogues* from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
> Anſwered my ſteps too loud.

Spenſer ſays of the horſe Brigadore, that he

> *Louted* low on knee.

> Bitten by a *wood*-dog's venom'd tooth.
> *Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdeſs*, *act* 2.

So alſo Shakeſpeare, Chaucer, &c. from *woden*, to be furious.

In fine, not to multiply examples without number, Milton repreſents a report of the creation of man as *rife* in heaven before the fall; and Sir Walter Raleigh ſays that the following obſervation of the Earl of Eſſex, concerning Eliſabeth, coſt him his head: "That ſhe grows old and *cankered*, and that her mind was become as crooked as her carcaſe."

Note (*d*) *p.* 23.—What Mr Geddes here ſays of *a*, is confirmed by Dr Burney in his *Hiſtory of Muſic*, vol. 4. p. 7. "The vowel *a*, acccording to our method of ſounding it, in the words *all*, *call*, *ball*, &c. affords the pureſt and moſt open paſſage to the voice through the mouth, and long diviſions and vocal effuſions ſhould be appropriated as much as poſſible to this vowel, which is ſtill more convenient to the ſinger when combined with no other letter which alters the form of the organ. *O* allows a free paſſage to ſound, yet, as it ſeparates the lips and teeth leſs than the letter *a*, it is in leſs favour with ſingers." Again, "It has been found that the vowel *a* is the beſt for diviſions, and all the other vowels have been long in diſuſe for ſuch

purpoſes, by the beſt Italian compoſers for the Stage."—Innumerable are the words which in the Scotiſh end in *a*, which in Engliſh end in a conſonant; as *ca'*, *fa'*, *ſma'*, for *call*, *fall*, *ſmall*: And by conſulting the general rules at the end of the Foulis' edition of the Gentle Shepherd, it will appear that, in almoſt every inſtance, the Scots have the advantage of the Engliſh in point of euphony. "The pronunciation of Scots (ſays Allan Ramſay) is liquid and ſonorous, and much fuller than the Engliſh---which, being added to all our own words of eminent ſignificancy, makes our tongue by far the compleateſt; for inſtance, I can ſay, an *empty houſe*, a *toom barrel*, a *boſs head*, and a *hollow heart*. Many ſuch examples might be given, but let this one ſuffice."

Note (e) p. 25.—Ramſay's Works were well received in England. There was an edition at London for the bookſellers in 1731, and one at Dublin in 1733. A compliment paid him by Hogarth will be afterwards mentioned. The late W. Tytler, Eſq; of Woodhouſelee, recollected Gay, in Ramſay's ſhop, deſiring that writer "to explain to him many of the Scotiſh expreſſions of the Gentle Shepherd, which Gay ſaid he would communicate to Pope, who was a great admirer of that paſtoral." We are told alſo, that Arbuthnot performed for Pope the office of interpreter of this drama.

The works of Burns have been ſo univerſally read, that I believe the Scotiſh dialect is now, among readers of poetry, pretty familiar in England. The cloſer connection which, for many years, has ſubſiſted between the north and ſouth of the iſland, the eminence of many Scotſmen in literature, as well as the riſe of many in the civil and military department, have given us conſideration. Our country has alſo been made known and intereſting by Pennant and other touriſts. It is ſaid that his preſent Majeſty takes pleaſure in the Scotiſh dialect. One day that the Counteſs of Elgin was at Court, his Majeſty came up and ſaid, "My lady, a've gotten a letter frae your ſon the day, an' he's brawly."

Note (f) p. 25.—Since I wrote this I have read the *Sad Shepherd* of Ben Jonſon, in which Biſhop Hurd ſays he has *written above himſelf*,

and which Mr Horne Tooke, in his Diverſions of Purley, ſays, though it be

Such wool,
As from mere Engliſh flocks his muſe could pull,

Yet, as its author himſelf modeſtly obſerves, is

A fleece,
To match or thoſe of Sicily or Greece.

In that fragment of a paſtoral (the third act not being finiſhed) there are as many Scotiſh words as in mine. It is worthy of remark, that the witch *Maudlin* and her family talk broad Scotch. Thus, when angry at her ſon for not courting properly, ſhe ſays, act 2. ſcene 3.

Gang thy gait,
And do thy turns betimes; or I's gar tak'
Thy new breeks frae thee, and thy dublet tu,
The talleur and the ſowter ſall undu
All they ha' made, except thou manlier woo.

Douce, her daughter. Gud mother, gif you chide him he'll do wairs.

Witch. Hang him! I geif him to the devil's eirs,
But ye, my Douce! I charge ye ſhew yourſel'
Tu all the ſhepherd's bauldly, gang amang them,
Be mickel i' their eye, &c.

The above remarks ſhew two things: They confirm what I have ſaid in my Firſt Diſſertation of Scotland being conſidered as the proper ſcene of curious productions, ſince here we have, in a play written by an Engliſhman, a Scotiſh woman in the character of a witch. And, ſecondly, they ſhow the idea of Jonſon of the propriety of the antiquated dialect being uſed in paſtorals; for not only Maudlin and her family uſe the northern dialect, but ſeveral others of the dramatis perſonae. Thus Friar Tuck calls the *fox*, *tod*; and the *badger*, *brock*. On the words *barkan tyke*, in the ſame drama, the editor ſays, "The word *tyke* ſignifies a dog, and is yet uſed in Yorkſhire and the northern parts of England; indeed all the ruſtic ſpeeches in this play are a ſpecimen of the northern dialect.

In the ſame way, Spenſer wrote his paſtorals profeſſedly in imitation of the ſtyle of Chaucer, and to give them a more antiquated air adopted the name of an old book called the *Shepherd's Kalender*. " Spenſer, (ſays Dryden) being maſter of our *northern dialect*, and ſkilled in Chaucer's, has ſo exactly imitated the Doric of Theocritus, that his love is a perfect image of that paſſion which God infuſed into both ſexes, before it was corrupted with the knowledge of arts, and the ceremonies of what we call good manners." Once more: " One of Spenſer's reaſons (ſays T. Warton) for uſing ſo much ancient phraſeology in theſe paſtorals, was undoubtedly the obvious one of cloathing rural characters in the dreſs of ruſtic ſimplicity."

Note (*g*) *p.* 26.—What this writer ſays here of the converſation of thoſe who uſe the Scotiſh, applies alſo to thoſe who have written in that dialect. Moſt of our Scotiſh poets are, like Shakeſpeare's old hermit of Prague, people " that never ſaw pen and ink." Being uneducated therefore, taken from and writing to the *Swiniſh multitude*, their works abound in low humour, and mean, but often ludicrous images.

Note (*b*) *p.* 27.—Thus imitated by Ben Jonſon in his Diſcoveries. " Words borrowed of antiquity do lend a kind of majeſty to ſtyle, and are not without their delight ſometimes: For they have the authority of yeares, and out of their intermiſſion do lend a kind of grace like newneſſe. But the eldeſt of the preſent, and the neweſt of the paſt language is beſt."—This laſt ſentiment is alſo from Quintilian: " Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova." The illuſtration in the original from Painting is admirable.

In confirmation of theſe remarks, I beg leave to introduce a paſſage from Horace, and one from Fenelon.

> Obſcurata diu populo bonus eruet, atque
> Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum;
> Quae priſcis memorata Catonibus, atque Cethegis,
> Nunc ſitus informis premit, et deſerta vetuſtas.

A writer ſometimes will revive again
Expreſſive words, ſcarce us'd ſince Mary's reign;
Words which, though ſweet, fell ſweeter from her tongue,
His page will ſave, and try to render young.

Notre langue (ſays Fenelon) manque d'un grand nombre de mots, et de phraſes. Il me ſemble même qu'on l'a gênée, et appauvrie depuis environ cent ans, en voulant la purifier. Il eſt vrai qu'elle etoit un peu informe, et trop verbeuſe. Mais le vieux langage ſe fait regretter quand nous le retrouvons dans Marot, dans Amiot, dans le Cardinal d'Oſſat, dans les ouvrages les plus enjoués, et dans les plus ſerieux. Il y avoit je ne ſcais quoi de court, de naïf, de vif et de paſſioné.—*Reflexions ſur la Rhetorique.*

I muſt intreat the reader's pardon for theſe numerous quotations, which proceed neither from indolence nor pedantry, and the uſe of which is abſolutely hoſtile to ſimple and elegant compoſition. But I wiſhed the ſubject of this chapter to be clearly inveſtigated, and firmly eſtabliſhed; and I thought it would be both uſeleſs and unjuſt to write over what had already, but ſeparately, been better expreſſed by others. And indeed a writer at preſent ought rather to ſelect from the maſs of materials preſented by others, and make them bear upon the point he would eſtabliſh, than repeat, but in a more crude and imperfect manner, what has been ten thouſand times ſaid before, and infinitely better expreſſed. "The ſubject of quotation being introduced, (ſays Boſwell in his Life of Johnſon) Mr Wilkes cenſured it as pedantry. *Johnſon.* No Sir, it is a good thing; there is a community of mind in it. Claſſical quotation is the parole of literary men all over the world."

NOTES

TO

DISSERTATION III.

NOTE (*a*) *p.* 35.—Entendre parler des brebis, et de chevres, des ſoins qu'il faut prendre de ces animaux cela n'a rien par ſoi-meme qui puiſſe plaire, c'eſt *l'idée de tranquillité* attachée a la vie de ceux qui prennent ſoin des brebis, et de chevres.—*Fontenelle Diſcours.*

Fontenelle, in his admirable diſcourſe on paſtoral poetry, inſiſts much on this tranquillity as the *only thing* pleaſing, and as the eſſence of that kind of writing. That it forms a great part of it is without doubt true; but this is not all; a conſiderable part of our pleaſure ſprings from the beauty of the ſcenery, of the ſmiling objects with which the perſons are ſurrounded; and part ariſes from the gaiety of their ocupations. Nothing can be more tranquil than ſome of the hermit ſcenes of Snanevelt; but their lonelineſs inſpires a certain, though not unpleaſing horror.

Biſhop Hurd has blamed Mr Hume for pronouncing, in his *Eſſay on Simplicity and Refinement in Writing*, that M. de Fontenelle's Diſcourſe on Paſtoral Poetry is one of the fineſt pieces of criticism in the world. "For my part (ſays the Biſhop) I can only ſay, it is rather more tolerable than his paſtorals."—In my opinion Mr Hume is in the

right: Never, perhaps, did there a profe writer [for I limit my praiſe to his profe] exiſt of more juſtneſs of thought, with a certain inexpreſſible *finesse* and delicacy, than Fontenelle. His paſtorals are indeed very ridiculous; and Mr Hume could not have quoted a better proof of what he meant to eſtabliſh, that a critic may diſcourſe moſt admirably without inſtructing his readers, or even underſtanding the matter himſelf: And that mere general criticiſm is of little uſe in rectifying the taſte, ſince, "however different the taſtes of men, their general diſcourſe on theſe ſubjects is commonly the ſame."

A writer of ſome talents, in the *Bee*, in Remarks upon Hume, after telling us that he attached himſelf to metaphyſical reaſoning from *his infancy*, ſays: "A Shakeſpeare and a Milton were beyond the reach of his mental ken. Deſtitute of thoſe perceptions which convey to the mind thoſe exquiſite ſenſations denominated by the word *taste*, he read their writings with a frigid indifference, and wondered what any perſon could ſee in them to excite those extravagant emotions, which he viewed as little ſhort of inſanity." In this ſame work, Adam Smith is repreſented as altogether devoid of taſte.

I confeſs one is apt to wonder at theſe and ſimilar aſſertions. If men of high abilities like theſe, acquainted intimately with the beſt models, and whoſe writings diſplay ſuch feeling, eloquence, and knowledge of mankind—If ſuch men are deſtitute of taſte for compoſition, where is it to be found? Mr Hume has been much blamed for the ſeeming coldneſs with which he has ſpoken of the great geniuſes of England: But he knew, with Bacon, that nothing is more dangerous than the *idolatry of great names*, pernicious to the living, and uſeleſs to the dead. Thus, it generally happens; a perſon is perſecuted during his life, very often in proportion to his talents; but after he is dead, then eulogies begin, not for the ſake of the poor man who is gone, but in order to diſcourage or depreciate his competitors who are alive. Beſides, it cannot be expected that a man of great genius ſhould have, or pretend to have, the ſame gaping aſtoniſhment, and uſe the ſame interjectional praiſe, with a writer of little or no talents. Corregio ſaw without aſtoniſhment the paintings of Raphael, whereas a Richardſon will *Oh!* and *ah! divine! astoniſhing! wonderful!* but ſhall we thence conclude that Corregio was deſtitute of taſte, and could not eſtimate the beauties of Raphael as well as Richardſon?

Note (*b*) *p.* 37.—"'Exiſtimaverunt viri eruditi (ſays Biſhop Lowth in his Lectures on the Sacred Poetry of the Hebrews) Theocritum poetam ſuaviſſimum, ſeptuaginta illis Interpretibus aequalem, et in aulâ Ptolemaei Philadelphi una florentem, aliqua ex hoc carmine (cantico ſcilic. Salomonis) delibaſſe, et pene ad verbum expreſſa in ſua Idyllia tranſtuliſſe, *confer.* Cant. i. 9. vi. 10. cum Theoc. xviii. 30. 26. Cant. iv. 11. cum Theoc. xx, 26. Cant. viii. 6, 7. cum Theoc. xxiii. 23, 26."—"Learned men have thought that the ſweet poet Theocritus, contemporary with the ſeventy interpreters, and flouriſhing along with them in the Court of Ptolemy Philadelphus, has culled ſome paſſages from the Song of Solomon, and almoſt literally transferred them to his paſtorals. *Compare*," &c.

In ſome of theſe paſſages there is a reſemblance, but I know not if it be ſo cloſe as to juſtify the ſuppoſition that Theocritus had ſtudied the Song of Solomon. Beſides, one ſhould think that, if he copied at all, he would have copied more abundantly, or at leaſt more evidently, from that divine compoſition. Our fineſt paſtoral ſong perhaps, *Tweedſide*, is compoſed of thoughts taken from the Hebrew paſtoral.

The Song of Solomon is indeed the *Song of Songs*, breathing every where the moſt ardent paſſion, and painting every where the moſt amiable affections of the mind, and the ſweeteſt ſcenery of nature. As an inſtance of this laſt, how beautiful is the deſcription of Spring, and the invitation thereon.

"*Riſe up, my love! my fair one, and come away!*

For lo! the winter is paſt, the rain is over and gone!

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the ſinging of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.

The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes are breathing fragrance.

Riſe up, my love! my fair one, and come away!"

As a declaration of love, how paſſionate is the following. "Thou haſt raviſhed my heart, my ſiſter! my ſpouſe! thou haſt raviſhed my heart! How much better is thy love than wine! and the ſmell of thy ointments than all ſpices!

Thy lips, O my ſpouſe! drop as the honey comb: honey and milk are under thy tongue—turn away thine eyes from me, for they have overcome me!"

Voltaire has given a *Precis du Cantique des Cantiques*, with a very thoughtleſs and improper preface. The original, however, has enabled him to write finer amatory verſes than he could otherwiſe have done. He has neglected the above admirable deſcription of ſpring.

Note (*c*) *p.* 38.—We hear always the cry of nature, nature: It is is not nature that is to be imitated; it is ſelect nature. Baptiſta Mantuanus, a poet who has been compared to Virgil, (quoique aſſurement, ſays Fontenelle, Il n'ait rien de commun avec lui que d'être de Mantoue) repreſents a ſhepherd, before narrating a long diſcourſe, as taking a very natural precaution, that he might not have occaſion to interrupt the thread of his ſtory. Goldoni, in one of his plays, makes a child foul itſelf, and cry out *oh! oh! what a ſmell.* All this may be very natural, but certainly it is not *la belle nature.* In every caſe, a genius ſhould act, as De Lille ſays he does in forming a beautiful garden:

> Il ne compoſe pas; il corrige il epure,
> Il acheve les traits, qu'ebaucha la Nature.
>
> *Les Jardins, chant.* I.

Note (*d*) *p.* 39.—The kind of paſtoral combat, and extempore ſinging, mentioned here, has often been imitated abſurdly in the writings of the poets of northern nations. In Greece and in Italy, where the imagination was warm and lively, and the language was muſical and flexible, ſuch extempore ſinging was not unfrequent; and all ſuch countries abounded with *Improviſatori.* "In Sicilia (ſays Villoiſon, in his Animadverſions on the Greek Paſtoral of *Longus*) in Sicily, that cradle of paſtoral poetry, one may ſtill perceive the veſtiges of that flame which warmed the mind of Theocritus; in their ruſtic economy, one every where meets the Greek poet and his deſcriptions: The ſhepherds ſtill diſpute the prize of ſong, and pledge a crook or ſcrip

as the reward of the conqueror."—" Nor is this readineſs at extempore poetry, (ſays a writer ſpeaking of Italy) peculiar to people of education. That natural keenneſs for harmony, numbers, and metre, which may be reckoned one of the firſt things requiſite to form a poet, is not rare in Italy, even among the country lads and laſſes. Of theſe, many, not knowing even to read, and totally ignorant of metrical laws, will ſing verſes *all improviſo*, upon any given ſubject, ſuited to their capacity, with the only guide of their ear, without ever tranſgreſſing the accents or the meaſure, though many learned people would find it very difficult to execute them without counting the ſyllables on their fingers. It is pleaſing, in Rome, in the ſummer nights, to follow ſome of theſe gay young men, moſt of them journeymen mechanics, and hear them ſing their rhapſodies, in which many fine, natural, and unſought ſallies lighten through the clouds of their uncouth language. The like pleaſure was formerly enjoyed at Florence, at Ponte Santa Trinita, where the *improviſatori* would reſort, with their lute or guitar, and challenge one another to ſing like the ſhepherds of Theocritus and Virgil. This was in the joyful days of the Medici."——*Tourner.*

" On the much frequented road from Cairo to Boulac, (ſays Sonnini, in his travels in Egypt) paſſengers are peſtered with *improviſatori.* Theſe half-naked poets, their heads covered with a ruſh cap, compoſe verſes on every one that paſſes by, from whom they have any hopes of obtaining a little money. They form a dialogue on the ſpot, between two interlocutors, on the virtues of the perſon to whom they are addreſſed, and with whom they are perfectly unacquainted. Thus they ſpend the whole day in making eulogies on thoſe who come and go, conſiſting of common-place phraſes, uttered with great volubility."

I have quoted theſe paſſages to ſhew, that what is nature in the countries from whence we borrow our notions of paſtoral poetry, is with us miſerable fiction; and how very abſurd is the adaptation of their manners and habits to our northern ſituation.

Note (c) p. 40.—So neceſſary were fawns, &c. ſuppoſed to be to a paſtoral, that Mantuan, in one of his, repreſents the Virgin as appearing to a ſhepherd, and telling him that, after he has ſpent his

life upon Mount Carmel, ſhe will raiſe him to places more agreeable, and make him dwell in heaven with the dryads and the hamadryads.

I have different times quoted, with much approbation, the excellent diſcourſe of Fontenelle on paſtoral poetry. Will it be believed, that a philoſopher who thought in general ſo juſtly, and whoſe notions of that ſort of writing were ſo accurate, has, in his paſtoral drama *Endymion*, the following five choruſes?

1. Chorus of *Satyrs and Fawns.*
2. Chorus of *Nymphs and Diana.*
3. Chorus of Shepherds.
4. Chorus of *Houri.*
5. Chorus of thoſe who have been *metamorphoſed into ſtars.*

One ſhould think that this was meant as a ſatire. On the contrary, in an advertiſement to a prologue which follows the paſtoral, he tells us, "Le prologue qui ſuit n'eſt pas *ſerieux*, auſſi ne l'a-t-on mis à la tête de la piece."

Note (*f*) *p.* 41.—Biſhop Hurd is of opinion that a paſtoral poem ought not to be continued through five acts; that it ought only to be uſed, as Shakeſpeare has done, in a ſhort dialogue, or in ſome occaſional dramatic ſcenes, and in thoſe only as it ſerves to the diſplay of characters, and the conduct of the poet's plot.

"And to confirm theſe obſervations (ſays he) on paſtoral poetry, which may be thought too ſevere, one may obſerve that ſuch in effect was the judgement paſſed upon it by that great critic, as well as wit, Cervantes. He concludes his famous adventures with a kind of project for his knight and ſquire to *turn ſhepherds*; an excellent ridicule on the turn of *that time for paſtoral poems and romances*, that were beginning to ſucceed to their books of heroic knight-errantry—Not but it contains alſo a fine ſtroke of moral criticiſm, as implying, what is ſeen from experience to be too true, that men, capable of running into one enthuſiaſm, are ſeldom cured of it but by ſome ſudden diverſion of the imagination, which drives them into another."

Perhaps the learned Prelate could not have more unhappily quoted an authority than Cervantes. It is like quoting Locke in defence of innate ideas. With a kind of paſtoral romance, Cervantes began and cloſed his literary career, as appears from his *Galatea*, and *Perſiles* and *Sigiſmunda*; which laſt performance he is ſaid to have valued higher than any of his works, and perhaps for the common reaſon that other people valued it leſs.

Note (g) p. 41.—The firſt paſtoral drama intended for the ſtage, is ſaid by Dr Burney to have been *Il Sacrifizio*, by Agoſtino Beccari. It was written about 1555, and is publiſhed in *Il Parnaſo Italiano*. The firſt act of the *Orfeo* of Politiano, written about eighty years before, is entitled *Paſtorale*. Taſſo's *Aminta* was publiſhed in 1573. The number of paſtoral writings in Italy was ſo great, that Huet biſhop of Avranches reports, almoſt a century and a half ago, that Bartoli D'Urbino had collected about eighty of them.

Such was the rage in Italy for every thing Arcadian, that, in the year 1690, an Arcadian ſociety (ſtill exiſting I believe) was eſtabliſhed, in which the members, among whom have been many princes, popes, and cardinals, aſſumed paſtoral names. Thus, the illuſtrious Metaſtaſio was called Artino. They calculated by olympiads, and at the end of each had exerciſes in verſe. They had fortunate and unlucky days, and imaginary domains, to which they gave Arcadian names. In the Opuſcula of Gravina, diſtinguiſhed leſs as a profound and elegant lawyer, as a poet and critic, than as the perſon to whom Italy is perhaps indebted for Metaſtaſio, there are laws compoſed by him for this ſociety, in the old legal language of the Romans.

Note (b) p. 43.

A golden column next in ſight appear'd,
On which a ſhrine of pureſt gold is rear'd;
Finiſh'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied art;

The Mantuan there in ſober triumph ſat,
Compos'd his poſture, and his look ſedate:
On Homer ſtill he fix'd a reverend eye,
Great without pride, in modeſt majeſty.
Temple of Fame, 196.

What Reynolds ſays of Raphael may be applied to Virgil. "Raphael's materials are generally borrowed, though the noble ſtructure is his own. The excellency of this extraordinary man lay in the propriety, beauty, and majeſty of his character; his judicious contrivance of compoſition; correctneſs of drawing; purity of taſte; and the ſkilful accommodation of other mens conceptions to his own purpoſe." When I am quoting Reynolds, I may obſerve, that the ſame objection may be made to many landſcape painters as to paſtoral writers—they have been by far too fond of Grecian mythology. Sir Joſhua blames Wilſon for the introduction of heathen divinities into his pictures; and the ſame objection lies againſt Gaſpar Pouſſin and others. For my part, the picture of a cow drinking, by Berghem, with the drops trickling from her beard, pleaſes me better than a picture of Apollo and Daphne, with her fingers changed into leaves.

Note (i) p. 44.—The admirable Fracaſtoro ſeems to have been almoſt the only modern Latin poet who had a true idea of paſtoral writing. The claſſical reader will be charmed with the following little poem of this kind, which he has inſerted into his proſe dialogue intitled Naugerius.

Huc ades, ô Thelayra! quid ah quid grandia farra
Aeſtivo ſub ſole teris: medioque ſub aeſtu,
Nec parcis tibi ſaeva? ah te ne immitis adurat
Syrius; *ah teneras ne rumpat puſtula palmas!*
Demens ô Thelayra! patri concede laborem
Cui Cereris cura eſt: melior te cura Dionés
Sollicitet. Tu dum fervet tritura ſub aeſtu,
Dum crepitat ſeges, et multo ſonat area pulſu,

Clam te operi fugare, *et aquas effinge ferendas*
Hic nitidus fons eſt, hic plurima populus umbram
Sufficit, et gelidae ſummittit frigora ripae.
Vos aurae! alpinis placidae de montibus aurae!
Haec illi portate, aut ſi pater obſtat eunti,
Saltem aeſtum lenite, gravem lenite laborem!

If any thing is blameable in this charming compoſition, it i the epithet *alpinis*, perhaps too lofty. The former lines pleaſe better than the latter, which are more in the ſtyle of Petrarch and Taſſo. Above all, I am delighted with the charming circumſtance, *aquas effinge ferendas*.

In order to give to the Engliſh reader ſome idea of the original, I have attempted the following tranſlation.

Come hither Peggy!—Ah, why doſt thou beat
The huſky grain, while ſcorching thus the heat!
Spare! cruel, ſpare!—neglect thy ſire's commands,
The ſun will tan, and bliſters hurt thy hands:
Leave to thy father ſuch employ, my fair!
His care be crops; let love be all thy care.
Now, while the corn is parching on the ground,
Now, while with frequent blows the barns reſound,
Steal hither, Peggy! and pretend to bring
A pail of water from this cryſtal ſpring.
Steal hither, Peggy! Oh delightful maid!
How ſweet this ſtream, how cool this poplar's ſhade!
How ſecret all!—Bear! bear! thou alpine gale,
To her my words; and may my words prevail:
But ſhould her father hinder her to go,
At leaſt her labours ſoothe, and cool around her blow.

The writings of this illuſtrious poet abound with many ſuch ſtrokes of nature. The following lines put one in mind of a picture of Evening by Claude Lorraine.

Nox venit, et paſtae redeunt ad tecta capellae;
Prae caper it, cui barba jubat, cui cornua pendent
Intorta, et grandes olido de corpore ſetae;

Pone gregem reliquum compellit arundine virgo
Upilio, multo armantur cui balthea fuſo.

Night comes, and near the placid main,
Homeward the goats return again;
The he-goat ſtalks before the herd,
With larger horns, and longer beard;
(How oft are men by looks beguil'd,
Can one ſo reverend be ſo wild?)
Behind a damſel ſpinning goes,
And drives the lagging on with blows.

When deſcribing the pleaſures of a houſe in a winter day, he ſays,

Congeſta tum focus orno,
Ingenti aut fago, vel fragmine roboris ardet,
Tolluntur laetae flammae, lateque relucent.

The grate with aſh, or beech, or oak, is crown'd,
High blaze the joyful flames, and ſhine around.

And adds theſe lines ſo pleaſing to a father:

Ante focum tibi parvus erit qui ludat Julus,
Blanditias ferat, et nondum conſtantia verba.

Before the fire, thy ſportive child affords
A kiſs at times, and liſps uncertain words.

Fracaſtoro and our Buchanan are generally ſuppoſed to diſpute the ſceptre of modern poetical latinity. I have before me a collection of eulogies on each of theſe poets, tranſcribed in the courſe of my reading, and it is difficult to ſay on which they are moſt laviſh.

Note (*k*) *p.* 46.—S. Johnſon has endeavoured to defend Mr Pope from the uſual charge, that his paſtorals want invention; he obſerves, that this is to require what never was intended, and that it is ſuffi-

cient for an author of ſixteen " to be able to copy the poems of antiquity with *judicious ſelection.*" As to the judgment of the ſelection, we ſhall appeal to the following lines.

> Inſpire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praiſe,
> With *Waller's ſtrains, or Granville's moving lays!*
> *A milk-white bull ſhall at your altars ſtand,*
> That threats a fight, and ſpurns the riſing ſand.
>
> *Spring*, 43.

Here a ſhepherd is repreſented as intending to ſacrifice a white bull to Apollo, in the beginning of the eighteenth century. In the ſecond paſtoral, a ſhepherd boy, who leads forth " his flocks along the ſilver Thame," ſays:

> When weary reapers quit the ſultry field,
> And, crown'd with corn, their *thanks to Ceres yield.*

Now, unleſs Ceres be adopted into the Roman calendar as one of the ſaints, this is altogether unſuitable and improper.

I beg leave to quote one other example. Johnſon, ſpeaking of Pope's paſtorals, ſays, " The laſt, that which turns the attention on age and death, was the author's favourite. His preference was probably juſt. I wiſh, however, that his fondneſs had not overlooked a line in which the zephyrs are made to *lament in ſilence.*

The great critic alludes to the two following verſes.

> The balmy zephyrs, ſilent ſince her death,
> Lament the ceaſing of a ſweeter breath.

But ſurely theſe bear no compariſon, with regard to abſurdity, to the following. The title of the poem is a paſtoral to the *Memory of Mrs Tempeſt*; in addreſſing whom, a ſhepherd ſays,

> *To thee, bright goddeſs, oft a lamb ſhall bleed!*
> If teeming ewes increaſe my fleecy breed.

The jealouſy of Pope and Philips is well known. Not ſatisfied with his ironical attack of that writer in the Guardian (No. 40.) Pope incited Gay to copy real ruſtic life in his Shepherd's Week, in order

to ſhew how ridiculous it would appear, and thus get rid of the objections of thoſe who accuſed the want of it in his own paſtorals. "But the effect of reality and truth (ſays Johnſon) became conſpicuous, even when the intention was to ſhow them groveling and degraded. Theſe paſtorals became popular, and were read with delight, as juſt repreſentations of rural manners and occupations, by thoſe who had no intereſt in the rivalry of the poets, nor knowledge of their critical diſputes."

Note (l) p. 47.—Fielding has thought proper to write, "An eſſay to prove that an author will write the better for having ſome knowledge of the ſubject on which he writes." Shakeſpeare and Moliere were both players; and in general little can be expected from thoſe who copy only at ſecond hand. Moſt of our paſtoral writers never converſed with a ſhepherd during their lives, nor perhaps ſaw a ſheep, except hanging up in the ſhambles. RAMSAY was acquainted with the ſcenes which he deſcribes; and his taſte was not much corrupted by the [at leaſt to us] fantaſtic pictures, and trite common-places, borrowed from the claſſical writers.

> Aft hae I wade the glens wi' chorkin feet,
> When neither plaid nor kilt could fend the weet.

In ſome of his paſtoral pieces, indeed, he has introduced fawns, ſatyrs, &c. and acted like his neighbours. In his great work, he has been more wiſe or fortunate.

Note (m) p. 48.—In a poem on paſtoral poetry by BURNS, vol. iv. p. 359, he obſerves that "ſcarce ane has tried the ſhepherds' ſang but wi' miſcarriage:" that Homer, that Æſchylus, that Horace, have been imitated, and equalled; but that none, except Allan Ramſay, has matched Theocritus. And then he writes the following complimentary verſes in praiſe of the Scotiſh bard.

THOU paints auld nature to the nines,
In thy ſweet Caledonian lines;
Nae gowden ſtream through myrtles twines,
Where Philomel,
While nightly breezes ſweep the vines,
Her griefs will tell.

In gowany glens thy burnie ſtrays,
Where bonny laſſes bleach their claes;
Or trots by hazel ſhaws and braes,
Wi' hawthorns grey;
Where blackbirds join the ſhepherds' lays,
At cloſe o' day.

Thy rural lays are nature's ſel',
Nae bombaſt ſpates o' nonſenſe ſwell,
Nae ſnap conceits, but that ſweet ſpell
O' witchin' love;
That charm that can the ſtrongeſt quell,
The ſtrongeſt move.

Note (*n*) *p.* 48.—An excellent critic, the late W. Tytler, Eſq; has the following remark on the paſtoral of Ramſay: "The Gentle Shepherd, for the natural eaſe of the dialogue, the propriety of the characters, perfectly ſimilar to the paſtoral life in Scotland, the picturesque ſcenery, and *above all* the ſimplicity and beauty of the fable, may juſtly rank among the moſt eminent paſtoral dramas."—*Works of James I.*

It was not without reaſon that this elegant writer inſiſts ſo much on the fable; the difficulty of finding which, it appears, was what, in a conſiderable degree, prevented Burns from attempting a paſtoral; nor does it appear that his friends, whom he conſulted, could give him much aſſiſtance. "To produce, (ſays J. Warton), and carry on with probability and decorum, a ſeries of events, is the moſt difficult work of invention; and if we were minutely to examine the popular ſtories of every nation, we ſhould be amazed to find how few circumſtances have been ever invented. Facts and events have been indeed varied

and modified, but totally new ones have not been created." The writer then ſhows that the ſtories of the middle ages are in general a mere modification of the claſſical ones: "The cave of Polyphemus might furniſh out the ideas of the giants, and Andromeda might give occaſion for ſtories of diſtreſſed damſels, on the point of being devoured by dragons, and delivered at ſuch a critical period by their favoured knights." We have flying horſes in the ſtory of Bellerophon; dragons in that of Jaſon; magicians in Circe and Medea; pleaſures producing deſtruction in the ſtory of the Syrens; a ſentient tree in the tale of Polydorus. In the three Engliſh paſtoral dramas, the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, and *Comus*, the ſtory is of enchantments and wanderings in a wild wood at midnight. In fine, as was obſerved by Virgil almoſt two thouſand years ago, "Omnia jam vulgata." Still longer ago than the time of Virgil, Terence juſtified his adaptations by an obſervation more frequently quoted. But we have better authority and even more ancient than either of them.

Note (*m*) *p.* 49.—I have reaſon to congratulate myſelf that the old Count de Buffon is dead, or he might probably have attacked me in one of his *Epochs of nature*, becauſe I have not repreſented the flocks of my ſhepherds as infeſted with wolves. This eloquent and ſublime author, but who, as is well ſaid by the Abbe de Lille, *Des boſquets de Monbar jugeoit le monde*, in treating of the wolf, thus writes. "The Britiſh *pretend* to have cleared the iſland of this rapacious animal, and yet I am aſſured that wolves ſtill exiſt in Scotland. As there is *little* wood in the ſouthern parts of Britain, (Scotland, witneſs S. Johnſon, abounding with it) it was a more eaſy taſk to extirpate the wolf."

In his ſupplement, Buffon ſays, that the Engliſh authors, who treat of Britiſh zoology, had reproached him becauſe he had ſaid that wolves exiſt in the northern parts of the iſland, but that he had been aſſured of it by Lord Morton in 1756: "To his teſtimony I ſhall adhere, becauſe it is poſitive, and becauſe the aſſertion of thoſe who deny the fact amounts to a negative aſſertion only."

Lord Morton, however, affirmed that this muſt have been a miſtake, for he had aſſerted no ſuch thing; but it is no eaſy matter to prevail on a philoſopher to retract any thing he has once thrown out.

In ſpeaking of Scotiſh ſcenery, I may obſerve, that there is a very pretty ſtory in the works of St Lambert, the French author of the *Seaſons*, entitled Sarah Th*, an Engliſh lady of high rank, who had eloped with a Scotiſh ſervant, and lived with him (he having commenced farmer) a few miles from Aberdeen. They give lodging to a traveller, who narrates the ſtory. Sarah, her huſband, and the traveller ſupped together, in company with their domeſtics, who were plentifully ſupplied with cyder; which I ſuppoſe, in that caſe, muſt have been ſmuggled. "Sa femme (viz. Sarah) et lui (the farmer) s'occupoient de moi ſans oublier leur domeſtiques: Ils louoient les uns de leur gaieté dans le travail, les autres d'un ſervice qu'ils avoient rendu: Ils leur parloient de la beauté du jour, *du chant du Roſſignol*, des fleurs, des eſperances de la moiſſon, de leurs amours. Les domeſtiques ſe parloient entr'eux de ces plaiſirs charmans, et *tous paroiſſoient les ſentir.*"

All this to be ſure is very pretty; but, as Horace ſays—Hic (viz. Aberdeen) non erat locus—*this was not the place.* I ſhould as little have expected a diſcourſe on the beauty of the ſong of the nightingale from a farmer's ſervant at Aberdeen, as an oration from one of them on the qualities of the Hippopotamus.

The vile common-place in the above paſſage abounds moſt plentifully in the Idylls of Geſner, which Dr Blair admired ſo much. If we muſt paint contrary to nature, let us have point, refinement, and conceit, rather than this driveling inſipidity. Geſner abounds too with the abſurdities of fawns, ſatyrs, and dryads; and in ſhort, can any thing be more wonderful than that a man living in Switzerland, a man who profeſſionally ſtudied landſcape painting, ſhould not (if I rightly recolleſt) have given an original picture in all his works.

Note (*n*) *p.* 50.—Of the *Daphnis and Chloe* of Longus, the only one of theſe Lovers Scriptures I have read, there has been an elegant edition publiſhed by Villoiſon. It is written in a kind of poetical proſe, ſimilar to that of Geſner, whoſe ſtyle much reſembles it. Two foundlings, a boy and girl, are brought up by different ſhepherds, in their own occupation, and are afterwards diſcovered to be of noble birth. Geſner, Ramſay, and others, have rendered this fable ſomewhat ſtale;

but it is eaſier adopting the old, and ſtill more eaſy blaming it, than inventing a new one. The morality of the piece is not very edifying; and it is curious that it was tranſlated by a French biſhop. There are however in it ſome fine deſcriptions and natural touches.

Note (o) *p.* 55.—The rhymes of Shakeſpeare, Jonſon, and others, were however very different from thoſe of the moderns. "They had (to uſe the words of S. Johnſon) a manner of continuing the ſenſe ungracefully from verſe to verſe." In that great critic's life of Denham, after mentioning that this poet originally wrote in the ancient faſhion, he ſays: "From this concatenated metre he afterwards refrained, and taught his followers the art of concluding their ſenſe in couplets, which has been perhaps rather too cloſely purſued." What Johnſon gives to Denham, is by Dryden attributed to Waller.

There is a very good note in Fletcher's works, by Mr Seward, on the ſubject of rhyming: "I think (ſays he) it is an obſervation in one of Mr Pope's letters, that the harmony of Engliſh verſe conſiſts in the variations of the pauſes betwixt the fourth, fifth, and ſixth ſyllables; and it is a known rule, that the moſt natural pauſe of the Engliſh verſe is at the fourth ſyllable. The modern poets, from Waller to Pope, by confining their pauſes almoſt always to theſe ſyllables, and oftenеſt to the fourth, have preſerved an uniformity of numbers and cadence, which is very rarely found in either Spenſer, Shakeſpeare, Fletcher, or Milton. Moſt of theſe have done it occaſionally; but they generally vary their pauſes freely through all the ſyllables. The modern poets are more uniform, like the gardens which Mr Pope deſcribes, where,

> Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
> And half the platform juſt reflects the other.

But is this a true or falſe taſte? We certainly borrowed it from the French, in the Gallic, not Auguſtan, age of Charles II. And if we admire it, let us acknowledge our benefactors."

This laſt remark, by endeavouring to throw odium on the practice, is very ſilly; and the objection is pleaſantly anſwered by Dryden, when ſpeaking of rhyme in plays: "I will not argue whether we received it originally from the French or not; for that is an argument of as little benefit as theirs who, in the middle of the laſt plague, were not ſo ſolicitous to provide againſt it, as to know whether we had it from the malignity of our own air, or by tranſportation from Holland."

Note (*p*) *p.* 56.—There are ſome beautiful remarks on Scotiſh ſongs, and the manner of ſinging them, in the Diſſertation on the Scotiſh Muſic by W. Tytler, Eſq; publiſhed in the Tranſactions of the Antiquarian Society in Scotland, at the end of Arnot's Hiſtory of Edinburgh, and with the Poetical Works of James I. of Scotland.—See particularly a long and fine paſſage, beginning—*As the Scottiſh ſongs are the flights of genius*—and ending—*That gift of heaven in ſhort is not to be defined, it can only be felt.*

I believe that, with regard to muſic, many of our *dilletanti* are ſomewhat in the ſituation of Colman's *Muſical Lady*; that is, reliſh it merely for faſhon's ſake. In that farce the author has finely expoſed the ridiculous words to which many fine foreign tunes are ſet. The following is a compoſition given to the performers, by Mr Maſk, for a trio:

And, alſo, nor, neither,
For, becauſe, or, either,
But, that, although, therefore,
If, yet, unleſs, wherefore.

"The ſingers of the preſent times (ſays, in one of his letters, the illuſtrious Metaſtaſio) wholly forget that their buſineſs is to imitate the ſpeech of men with numbers and harmony. On the contrary, they believe themſelves more perfect in proportion as their performance is remote from human nature. Their models are nightingales, flageolets, crickets, and graſhoppers, not the perſonages they repreſent,

or their affections. When they have played their ſymphony with the throat, they believe they have fulfilled all the duties of their art. Hence the audience keep their hearts in the moſt perfect tranquillity, and expect the performers merely to tickle their ears.

" For this purpoſe there is no occaſion for good dramas; on the contrary, I ſhould wiſh that not only words were baniſhed from our theatres, but the whole alphabet except a pair of vowels."

" If Metaſtaſio were now living, (ſays Dr Burney in his life of that writer) he might have ſaid ' except a *ſingle* vowel.' In his time, diviſions were frequently given to the vowel *o*, but at preſent Italian compoſers aſſign them only to *a*, on which more labour is beſtowed by the maeſtro, and attention by the audience, than on all the poetry and ſentiments of the ſingers. If forty years ago Metaſtaſio ſpeaks with ſo much indignation of the abuſe of execution, which has been increaſing ever ſince, what would he ſay now?"

Note (q) p. 57.

Il eſt bien aiſé de reprendre,
Mais mal aiſé de faire mieux.

I believe it may be eſtabliſhed as a general rule, that the fineſt is the beſt natured taſte. This holds among thoſe perſons with whom I have been acquainted; and I have before me a number of extracts from the lives of Virgil, Fracaſtoro, and others, eſtabliſhing the ſame remark. I remember a friend of mine, after he had ſtudied algebra a few weeks, was often telling me of Euler's errors and imperfections. Stay, (it was replied) till you become a better algebraiſt, and you will diſcover fewer errors in Euler. Accordingly, after ſome time, I heard of fewer diſcoveries; and obſerved that my friend's perſpicacity in this reſpect was always in the inverſe ratio of his progreſs, *i. e.* the greater his progreſs, the leſs his power of diſcovering errors, and *vice verſa*.

Note (r) p. 57.—Voltaire, in his account of the ſupper at Mr Andrews', ſays; " The company made a quick tranſition from the age

of Auguſtus to that of Louis XIV. A lady aſked why, with great talents, we ſcarcely ever now compoſe works of genius?

" Mr Andrews replied, Becauſe works of genius were compoſed in the laſt age.—This idea was ingenious and deep, yet true."——*Man of Forty Crowns.*

In another place, Voltaire has the following lines:

> Heureux qui les premiers marchent dans la carriere!
> N'y faſſent-ils qu'un pas, leurs noms ſont publiés;
> Ceux qui, trop tard venus, la franchiſſent entiere,
> Demeurent oubliés.——*Tom.* 18. 40.

> Fame then was cheap, and the firſt comers ſped;
> And they have kept it ſince, by being dead.—*Dryden.*

Whenever it becomes faſhionable to praiſe an old writer, it is aſtoniſhing what eulogies are laviſhed upon him; even his having had common ſenſe becomes a ſubject of wonder and admiration. Thus the old editors of the Greek tragedians generally mark with commas thoſe paſſages in which it is aſſerted that *life is ſhort*, or *fortune is changeable*, aſtoniſhed that Pagans ſhould make ſuch profound diſcoveries. The Earl of Orford in his Anecdotes, and J. Warton in his Eſſay on Pope, extol Milton to the ſkies, and pronounce him the father of modern gardening, becauſe he has not introduced clipt hedges, gravel walks, and marble fountains, into the Garden of Eden; as if there was much merit in avoiding a fault which no writer of common ſenſe could poſſibly have committed. We ſee that Leiſure is painted by him as taking his pleaſure in *trim gardens*; but he had judgement enough to avoid painting the hand of art as appearing where Nature " wanton'd as in her prime." Theſe critics might as well praiſe that moſt divine of bards becauſe he does not deſcribe Adam as wearing a cocked hat, or, inſtead of a bower, living in a palace adorned with paintings ſimilar to thoſe of Titian and Corregio.

An expreſſion of this laſt painter is often quoted. I think one of Dominichino ought to be as well known. This great painter, being a modeſt patient man, met with many directors. One day, his rival Lanfranc, among other criticiſms, ſaid, that a certain limb was too ſhort: " It will be long enough (replied Dominichino) a few years hence."

Note (*e*) *p.* 58.—When Voltaire was attacked by the journaliſts of Trevoux, he was not quite ſo patient as Malebranche when in the ſame predicament. This philoſopher being urged to reply to the journaliſts, " Je ne diſpute (replied he) avec des gens, qui font un livre tous les mois." Both Pope and Voltaire indeed pretended to laugh at their opponents, but " utinam qui male mihi volunt, ſic rideant."

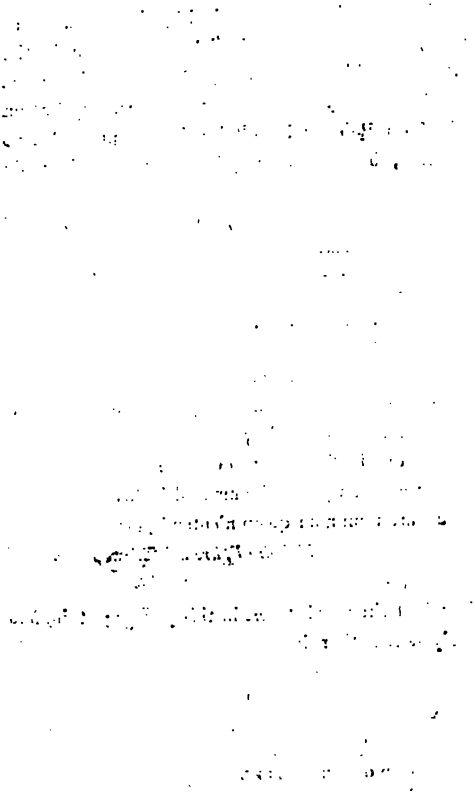
Note (*f*) *p.* 59.

Mais il revient; il répare ſa honte;
Le temps l'éclaire: oui, mais la mort plus prompte
Ferme mes yeux dans ce ſiecle pervers
En attendant que les ſiens ſoient ouverts:
Quand dans la tombe un pauvre homme eſt inclus
Qu'importe un bruit, un nom qu'on n'entend plus.

Voltaire Epitre a Madame Denis.

I am ſorry at the uſe of the word *pauvre* in this paſſage; it injures the tender melancholy of the other lines.

END OF THE NOTES.



THE

Falls of Clyde

OR

The Fairies,

Drawn by T. Burnet. Engd by R. Scott.

FAIRY ELVES,

Whose midnight revels by a forest side,
Or fountain, some belated Peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees; while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course. They, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund music charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

Paradise Lost, i. 781.

THE PERSONS.

MEN.

SIR JOHN BONNITON.

ADAM, *a farmer, father to Jamie and Ann, and tenant to Sir John.*

JAMIE, *a young shepherd, Adam's son, in love with Jean.*

SYMON, *his friend, in love with Ann.*

MASS JAMES, *the minister.*

HERD BOY.

A SHEPHERD.

WOMEN.

CATHARINE, *Adam's wife.*

ANN, *her daughter, sister to Jamie.*

JEAN, *a young woman stolen in her infancy by the Fairies.*

FAIRIES.

MAB *the Queen.*

BOB.

Other Fairies.

The SCENE *is laid near Lanark; sometimes in a Cave behind the Bonniton Lin, sometimes in Bonniton House, in Adam's cottage, and the neighbourhood. The time of action within twenty-four hours. The period near the close of the* 16*th Century.*

THE

FALLS OF CLYDE:

OR,

THE FAIRIES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

Wi' louder sound the torrent ſeems to roar,
The waukrif' collie * barks at every door;
For now the moon, to deck the evening ſtill,
Broad, flaming, red, climbs o'er the cairn-top'd hill;
And see, while through the boughs her luſtre plays,
The wood ſeems kindling in a ſudden blaze:
Here's Adam's houſe—we'll through the window look,
And ſee if they're to bed—They're at the book!

Catharine, awaking from ſleep. Cut ſhort the prayer, gudeman!

Ann, who has juſt waked. He's fall'n aſleep!

* Canis domeſticus, cauda ſiniſtrorſum recurvata, impudentiſſimus, ſaepe (noctû praeſertim vel advenâ accedente) latrans; ſed, arrepto lapide, facile fugiens.——*B. Syſt. Quad.* 83.

Catharine. Tuts! stupid body—But there's nane can keep
Frae sleeping; he's sae langsome that ilk night
I sleep, though struggling 'gainst it a' my might:
For, first, he takes us round the Red Sea's coast,
And drowns a man ca'd Pharaoh and his *hoast* *;
(What is't to us if Pharaoh had the caul',
That winna sink or save a body's saul;)
Then he will tell us about things were doon,
For ought I ken, ere there was sun or moon;
How ane ca'd Noah, in some rainy weather,
Himsel', an' wife, an' weans, gaed a' thegither,
Into a great meal ark, as big's a mill,
And how it swam, and rested on a hill;
And of a craw and do'e, whilk in its neb
Brought back a leaf, and show'd the tide did ebb:
Than o' a great big weaver he will tell,
Wha wi' his beam cam' on the folk pell-mell;
An' how this creeshy rascal too was slain,
By a wee hird, that slung at him a stane:
An' how a man ca'd Simpson down did maw
Twa or three hundred, wi' an ass's jaw;
(Some frien' of auld John Simson o' Drumale,
Whose dog last week pu'd aff our Crummie's tail.)
Waken your father, Ann!

(Adam is waken'd, rubs his een, and then shakes Jamie, who is sleeping on his knees.)

Adam. Rise up, man!—It's a sin and shame to sleep
In time o' prayers; up, ye lazy sheep!

---

* *Hoast*, cough.

Oh, sirs! your corrupt nature!—whan ye eat,
I never see ye noddin' at your meat;
Na faitha! but fu' aften ane, alas,
May see folk sleep in time o' prayer and grace!
Waesucks! your corrupt nature!—Katrine, thou
Hast gotten a base trick o' rising now,
Frae prayer, to steer the sweens.

Catharine. Deed! I could not
Do less, for they were sticking to the pot.
Set in the supper, Ann.

Ann, going to the dresser. The cat * has lick'd the milk:
Is there nae mair?

Adam. I saw her at it in the time o' prayer.

Catharine. Could ye nae spoken then?

Adam. I threw my bonnet at her, which did miss,
And cried, hiss tae cat! plague on ye! hiss!
She stood a bonny wee, then ran away,
But cam' again when I began to pray:
But how can cat or dog religion mind,
Whan till't sae little we're oursells inclin'd?
First set a good example, than I trow
Ye'll hae a douce an' sober horse an' cow;
Nor cat and dog will quarrel at the fire,
But peace will reign in stable, barn, and byre.

Ann. What's this amang the sweens? no, sure its not!
My father's thrown his bonnet in the pot!!

---

* Felis Catus cauda elongata, fuſco-annulata.—*Lin. Syſt. Nat. p.* 62.

Catus---eques arborum.—*Klein. Quad. p.* 75.

It's buried here amang the sweens, sae clean,
That nought o't but the tappin's to be seen.

Adam. Waesucks, my bonnet! Plague be on the cat!
Hae there's a wand, rax her a gowf wi' that.

(*To Jamie, who rises; the cat runs below the bed.*)

Jamie (*smiling*). Come out here!

Ann. She's no sae daft.

Adam. Haud still a little space!
Sit down man, Jamie, till I say the grace.

(*He shuts his eyes, says a while, then stops in the middle of it.*)

Sirs, what noise was that!

Ann. 'Twas Jamie there was gowffin' at the cat;
He an' my mither, wi' a lang wet clout,
Ware watchin' for her baith when she'd come out.

Catharine. There's no an ill that in this house can fa',
But my auld shouthers bears the weight o't a'.
I'm glad he made the noise to mak' you stop,
For ye had just begun about the Pope:
The ither day, when I took o'er a hen
Unto the manse, the mistress took me ben;
'Twas dinner time; and when I thought to hear
A grace like yours, twin'd out for ha'f a year,
He mum'led twa three words, than took his spoon;
I ken't nae he'd begun till he was done.

Adam. Hark!—Something's chappin' at the door—
'twill be
The fairies. Ann, rax yon row'n buss to me.

A voice without. Hey den, dow dan,
Hey dan dow;

Come out here, Gudeman!
I want to ſpeak wi' you.

Adam. Avoid ye, Satan!

Voice. Hey den, dow dan,
Hey dan dow;
Come out here, Gudeman!
I want to ſpeak wi' you.

Adam. That's the Pope's doin' now—It's him sends here,
Thae bodies, to put Christian folks in fear;
An' mak' them papishes; Ilk popish kirk
(Great fearsome places, unco dark and mirk)
Has wee bit bearded bodies, a' in raws,
Beneath the tombs, or hurkling round the wa's,
Wi' claes and faces no like mortal men—

Ann. But wha's the Pope—Oh tell us if ye ken?
(ſmiling to Jamie)

Adam. It's a great fish that liveth in the see.

Voice without. Now, gude preserve us! sic a horrid lie.

Adam. Jamie, gie's down a rung?

Catharine. Tuts, man! I wadna heed the thing at a';
If ye'll no heed it soon 'twill gang awa'.

Voice without. *Oh, let me in this ae night,*
This ae, ae, ae night,
Oh let me in this ae night,
I'll ne'er come back again, O.

A ſhower o' rain is gawn to fall,
An' I'll be wet, an' get the caul', *(coughs)*
Will ye nae pity hae at all,
On a wee bit fairy body, O.
Oh, let me in, &c.

Adam. Gae out to the barn.

But I'm ſae cauld, I'm like to greet,
I ſcarce can ſtand upo' my feet;
Oh! let me in to get a heat,
I'm a wee bit fairy body, O.

Catharine. I'll go and let it in.

Adam. Weel do's ye like!
But it should ſtand for me behind the dyke.
Let in a papish priest! Lord keep us a'!
(She goes towards the door)
Weel, weel! just do's ye like—just gang awa;
It's easier frae the door, and that you'll feel,
Than frae the ingle edge to drive the deil:
Katrine! hoy Katrine! Lord preserve the woman!

Ann. See, there's my mither and the fairy comin'!

Catharine. Sit down poor thing, an' beik your shins a wee.

Fairy. I thank ye kindly; blate I winna be;
Nor will I, ſince ye're gawn to bed, wait lang;
And, gin ye like, I ſhall gie you a ſang.

Catharine. We ne'er ſing ony when the book is tae'n;
But come ſome ither night, we'll hear't again:
Hae there's a piece. *(offering ſome bread and cheeſe.)*

Fairy. Hoot no! I want nae meat:
I'm gaun awa' now ſince I've got a heat.
Gudenight!

Catharine. Gudenight, poor thing! [*Exit Fairy.*
It wadna do nae harm I ken't fu' weel;
It's beſt to be well bred e'en to the deil.

SCENE II.

A waving wood, a glittering flood you ſee,
And wee green bodies dancing round a tree:
Some ſail in little boats upo' the deep,
Ithers are looking at them o'er the ſteep,
And ſingin' bonny ſangs; while, up aboon
Their heads, looks frae the ſky the wandering moon;
And ſtill, when clouds half hide her frae the view,
She paints them paſſin' wi' an amber hue.

A Fairy (alone). See the ſilver moon on high,
Glidin' through the azure ſky!
Gleamin' on the roarin' floods,
Beamin' on the ſilent woods,
Shinin' on the mountains ſteep,
On the ſleepin' lambs an' ſheep.
Fairies! now's the time to ſing,
And trip it nimbly in a ring;
Trip and ſing theſe woods among!
Silence is the friend of ſong.

Chorus of Fairies. *Oh how happy, happy, we,*
Little fairy bodies be.

Another Fairy. Free from every mortal ail,
Light we trip o'er hill and dale;
Without ſtockin', without ſhoe,
Through the graſs and through the dew.
Hurry! hurry! quick and fleet
Are our little nimble feet;
Hurry! hurry! forth we go,
Winds to follow are too ſlow;
Dance on the ſand of ocean green,
And yet no marks of footing ſeen.

Chorus. *Oh, how happy, happy, we,*
Little fairy bodies be.

A Fairy. In few minutes we can come
From the wandering moones ſphere;
Swift as lightenin' flee and run,
Through the aether, through the air;
Wing our way, and never tire,
Through the elemental fire.

Chorus. *Oh, how happy, happy, we,*
Little fairy bodies be.

A Fairy. Ocean oft doth rage and rave,
And many a mortal doth ingrave;
Let it up its billows raiſe,
Till they almoſt touch the ſky;
We can run and we can fly,
Up their hills and down their braes.

Chorus. *Oh, how happy, happy, we,*
Little fairy bodies be.

A Fairy. When the rainbow doth extend,
On diſtant hills, each lovely end;
While the ocean growls below,
With waves ſtill daſhing to and fro;
Or a lake extends between
The hills where reſts the rainbow green;
It doth ſeem to us a bridge,
From this to the other's lofty ridge;
O'er the rainbow ſwift we go,
And ſee the ocean growl below.

Chorus. *Oh, how happy, happy, we,*
Little fairy bodies be.

Three Fairies. Oft by moonlight, in a ring,
Here we dance, and here we ſing,
Unſeen, ſave by the owl alone,
As on an oak he makes his moan;

Then one of us ſlily goes,
And takes him by his crooked noſe
Then he cries,
Frighted flies;
And glowring on ſome other tree,
Hoot hooteth wofully.

All the Chorus. *Fy for ſhame, oh wicked owl!*
Thus to ſit amang the boughs,
And wi' unmelodious howl,
To wake the birds frae their repoſe.
Fy for ſhame!
Quick go hame,
And kiſs your wife—nor frae repoſe,
Wake the birds amang the boughs.

(While they are ſinging this laſt ſtanza, a Fairy advances to the band, and ſings.)

Fairies! to yon cavern tread;
Fairies! haſte the feaſt is ſpread.
Waſh your hands in dew that flows
From the unexpanded roſe;
Or in the drop that, on the thorn,
Glitters to the roſy morn:
The time you give to ſong is ſped,
Fairies! haſte, the feaſt is ſpread.

(All the Elves fleet away, and are heard ſinging at a diſtance,)

Oh, how happy, happy, we,
Little fairy bodies be!

SCENE III.

Get up! get up! the lavrock bids us riſe,
As mid the doubtful day he mounts the ſkies;
Get up! get up! and hear his matins ſhrill,
And ſee the ſun climb o'er the miſty hill:
Already, eaſt frae yonder mountains head,
Bright by the ſtar of love, the day is led;
Now fume the ſtreams—now on the graſs array'd
Wi' pearls, the trees project a lengthen'd ſhade;
The new-wak'd ſheep wi' bleatings fill the air,
And to the greenwood awkward limps the hare;
The ky within at their confinement moan,
And ſoon wi' cloven cloots will dent the loan—
But wha is yon that looks ſae very ſad?
'Tis James—I wonder what can ail the lad.

Jamie alone on the hill, ſings.

THE golden ſun is hid no more,
But eaſt frae Tintock, cloth'd wi' light
He riſes; lookin' like the door
Frae earth to heavenly manſions bright.
The lavrock frae the purple heath,
Now ſips a draught o' cryſtal dew;
And riſing frae his neſt beneath,
'Mang clouds his ſang he doth renew.

How gladly, while he hail'd the day,
I us'd to ſit, and hear him ſing!
Ere yet the grouſe, or plover grey,
Had rais'd his head frae 'neath his wing:
How gladly, on the twinklin' ſtreams,
I ſaw the ſparklin' ſun-beams play!
Or tranc'd in more than mortal dreams,
Lull'd by the water-fall I lay.

But now nae mair the dewy morn,
Nor riſing ſun, delight impart;
They cheer me not, wi' trouble worn,
Nor chace my anguiſh frae my heart.
No change of nature gives delight,
Nor baniſhes my care away;
At morn I languid wiſh for night,
At night I toſs, and wiſh for day.

(Stands some time in a muſing poſture, and then breaks out)

I canna' bear it—It *muſt* be found out—
'Tis anguish thus to live in fear and doubt;
This day relieves or adds unto my woe—
And yet, though tir'd o' doubt, I dread to know.
Is't not eneuch to gaze upon her charms,
And clasp the lovely being in my arms;
Is't not eneuch to hear her promiſe truth,
And gather kiſſes frae her balmy mouth?—
Oh Jeanie! ever graceful, ever fair!
At once my joy, and cauſe of a' my care;
Where are thy haunts, in what ſequeſter'd place,
Is hid frae every e'e that wond'rous grace?—
Where did thy charms to ſuch perfection grow?
Whence doſt thou come? and whither doſt thou go?

Wi' thee 'in woods where ne'er a ſtep
Has trodden down the graſs ſae green,
Where torrents fa' are never heard,
And flowers ſpring never to be ſeen;
Where lonely horror reigns, and ne'er
Was heard o' birds the cheerin' ſong;
Wi' thee! there could live my dear!
Nor think the paſſin' hours were long.

Amid the foreſt's darkeſt night,
Thy look would be a light to me;

Nor tears again would dim my een,
Thou reſt of a' my cares, wi' thee;
Nor would I wiſh for buſy crowds,
Thyſelf would be to me a throng;
Nor when the hours paſt lingering by,
Would I e'er think theſe hours were long.

SCENE IV.

Now down yon glen I think I ſee ſome ſheep,
Fuddin' their tails, and running up the ſteep,
Then lookin' back as if they'd got a fright.—
Wha's yon that through the miſt appears in ſight?
Gude faith! it's Symon; for I ſee his tyke,
Moving fu' penſi' there alang the ſyke:
He gangs to Jamie—Go an' hear their crack;
I'll down this brae and wait till ye come back.

Symon. Gude-mornin', Jamie!

Jamie. Symon, you the same;
I think you're walking as if you were lame.

Symon. And so I am a wee; I wish you'd tether,
Or kill your tup, or change him to a wether:
E'now, as I was comin' through the mist,
He drave me o'er the brae before I wist.
Lord! sin' frae this vile warld I was awa,
For ilka ill that's in't on me does fa'.

Jamie. You're no sair hurt I hope; what dream't you o' ?
I'se warrant you were thinkin' o' some jo.

Symon. O'er true indeed; she'll be my dead at last:
It's true, I feel mysel' decayin' fast:
To ilka ither chiel' she's kind an' free,
Kind unto them, but cruel unto me.
Oh man, be thankfu' to the pow'rs above,
That you've escaped yet the snares o' love.

How doth love afflict a heart,
When he gets it ance a keepin' !
Joy and pleaſure then depart,
And gie place to care and weepin':
Glens which ſnawy gowans deck,
Birds' ſweet ſang at morn and gloamin',
Nature's beauties, meet neglect,
If ſhe be not wi' us roamin'.

Oh ! it troubles ane to ſee
Cauldrif' chields, wi' wilefu' fraizings,
Get the ſmiles for which we die,
And unfelt enjoy the preſence;
While the lad that lo'es her weel,
Lo'es her far aboon a' meaſure,
If he tells his griefs, poor chiel',
Meets diſdain and rude diſpleaſure.

Yes man ! contented, happy may you be,
That frae his torments you have ay been free.

Jamie. How ken you that ? Dear Symon I'll reveal
A secret to you, which you maun conceal.
Perhaps unto my heart 'twill give relief,
To hae a partner in its joys and grief.
Now dismal glens o'erhung wi' gloomy trees,

And siclike solitary horrors please ;
Those birks that shade that brattlin' stream below
Ha'e aften witnessed my weary woe,
And wept whan in their bark I cut her name.

Symon. Sae will ilk birk whan cut—But wha's your flame ?

Jamie. The tale's sae strange that, tho' maist ilka day
I wist to tell you, yet I ay delay ;
Besides, ye ken, I have to climb the steep,
And near the houses maun take down the sheep ;
But after breakfastime, beside the fa,'
We'll meet, and, Symon, then I'll tell you a'.

Symon. You'll time eneuch be down, ye needna' fear ;
Faint through the mist the mountains yet appear,
For the red sun's no risen very lang,
And the grey lav'rock's at his mornin' sang.
Sit down ! upo' this dew I'll spread my plaid,
Now tell, nor o' discovery be afraid.

Jamie. Ae mornin' I was sittin' near yon steep,
O'er which wi' deafenin' noise the torrents leap ;
Wi' een half shut I view'd the solar blaze,
Just up, to see the colours o' its rays :
Then sunk in sleep ; for, during a' the night,
I'd wauk'd the fauld, till morn brought back the light ;
But soon I wak'd ; an', standin' at my side,
A form mair fair than fancy shapes, espied ;
A lovely maid, fresh as the buds that blow
At early dawn, and airy as the roe ;
Bright like that dew her een, and there was join'd
In every glance united heart and mind :
But words are weak—sic grace was never seen !

Symon. Gude heaven ! How was she dress'd ?

Jamie. Her dress was green.
Her age seem'd scarce sixteen; her head was bare,
And a green snood confin'd her wanderin' hair:
At first she seem'd afraid, or in amaze,
An' deeply blush'd, while on her I did gaze.
Will ye sit down? wi' tenderness I said,
Here is a seat, there's room too in my plaid;
An' down she sat; and at each look she stole
Away my heart, and thrill'd wi' love my soul:
Her breath, when she lean'd near to speak wi' me,
Was sweet like apples new ta'en frae the tree:
I scarce could bear the bliss—my very saul
Was drunk wi' love: at last I grew sae baul'
As steal a kiss;—but when my lips I press'd
To her's, my saul could hardly be repress'd
Frae rushin' in; sae moist, sae sweet, sae warm,
Her mouth!—and oh how wond'rous ilka charm!
Gude heavens! Symon, how a balmy kiss,
Frae sic a lass, enraptures ane wi' bliss!

Symon. That's true! But tell how lang is it since then?
What is she? Ha'e ye ever met again?

Jamie. Aften we've met: Its now a year, or mair,
Since first I grew acquainted wi' my fair;
But a' the time o' winter's frost and snaw,
I never either heard of her or saw;
Till now, when simmer's flowery tribes again
Wake frae lang sleep, and merles resume their strain,
Maist ilka day we meet.

Symon. But what is she?

Jamie. That and her dwellin' baith's unken'd to me:
Aft I have been resolv'd to bid her tell,
But ay delay, in hopes she'll do't hersel'.

Symon. What airt, when she comes to you, comes she frae ?

Jamie. Up frae yon fall, and thence too goes away.
Ae day I follow'd, till she gaed within,
Behind the thunderin' torrent o' the lin ;
Down rocks she skipp'd, to the abyss below,
Where any human foot would dread to go :
I stood upon a craig, maist faint wi' fear,
And saw her mid' the torrents disappear.

Symon. Gude lord ! 'twill be the fiend, for aft (it's said)
He tempts poor sinners like a bloomin' maid—
He'll try to gain your love, syne mak' you swear
You'll ay be his, wi' mony an artfu' tear :
Next you'll a warlock turn, in air you'll ride
Upon a broom, and travel on the tide ;
Or on a black cat mid' the tempests prance,
In stormy nights beyond the sea to France ;
Drive down the barns and byars, prevent our sleep,
Elfe-shoot our ky, an' smoor 'mang drift our sheep ;
Till the foul fiend grow tir'd, or wi' you quarrel,
Syne you'll be roasted quick in a tar-barrel.
Did you observe her feet ? beneath her coots,
I'll swear her gown wad reach, to hide her cloots.

Jamie (*smiling.*) Fool that thou art ! The lily that's maist sweet,
The whitest gowans coudna' match her feet :
Yet, I confess—although I'm very sure,
Nae poison harbours in sae sweet a flow'r—
I own, dear Symon, there's a heavy mist
Hangs o'er my views, and makes me quite unblest.
Twa winters, as ye ken, our worthy Knight
Sent me to Edinburgh, to be learn'd aright ;

But there I nane beheld wi' sic a face;
Wi' tongue sae sweet, and sic becomin' grace;
Besides, her questions shew'd she didna' ken
The things which all must know who live 'mang men:
She wonder'd at my dog, and why the sheep,
When he pursued them, hasten'd up the steep:
Whiles she tried on my plaid, and whiles my bonnet,
Whiles took my flute, an' try'd to whistle on it;
And, if when she departs I sigh an' sab,
She says she maunna' anger ane Queen Mab.

Symon. What can she be at a'?

Jamie. I cannot say,
Except some maid by fairies stole away.
Our laird Sir John, I've heard my mother tell,
Had aince an infant daughter stole himsel';
'Twas when I was a callan; and at night
She tald it aften, while I swat wi' fright.

Symon. I've heard it too; and wad a mare and foal,
Your lass has likewise been by fairies stole:
For they—I'm sure I wish them a' in hell,
Wi' Hornie their auld father there to dwell—
They, I've been tald, unchristen'd children steal,
To offer them as teind unto the deil:
For fairy-land (say poems) is an isle,
Where nature wears an everlastin' smile;
Peacefu' it lies, mid ever placid seas,
Or scarcely ruffled by the western breeze;
Where sweetly dashin' water-falls are seen,
An' bow'rs, an' groves o' everlivin' green.
But I've been tald—an irie tale to tell—
Ilk seven year they pay a teind to hell,

And hence unbaptiz'd children steal away,
To substitute upo' that dreadfu' day.

Jamie. You seem in fairy-land to be as well
Acquaint, as if ye had been there yoursel'.
But how to get her frae them—there's the rub!

Symon. Faith I wad risk mysel' in nae sic job;
Let's leave her to them—

Jamie. What, to be a teind,
Perhaps in half a year, unto the fiend?
Nae doubt he'd eat her (*smiling*): Could you hae the heart,
To leave sae fair a lamb for sic a mart?

Symon. Weel! I shall tell you how you maun proceed.
On Hallowe'en, whan fairy tribes resort,
Frae a' their caves and roun' green hills, to court;
Then in a grand procession they advance,
And upo' steeds wi' ringin' bridles prance:
Then stan' you near their path as still as death,
While they are hastenin' o'er the moonlight heath.
First fays on mony a colour'd steed parade,
An' last a milk-white poney bears the maid:
Her you maun hald, though eldritch shrieks arise,
And a' the wild resounds wi' piercin' cries:
Then while you hald she'll change afore your een,
And in successive horrid shapes be seen.
Now like a snake she'll twist a forked tail,
And now a brock wi' dreadfu' teeth assail;
In a' the shapes that breed disgust or fear,
A taid, an ask, an ather, she'll appear:
At ither times a blazing fire she'll seem,
Or glide before you like a murmuring stream:

But ay the mair she struggles ha'd mair fast,
An' she'll resume a woman's shape at last,
As naked as auld Eve.—Then, without fail,
Dip her in milk, syne in a water pail.

Jamie. I thank you Symon for your kind receipt;
(smiling)
But unto Hallowe'en I canna wait:
Be silent about what I've tald, my friend,
This mystery at last must ha'e an end;
Already she has cost me mony a tear;
But what she is, this day I hope will clear.—
But, see! the sheep are wanderin' o'er the height.
Farewell dear Sym, I'll tell you mair ere night.

Symon. I want of Ann some short discourse to hae,
An' therefore I'll gae wi' you o'er the brae. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Gang up amang thae rocks, there is a lin,
That's like to deave a body wi' its din:
Smooth near the brink the placid river flows,
Smooth as a lake when all the winds repoſe;
While in its breaſt the muſing ſhepherd ſees
The hills ſuſpended, an' inverted trees.
Thus calm it glides, till, white at once like ſnow,
It raging pours to an abyſs below:
" Still to the gap the ſtrugglin' river toils,
And ſtill below the horrid caldron boils:"
Tremendous! vaſt! Ah go not firs too near!
Leſt you ſhould chance to topple in through fear.—
Behind the fall o' water, is a place
Where fairies dwell—Gude gie us a' his grace!
Slip cannily, for now's the time I red,
O' morn, when they are wont to gang to bed;
Oh firs mak' little din! If not aſleep,
Quick out they'll bowt, and plaſh us in the deep.

The inside of the rock discovers a large vaulted hall, and a blazing fire in the middle of it. Round the walls are some beautiful little beds, where a number of Fairies are lying, some asleep, others drowsy. Jean is churning a little churn in the middle of the floor. Beside her is the Queen of the Fairies, sitting in a pensive manner.

A Fairy. GIVE o'er your churning; ſilence keep,
An' let a body fa' aſleep!

Several Fairies. Silence keep!
An' let us try to fa' asleep!

Jean. I want to ken, Queen Mab, if I may gae
An' breathe the cauler air out o'er the brae,
The time that you're asleep; and in a crack,
As I was yesterday, I will be back.

Q. Mab. Do sae lass—but ye maun keep
Far frae shepherds tendin' sheep;
Frae houses, where the folk may see,
An' wonder Jeanie who you be.
But first attend to what I say;
This is a solemn, solemn day.

(*Jean sits down; and Queen Mab, after musing a while, proceeds*)

Know that of creatures there's a gradual scale,
Frae beings summit to its lowest vale;
Frae burnin' seraphs to the senseless stone,
Round which wi' ceaseles plaint the billows moan.

Now in the scale o' reasoning life, it's plain
That fairies must exist as well as man.
And hence, that every being may ha'e place,
Are worlds unnumber'd i' the fields o' space:
You've seen the planets, which adorn the night,
Wi' twinklin' radiance and a glow-worm light.
All these are worlds; and many would appear
Far larger than the earth if you were near.
Lo! at the moon the earth itself displays,
Far in the blue expanse, a lunar face;
A mighty moon, she sheds a tremblin' light
From all her hills, and beautifies their night.

Our dwalling's i' the moon—a seat o' joy,
Where cares ne'er come, an' troubles ne'er annoy:

There domes arise, and gardens o' delight,
And scenes o' bliss transport the wonderin' sight;
Immortal bow'rs, unsubject to decay,
Unfald their bosoms to the rosy day;
While bawmy breezes fan the happy isles,
And waft frae every flow'r its fragrant spoils.

We're mortal too, but suffer not decay
Until a thousand years shall pass away.
My term is near—and, Jean, you maun supply
The place of Queen of Fairies when I die:
For as our moon's dependant upon earth,
Our queen must in this planet ha'e her birth:
Titania and I were earth-born too,
And stole by former queens, as I did you.

Jean. Wha are my parents?

Q. Mab. Aft ye must hae seen
A lofty house, when we gaed out at e'en,
Whose windows, when the moon is shinin' bright,
Wi' dazzlin lustre back reflect the light.
Aft near that castle, in the woods around,
Our little fays are us'd their sangs to sound;
And aft below its cliffs, upo' the stream,
Are wont to sail, till mornin's sun doth beam.

Jean. Is that the castle near the dreadfu' fa',
Just tremblin' on its brink?

Q. Mab. No! not at a':
It's opposite upon the ither side,
Back frae the lin, an' trees its view doth hide.
There Sir John Bonniton resides; and he
My dearest Jean is father unto thee.
Frae him, it's sixteen years this very day,
A new-born infant you were stole away.

Jean. Lives yet my moth—

Q. Mab. Nae mair she views the light.
She died soon after we wi' you took flight:
That portrait's hers which round your neck you wear,
Sae like yoursel', but dry that pearly tear!

Here several of the Fairies, having awaked, draw the little silken hangings of their beds, and look over, as if intending to rise; upon which the Queen rises up, and turning swiftly round, pronounces the following words:

Sleep! Sleep!
Fairies sleep!
Be it long and be it deep.
Mists that hang o'er Lethe's stream!
Exhal'd by no enlivening beam;
Steams which dewy poppies shed,
Hover! hover! round each bed.

(Here the Fairies yawn and lie down again.)

Q. Mab. I want them to sleep on till I have done.
I've said that sixteen years their course have run
Since you were stole away—Now by command
Of him who gave its laws to fairy-land,
When sixteen years are past we maun declare
Whence each was stole, and who their parents were.
But when this day is past, no sacred charms,
Nor mortal force can tear you from our arms.
Deep in our fairy forest there's a well,
A fountain consecrate wi' mony a spell;
There you'll be dipt at midnight, and set free
Frae sluggish flesh, and dull mortality:
To day Titania has a splendid feast,
And I maun to the moon to be her guest;

There I will cause my palace to prepare,
Beyond what mortals can imagine fair;
And there we'll fly to-morrow, there we'll dwell,
Complete in bliss, an' bid the world farewel.

Jean. And am I then to be alane to day?

Q. Mab. I'm griev'd indeed that I am forc'd away;
But I will leave three fays to guard frae ill?

Jean. And may I take a walk out to the hill?

Q. Mab. I'd rather wish indeed within you'd stay;
But what you ask I cannot say you nay.
To day I'm forc'd to grant you each request,
But stay within till I gae to the feast.
I'm drowsy now, and must some minutes sleep;
Stay here till I shall wake—But wherefore weep?
Sure you've nae cause o' grief; dry up your tears,
And ease your bosom o' its childish fears:
I'll soon awake, then we will spend an hour,
In pleasing converse, in our fairy bow'r;
Where elfin hands ha'e sweetly deck'd the grove,
And rose and jasmin form a gay alcove.

SCENE II.

Amang theſe trees where pyats ſcreech, the houſe
Of Adam is: Let's in; its bra' and crouſe:
Come in! I've made it lang a rule to paſs
Nae kintry houſe where there's a bonny laſs.
How bien and clean is all! the bleezin' fire,
Content and neatneſs pleaſin' thoughts inſpire.
Ann and her mother Catrine mak' the whey,
Adam is plaitin' bands to bin' the ky;
Jamie ſets down a weel-fill'd cog to *Ditch*,
Who feeds and wags her tail wi' joy, poor bitch!

Ann ſinging.

"I AM my mammy's ae bairn,
Wi' unco folk I weary yet;
And lying in a man's bed,
I'm fleed it mak' me eerie yet.
I'm o'er young, I'm o'er young,
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young—'twad be a ſin,
To tak' me frae my mammy yet."

It's better in a father's houſe,
To live in eaſe, and be his pet;
Than grane oppreſt wi' marriage cares,
An' faſh'd wi' mony a whinging get.
I'm o'er young, &c.

Bleſt as I am, what need I haſte,
In ither ſtate to enter yet
To lie in winter nights frae hame,
In troth I darena venture yet!
I'm o'er young, &c.

Adam, to Ann. Whisht lassie! Was it at the *Broom-brae Pool,* (*to Jamie*)
Ye sav'd our laird frae drownin'—Whisht ye fool! (*to Ann.*)

Jamie. You ken the fa'n birk tree, that lies aslope
The stream, and in the water ducks its top—

Adam. Brawly I ken't.

Jamie. Whan comin' frae the hill,
I saw the laird pursued by the bill;
I hasten'd forward to the place, while he,
Wi' a' the speed he could, ran to the tree;
But whether through the hurry of his flight,
Or whether weaken'd by his age and fright,
He lost his hold, and wi' a piercin' scream,
Plump! frae the tree he drop'd into the stream.

Adam. Waesucks! waesucks!

Jamie. Wi' a' the haste I cou'd,
I hurried on, and plung'd into the flood;
Twice had he sunk; an' to the deepest pool,
The stream had borne him down—

Adam. Oh dool! oh dool!

Ann. How aften Jamie! do you mean to tell
That you have sav'd Sir John?—I'd done't mysel'.

Jamie. You done't; ye canna swim!

Ann. And what although?
I'd tried it, or wi' pleasure sunk below;
In sic a cause as that strength wad been given;
An' had I sunk, why then I'd gaen to heaven.

Adam. How ken ye that nae, Glibs! unless ye knew
Whether ye're ane o' the elected few.

Jamie. I'll swear she's nane o' them.

Ann. How ken you that?

Jamie. Nae women are elected well I wat.

Catharine. Ye graceless rascal! Ann, reach me that stick!
If I were near you, sir! ye'd get a lick. [*shaking the stick over Jamie's head, who is sitting just beside her.*]

Ann. Near him! you're just beside him: Were it Ann
You'd reach her sax mile off—Poor minny's man!
(*To Jamie, clapping his cheek.*)

Jamie. Weel you're your daddy's pet, which stands for that;
You're naething, woman, but a poor spoil'd brat.
(*Kissing her, and taking her on his knee.*)

Adam. I hope Sir John—I never was sae glad—
As soon as he went hame, gaed to his bed.

Jamie. Yes; but he told me, in an hour or twa,
To go an' see him; I'm just gawn awa.

Ann. Nae hurry; he'll be sleepin' yet.

Adam (*sighing*). Oh dool!
Maist drown'd; An' was it in the Broom-brae pool?

Catharine. How aft maun ye repeat the self same thing?
To nane, I'm sure, than me mair joy does't bring,
That he is safe.—Ere he had met wi' ill,
I'd almost chose a watery grave mysel';
Baith 'cause his life's a common kintry weel,
An' for his kindness to our ain poor chiel':

But where's the use o' cryin' dool! oh dool!
An' spierin' ae thing ten times like a fool!—
I hear the ky come in—Fy! stir your hands;
Ye should ere now hae plaited a' the bands.
What are ye sittin' there for (*to Ann*)? Mind your wark!
There's mickle to be done before it's dark.

Adam. We'd better tak' the book—it wad be right
To praise the L—d—it's lang to wait for night:
How had we sorrow'd had our laird been lost,
Drown'd i' the deep, like Pharaoh an' his *hoast!*

Catharine. It's no an hour sin' last the book was ta'en;
Maun folk do naething else but pray an' graen?
Does't please our Maker when we spoil the whey?
Or does he want us to neglect the ky?

Adam. But then the Pope!

Catharine. Deil tak' the Pope! What is the Pope to me?
Wha live twa gude days journey frae the sea;
I'd rather he would swallow me at once;
I'd rather (gude forgi'e me) live in France,
Than live the life that you do—who ne'er stop
Ay claverin' about the deil an' pope:
Let's leave them to their maker—It was he
Who made them baith; 'twas neither you nor me.
He forms his creatures as he likes him himsel';
And, had he chose, might made ye Pope yoursel'!

Adam, with a terrified look. The Lord forbid!

Catharine. Be thankfu' then! nor thus the creatures blame,
When you are ane yoursel'—It is a shame.

Adam. Your grown an atheist Kate, I'm almost fleed!
Nae wonder (keep us a') the calf is dead.
It's a just judgment on you; and I fear,
Unless ye change, we'll lose baith house an' gear.
Ye trust, waesucks! in *works.*

Catharine. And where's the harm?
Did I no work, we needna keep a farm;
I've toil'd mysel' to death! There's no a Turk
In a' the country does sae mickle work.
It sets ye weel to sit an ta'k o' faith,
An' see me burstin' mysel' here to death—
I never see you, though you works abuse,
To eat my butter or my cheese refuse.

Enter Herd Boy, who says,

The ky broke frae the byar, ran through the braird,
Lap o'er the dyke, and now are in the yard.

Adam. Nae wonder, if they ken'd what's said within;
It's naething but a judgement for your sin! (*to the gudewife.*)

Catharine. A judgement, troth! had you employ'd your hands,
Instead of claverin', to complete the bands,
'Twad better be. D'ye think that our bill-blo
Cares an ait-straw if ye hae faith or no?
Faith's very good in season; but to death
You teaze me, jawnering ay o' faith! faith! faith!

Jamie. I'll go ca' out the ky.

Catharine. The deil a fit!
Your dad may go; 'twill learn him how to sit
An' gab when he should work.

(*The Gudeman rises, and goes away.*)

Ann. Ye should na be sae harsh!

Catharine. He kens himsel'
There's nane on yearth that lo'es a man sae well:
When I was young, there was na ane sae trig
Gaed to the kirk, or shore upon a rig:
For him I hae rejectit auld John Black,
Though nane in a' the land has sic a tack;
For him I scorn'd John Simson o' Drumale,
Whose dog last week pu'd aff our Crummie's tail:
Besides, though now wi' cares my mind be bow'd,
My grandfather was o' the gentlest blood:
'Twas thought the minister himsel' to me,
Cast frae the pu'pit whiles a sheepish eye;
And yet I took your dad—nor do I rue,
For sic a temper is possess'd by few.
He's peeous and he's guid; but it's a shame
To be sae eerie; an' it's that I blame.
If but a maukin rin across the way,
He thinks by heaven 'twas sent, some ill to spae,
Nor stirs that day frae hame; and then to death
He teazes me, ay crying, faith! faith! faith!
Though folk like land they needna ay be diggin',
Nor though they like the kirk ride ay its riggin'.
It's right, I own, to pray baith morn and e'en,
An' praise our maker for his mercies gi'en;
But when continually ye grunt an' graen,
Ane turns what should be pleasure unto pain:
We're no a' ministers, nor a' the day
Can we employ like them to read an' pray.
Twa hours wi' pleasure I wad gi'e to heaven,
On ilka days, on Sundays sax or seven;

But folk maun work—an' in a warld like this,
Ane canna always think o' heaven's bliss.—
But I'll go help to drive out frae the yard
The ky; and, Jamie, gang ye to the laird!

[*Exit Catharine.*

SCENE III.

Jamie and Ann are left alane,
Baith thinking o' their jo's;
Ann stammers, hesitates, then spiers,
While blushin' like a rose:

Ann. Did you see Symon on the hill to day?

Jamie. Ay! canty like a laverock, blyth an' gay.

Ann. And, tell me, was he speakin' ought o' me?
(Blushing and looking down.)

Jamie. Yes, he was saying that to geck you're free.
If now he sings upon the primrose brae,
It is nae thought o' thee that tunes his lay;
Nor could you now, if he's opprest wi' grief,
Turn tears to smiles, an' gi'e his heart relief.

Ann. I'm very glad to hear it. *(growing pale.)*

Jamie. So you seem.

Ann. And so I am. (*reddening*)

Jamie. I doubt nae—There's a gleam
Of joy upo' your face; and I'm too glad
That he's deliver'd frae his chains, poor lad:
Aft hae I wonder'd how sae lang he bore
Your slights, ere you at last his patience wore.
You ken yoursel' he's far aboon the rest,
You ken his love could hardly be exprest;
You ken how weel I like him, how we a'
Would wish ye'd baith in love thegither draw;
And if I'm no mista'en he has a part,
Mair may be than ye think o', in your heart.
Love's like a flame, and scorn is like a breeze,
Which in sma' portions makes it brighter bleeze;
But when by fools it's carried to extreme,
It like a storm extinguishes the flame:
We love a lassie who a while denies;
It makes us fonder, prouder o' our prize;
But nane but sheepish fools submit to bide,
Though frae the fairest she, continual pride.

When Love gaed frae my heart away,
('Twas thus he ſaid to me)
The wound he left did pain me ſae,
It forc'd me maiſt to die:
But then, to be set free frae wae,
Frae hard oppreſſion free,
Ah, what wad ane not ſuffer, ſay,
To gain ſweet liberty!

When a wee bird doth ſtick upo'
A fauſe and limed ſpray,
'Twill let its bonnieſt feathers go,
That it may get away:

And though in little time they grow,
Yet ſtill that bird will hae
Mair caution frae its former woe,
And not ſae freely ſtray.

Ann. Well ſung in troth! Did Symon mak' that ſang?
Tell him it's just some ſixteen lines o'er lang.—
If ſome folks cloak affection wi' diſdain,
There's ithers boast they're free, to hide their pain.

Jamie. So ſome may do—but Sym is nane o' thae.
Ye ken braw blue-eyed Peggy o' Mill-brae—

Ann. What! Slavering Meg?

Jamie. Scarce ane has ſic a ſhare
O' beauty, or gangs trigger to a fair:
It's easy giving a contemptuous name.

Ann. She is, I muſt confeſs, a boardly dame.
Weel, what of Meg?

Jamie. If folk ſay true,
My dear friend Symon's now gaen there to woo;
And I have heard a bird which ſung this ſang,
The'll be a lilting bridal ere it's lang.

Ann. He's very right. She'll ſave a horſe or twa;
Nae doubt he'll hire her out folk's pleugh to draw:
I'm tald ſhe bears wi' eaſe twa lade o' meal,
Ane in each oxter—troth he's chosen weel;
Wha wad 'a thought our Symon was ſae wiſe?

Jamie. Yes! ye may try your ſorrow to diſguiſe;
It winna hide!—that bonny face reveals,
Mair true than words, what now your boſom feels:

What, Annie, is the matter wi' your eyes?
Why turn away your face?—and why these sighs?

Ann. How can you be sae cruel?—Ye should gane
Awa' ere now; I want to be alane.

(*As she speaks, a drop falls from each eye*)

Jamie. How careless to prevent, what we to cure,
Lang days and nights o' anguish must endure!

(*Exit Jamie.*

Ann. And is it sae?—How aften did he swear
He'd ay be mine, wi' mony a fause fause tear?—
Oh, sure of a' the creatures that hae birth,
The race o' woman's wretchedest on earth!
Short at the best, uncertain is their sway,
And soon the looks they're woo'd for fade away:
If we soon yield, the cruel men despise,
And cauldly slight the easy gained prize;
If we are shy, and some ane else inflame
Their fause fause hearts, they throw on us the blame.
But what is it to me what Symon proves,
Or whether true or false, or wha he loves?

(*Trying to sing*)

'Tis nae very lang finfyne,
That I had a lad o' my ain;
But now he's awa to anither,
And left me a' my lane.
But I'm blyth that my heart's my ain—

(*Stopping and sighing*)

No! no! I canna sing; it's past my art,
There's something choaks my voice, and swells my heart?

(*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.

A garden fair, where in profuſion grows
The gillyflower, the eglantine, an' roſe:
Aboon the cherry buſhes, while *below*
The ſpotted ſtrawberries luxuriant grow:
Beneath the fragrant bow'rs is many a ſeat,
Defended equally frae ſtorms an' heat:
The mind is ſooth'd by the continual din,
(But ſoon unnotic'd) o' the Corra Lin:
All elſe is calm, except a little ſtream,
Which tinklin' aids the ſolitary dream.

Upon a moſs-ſeat Jamie ſits alone,
In penſive guiſe; he's waiting for Sir John.

Jamie ſings.

Tune—*Oran Gaël*

"Oh gin my love were yon red roſe
That grows upon the caſtle wa';
And I myſel' a drap o' dew,
Upon its bonny breaſt I'd fa'."
Down mid its ſilken faulds I'd creep,
Secluded frae the beams o' day;
And there reſerve myſel' to weep,
Whene'er my true love ſhould decay.

Oh gin my Love were that bonny elm!
That riſes there ſae ſtraight and ſma';
And I myſel' that twining plant,
Which frae it can't be tore awa':
Around it ſtill wi' firmer hold,
I'd twine, and deck it wi' my flowers:
In winter I wad cloſer fold,
And ſhield it frae the ſidelong ſhowers.

(Sir John enters by one of the doors of the garden, and, when Jamie goes up to him, embraces him.)

Sir John. My dear deliverer! how can I repay,
(I never can), the service of to-day?

Jamie. 'Tis paid already—What I've done for you
To day, was to each fellow creature due,
And claims nae thanks; but had I sunk below,
'Twad little been, for what to you I owe;
For like a father you've to me been kind,
Sent me to Edinburgh to improve my mind,
And, though sae high, have us'd me as a friend.
How are you now?

Sir John. Weel, very weel!
Yet still a little giddiness I feel.
Beneath this rosy arbour let us lean,
Where honeysuckle shades this seat so green.

(They seat themselves, and, after some pause, Sir John proceeds.)

For your sake, too, I'm glad it should be sae,
That you have chanc'd to save my life to day;
It justifies to others what my mind,
In secret has for many years design'd.
No family, you know, I have to heir,
At my departure, my possessions fair;

Hence I resolv'd some labour to employ,
In searching for some handsome clever boy,
To cultivate his mind, and wi' the view
To be my friend—and soon I fix'd on you;
(Baith for a reason which to-night I'll tell,
And for the various merits of yoursel';)
Nane seem'd mair fit, nane had a form or face
Which yielded promise of such manly grace:
And George Buchanan wrote me late a letter,
He never saw a youth inform'd better.

Jamie. I'm much oblig'd to George; and say (if e'er
You write) I'll read his poem *on the Sphere.*

Sir John. That's mair than I'll do, for I can't commend,
However I admire, my ancient friend;
How has he made discordant now his lays,
Sweet in the nymph o' Caledonia's praise!
But to my purpose: I at first design'd,
To breed you to the kirk, to be a blind
To what I meant to do: But auld John Knox,
Whose mind is savage as the waves and rocks,
Has at the kirk some anger made me feel—
I love not bigotry nor furious zeal:
For many in religion's garb, with art,
Array the blackest passions of the heart;
Call fury zeal, view morals with disdain,
And make of godliness indeed great gain;
Abridge the decalogue, but, in its stead,
Wi' many a comment, lengthen out the creed:
I say not this of John—I could declare,
On oath, poor body! he was quite sincere.

Jamie. He was, I well believe, a child of grace,
And fear'd neither man nor woman's face.

Sir John. Now Providence, by what you've done to day,
Seems to approve what in my bosom lay;
And, Jamie, you'll be heir of all I hae.

Jamie (shedding tears, and falling at Sir John's feet,)

Words are but weak—

Sir John. Rise, Jamie, rise!
Your thanks are gi'en me by these weeping eyes.

Jamie. Lang! lang! may you possess whate'er you have,
And late descend lamented to the grave.

Sir John. I thank you, and believe you quite sincere,
As high a praise as can be gi'en an heir; *(smiling.)*
But truly, since I lost my lovely wife
And daughter, I'm not much in love wi' life;
What comfort I've had since, has a' been due,
My dearest Jamie, I confess to you:
But naething, naething, to my dying day,
Can banish frae my heart its cares away;
For every object which I see renews
My woes, in losing my beloved spouse;
Each tree recals a tale of ither years,
And every riv'let seems to claim my tears.—
You've seen her picture; never fairer eye
Gaz'd on green nature, or beheld the sky:
Yet, though her charms enamour'd every heart,
These were, of what she was, the meanest part.

Jamie. Pardon, Sir John! if aught amiss I say;
Is't true you had a daughter stole away,
By fairies? This I've heard for mony a day.

Sir John. O'er true indeed! 'Twas this day sixteen year
I lost her, which has cost me mony a tear;
Baith for the lovely infant's sake hersel',
Stole from the cradle by these fiends of hell,
And for her mother's sake, who died of grief.

Jamie. But might not some ane else have been the thief?
How ken ye 'twas the fairies?

Sir John. It was they:
My wife not distant frae the cradle lay,
Weak wi' her labour—just short while before,
The maids who watch'd her had gaen to the door—
'Twas late at night, when, horrible to view!
Three fairies enter'd, while the flame burnt blue;
They to the cradle hasten'd—up they rais'd
The babe, while my dear wife wi' horror gaz'd;
She scream'd! she tried to rise! when frae her view,
They through the window, quick as light'ning flew;
Besides a miniature they took away,
Of my dear wife, which on the table lay.

Jamie. That looks like earthly thieves: Might not at night,
My lady be deceived by the light?
Might not her weakness make strange visions rise,
And cheat her fancy, and half-slumberin' eyes!
Might not the thieves be—

Sir John. No! no.! it was they;
An imp they left for her they stole away;

A hideous damn'd monster; black its face,
Wi' scarcely of humanity a trace:
I scarce can keep frae smiling when I think
Upon its looks, its squalling, and its stink;
It had an *open countenance* I swear,
For its blue mouth was stretch'd from ear to ear.
I smile against my will.

Jamie. And so do I.
But what becam' o't after? Did it die?

Sir John. Confound it! ('twould make e'en a saint to swear.)
At first I saw the ghastly thing with fear;
Next order'd a large ingle in the hall,
At which the monster louder 'gan to squall;
Some brought great lumps o' coal, and ithers blocks
Of wood, and made a fire could roast an ox.

Jamie. What did you next?

Sir John. We took the little deil,
And threw it on the fire: It gied a squeel,
And up the lum it flew: the house did shake;
And all the company wi' fear did quake:
We heard it laughing, then it flew away;
Nor have I seen or heard o't since that day.

Jamie. Nor wish it, I dare say—But who can tell,
But yet, deliver'd frae these imps o' hell,
You may regain your daughter?

Sir John. No, alas!
How could I know that she my daughter was?
The gates of hell are open night and day,
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way;

But to return an' view the smiling skies,
In this the task, in this the labour lies:
But were she mine, and could by love be won,
With how much pleasure would I call thee son!
What fairy visions! but, although not ill,
I feel mysel' a little wearied still;
And therefore I will yet a while resign
Myself to rest.—Come o'er to day an' dine:
I've for a lawyer sent, my will to write;
And a' my tenants well shall feast ere night;
I've warn'd them a' to gather here at e'en,
And sic a night there's few o' them have seen.

Exit Sir John, leaning upon Jamie.

SCENE II.

Now, having left Sir John, he takes his way,
(It's James I mean) along the cliff-rais'd brae:
His way he takes up by the river's ſide,
And hears beneath him far the gurgling Clyde;
For down the wall-like rocks, and noddin' ſhades,
The river haſtes to Corra's wild caſcades:
As on he goes, now ſingle, now in flocks,
The wild birds ſpring up frae the crevic'd rocks:
'Advancin' ſtill, where Bonniton in ſight,
Pours down its ſheet of water, lovely, white!—
Juſt at the corner, lo! he meets wi' Sym;
See how the latter quick runs up to him.

Symon. Dear me! I'm glad at what I just have heard,
That you have sav'd frae death our worthy laird;

His page inform'd me, he has gaen to warn
The tenants to the laird's, man, wife an' bairn;
There's to be a great feast—

Jamie. I just was there;
And, Symon, hark! I am to be his heir.

Symon. (*shedding tears of joy*) God bless him! I am glad as glad can be,
And aften thought that something like we'd see.

Jamie. I thank you.—What delights me maist in this,
Is that of pleasing him I've had the bliss:
Content's an endless feast; whoe'er has mair
Than what's eneuch, adds less to wealth than care.

Symon. That's good to preach—But ilka day you dine,
To drink (as ballads say) the blude-red wine;
To chuse whae'er you like to be your guest;
Each hame a palace, and each meal a feast,
Are goods which though the *Stoics* I've heard despise,
A man of sense I think will highly prize.

Jamie. The *Stoics* you would say—nor, Sym, will I,
That rank an' riches are a good, deny;
But God has given *Custom* to abate
The vain distinctions of our mortal state;
To lessen pleasures, make privations light,
And bid the palace and the cot unite:
By this the silken carpet charms no more,
Than the swept earthen, or the sanded floor.
Should one bred in a cave, in gloom and night,
Be brought transported to the cheerfu' light,

How would he gaze! an' think he'd never tire,
To wander round, to view, and to admire:
The golden sun, the lovely azure sky,
The earth, the sea, would all transport his eye;
How would the flowers, the birds, the scented breeze,
Delight, when whisperin' through the blossom'd trees!
Yet Custom makes us without transport view,
The PALACE OF THE WORLD—How much mair true
Must it then be, that paltry domes of state,
Soon pall upon the fancies o' the great?
Health, virtue, all that wise men precious call,
And Nature's charms, are common unto all.

Oh, do the birds mair ſtrive to pleaſe,
Wi' ſweeter ſangs or ſafter;
A lord, for livin' mang his trees,
Or ſing for him the aft'er?

Or give the bowers to him mair eaſe,
'Cauſe in his grounds they're growing?
Or ſweeter ſleep-ſangs ſings the breeze,
Or water ſweetly flowing?

But I maun go, instead of preachin' here,
To meet my love.—'Twill be a storm I fear.—
Be sure to mention what I told to nane.—
See on that fount the drops foretel the rain:
Look! to yon gloomin' clouds, and in the sky,
'Stead of the sun, a dim white spot we spy.
Good heavens! grant the storm may pass away,
Nor hinder Jean frae meetin' me to day:
See there's a flash o' light'ning! see yon flocks,
Run a' thegither cowring 'mang the rocks!
Another flash! Hush! what a dreadfu' sound!

It shakes the mountains, floods, and forests round.
Farewel, dear Symon—

Symon. Oh yet stay an' speak!
There's ae thing makes my very heart to break:
If Ann before despis'd me, how much mair
Will she do't now! I'm frantic wi' despair:
Yoursel' who wish'd me weel, and a' her kin,
Will now oppose, and urge me to yon lin.

Jamie. You've been my friend—you are my friend—
and ne'er
My sentiments shall change wi' this warld's gear.
Perhaps it is improper to reveal
My sister's secret, but I can't conceal:
To day I tried her, said that you were free
Now frae her chains, and cauld as ane could be;
Nay that you lov'd anither: I perceiv'd
Proofs o' her love—I cou'dna be deceiv'd.

When I tald her, her arts now would fail,
To pleaſe thee, or torture again,
The roſe in her cheek waxed pale,
And ſhe tried to mimic diſdain.

When I tald her, the ſhepherd, the roſe
Neglects, though its ever ſae fair,
If, when near it he eagerly goes,
He finds that an adder is there.

That thus, though each beauty may deck
A cruel and hard-hearted maid;
Although we admire, we neglect,
And ſuffer her beauties to fade.

I ſaw that it fill'd her with woes,
Her heart was too tortur'd to feign;

And love ſoon began to diſcloſe,
What was tried to be hid by diſdain.

Her grief was too ſtrong for diſguiſe,
'Twas anguiſh too violent to bear;
And her boſom was heaving wi' ſighs,
And her hand hid the bright guſhin' tear.

Exit Jamie. Manet Symon.

Worthy young man! What thanks are due to heaven,
Since unto me sae good a frien' is given!
Who, though sae far superior in his mind,
Has been, as if he were my equal, kind.—
But oh! how beats my heart; the load's remov'd
Which bore it down; and am I then belov'd!—
(A flash of lightening.)
How have I trembl'd, when I saw the glare
Of crooked lightenin' streaming through the air!
How shook, when growl'd the thunder?—Beat thou rain!
Roll thunder! lightenings flash! Ye rage in vain;
My soul superior, all her thought employs,
In raising up the scenes of future joys:
Ilk peacefu' day will on our labours smile,
Bring new delights, an' sweeten every toil:
The eve will find us in sweet converse blest,
And birds an' breezes lull us baith to rest.

As morn we'll climb the dewy hill,
To hear the lav'rocks ſang;
At night we'll ſit aſide the rill,
Or walk the groves amang.

Or hear the birds, amang the birks
That grow upo' the ſteep,
Sing to the ſettin' ſun a ſang,
To gar him ſa' aſleep.

While hand in hand we wander hame,
Amid the ſcented grove;
Our meltin' hearts will bleſs the joys
Of confidence and love:
And o'er our heads the ſilver moon,
Will glide along the ſky;
And 'mang the trees around our cot,
The merry owl will cry.

When we come hame, a blazin' fire,
Will dazzle baith our een;
While wee bit tots keek frae the bed,
And ſpier where we hae been.
I'd rather hae ſic bliſs as this,
Than heaps o' countleſs gear;
Or that my name by Scotia's ſtreams,
Should ring in every ear.

And when my voice is rough and weak,
And locks are thin and grey;
She'll ſeem ſtill fairer to my een,
And lovelier by decay.
And tears ſhall wet my wrinkled cheeks,
Yet tears of love they'll be:
Though a' things fail, yet ſurely love
Will never fail in me.

(Exit Symon.—A great thunder-ſtorm enſues.

SCENE III.

The thunder-ſtorm is over, and the rain,
And Phœbus frae his ſhelter looks again;
Wi' brighter luſtre now he ſends each ray
Through the rent clouds, and re-enthrones the day:
And ſee the rainbow green in glory bend,
And reſt o'er diſtant hills each lovely end!
Now ſick it faints, and ſeems to mock the eyes,
And now revives with freſher thicks its dyes;
While all the heath blooms forth wi' regal hue,
And every graſs-blade is impearl'd wi' dew.
Sweet to the ſouſe the birks a fragrance fend,
While dangs of joy frae grove to grove extend;
And as frae bough to bough the ſongſters hop,
The moiſture falls in many a pearly drop.
See, underneath that rock-form'd cavern, Jean,
In converſation wi' her ſhepherd lean!
Approach and liſten—Jamie now has told
To her his luck, and wants her to unfold
What is ſhe, where ſhe lives, and a' the reſt—
But hearken to them they will tell you beſt.

Jamie. Now have I told thee, love, of a' to me
Has happen'd, ſince I laſt reclin'd wi' thee;
Nor is my bliss complete, until you ſay,
That you'll be lady now of all I ha'e:
Thoſe beamin' eyes, red lips, and lily hand,
Can please me mair than e'er sae mickle land;
In any state wi' thee I'd not repine;
Love turns the water of the brook to wine:

(Takes one of her hands, and, with one of his arms round her neck, ſings the following ſong.)

Oh, gin ye were mine, Laſſie!
Oh, gin ye were mine, Laſſie!
I'd be the happieſt man alive,
I'd lead a life divine, Laſſie!

There's ſomething in that bonny face,
I never ſaw before, laſſie!
Your actions a' have ſic a grace,
I gaze and I adore, laſſie!
Though ither brilliant eyes may dart,
And bright as diamonds roll, laſſie!
There's nane but your's ſhoot through my heart,
And ſoften a' my ſoul, laſſie!

Oh, gin ye were mine, Laſſie, &c.

In vain for liberty I've fought,
And ſtruggled to get free, laſſie!
Alas! you limit ilka thought;
I think alone of thee, laſſie!
Each motion ſhews ſome grace that's new,
That faſcinates my eyes, laſſie!
And though your charms I daily view,
I ſee them wi' ſurpriſe, laſſie!

Oh, gin ye were mine, Laſſie, &c.

Sweet is the ſpring, and ſweet the roſe,
When moiſten'd by the ſhower, laſſie!
Bright on the thorn the dew-drop glows,
At morn's refulgent hour, laſſie!
But purer, brighter far than theſe,
Thou art, and charm'ſt me more, laſſie!
Than tongue can tell---I wondering gaze,
I gaze, and I adore, laſſie!

Oh, gin ye were mine, Laſſie, &c.

But tell me now, my dearest, where's your hame?
And who's your father? nor my questions blame.
Blest must the father be from whom you sprung,
And blest the mother at whose breast you hung—
But thrice mair blest the youth who sees thy charms,
And folds the lovely treasure in his arms!

Jean. You've heard that fairy folks do live within
The echoing rocks of yonder roarin' lin—
It's there I dwell. But stay a wee, until
I climb that craig, and gaze me down the hill
That nane are coming. [*She rises and goes. Manet Jamie.*

Jamie. It's as I thought—What shall I do? This day,
If heaven assist, she must be forc'd away
Frae these infernal imps.—But oh! how like
To our late lady's picture; it must strike
Each one who sees.—Can heaven! What gleam of light,
Darts through my soul unspeakable delight!
'Tis she! But, no—the ever-busy mind,
With ease paints that to which it is inclin'd.

Jean (*returning*). I've look'd down the brae side on a' the plain,
'Tis lonely, and we'll be disturb'd by nane. (*seating herself.*
That Knight you say has been sae kind to thee,
And made thee heir, is father unto me.
From him, a fairy told to me to day,
When but an infant, I was stole away;
'Tis just this day exactly sixteen year,
She also said—But whence proceeds that tear?
Why raise aloft your hands? why lift your eye,
In speechless transport thus to yonder sky?

Jamie. I thank thee, gracious God! But maid arise!
Haste! haste! with me, an' bless a father's eyes:
He told me, weeping, just this very day,
How he had lost you—rise and come away!

Jean. Alas! some spell my fetter'd soul restrains:
A sacred rite must loose it from its chains:
And should this day once pass, no holy charms
Can tear me, I've been told, from elfin arms.
Deep in our fairy forest there's a well,
A fountain consecrate by many a spell—

Jamie. What forest do you mean?

Jean. Below the soil,
Far! far below the deep, sweet gardens smile:
It's true they bask not in a blazin' ray,
But a mild twilight reigns, nor night nor day:
Through lovely banks there many a river flows,
Perfum'd wi' myrrh, and many a blushin' rose;
Now rollin' loudly o'er some wild cascade,
Now plaintive tinklin' in the violet glade:
Melodious voices mid the zephyrs breathe,
And golden fruitage beckons on each path.
There during childhood I was wont to rove,
Nor view'd, till simmer last, these scenes above:
For after fifteen years 'tis doom'd by fate,
A year we wander near our native seat:
And sweeter unto me the purple heath,
Than all the bow'rs an' groves, an' streams beneath:
What's suitable to nature only can
Delight, and human objects suit wi' man.

Jamie. What said you o' the well?

Jean. I'll there the morn,
Thrice dipt, become a fay, unless I'm torn

Frae them this day; and frae that fatal hour,
I can be aided b ynae mortal power,
But to the moon, I'm tald, like lightenin' fly,
To be the fairy queen when Mab shall die.

Jamie. But what's the charm, Oh maid, proceed to say,
Oh what's the charm will free you frae their sway?
Is courage needed? Me, my love, employ,
For thee I'd sacrifice e'en life wi' joy;
For thee I'd climb o'er cliffs e'en mountains high;
For thee embark when billows lash the sky;
For thee I'd unaffrighted haste beneath,
And tread earth's deepest caves mid scenes of death.

Jean. If then so great a love persuades to go,
And lead me from the fairy cave below,
Attend to what I'll say!—Where torrents rave,
O'er yon steep rocks, there is a spacious cave,
Behind the stream: By ropes you must descend,
To where the rocks to form a passage rend;
For though I tread them safe by fairy aid,
My power, as soon as I'm set free, will fade:
Then through a dreary passage grope, where night
Was never banish'd by the blessed light:
And had the trial been on other day,
Terrific spectres would besiege your way:
But as you forwards tread, you still will hear,
A hubbub of strange sounds assault your ear;
Such when, in autumn, by the savage blast,
On every stream the yellow leaves are cast;
Such is the sound—Above, the tempest soars,
Dark in the air—Below, the torrent roars,—

These sounds will still increase as on you wade,
Through the dark gloom.—Well! are you yet afraid?

Jamie. Perhaps in ither cause I'd feel alarms;
But while I grope I'll think upon your charms:
Immortal Love will make the passage gay,
Shake his bright torch, and light me on my way.
What follows next?

Jean. Weel! I'll go on again.
At last you'll come to an extensive plain,
Hem'd in by rocks; in midst of which you'll spy
A mighty rowan tree, wide spreading! high!
No other tree, no object will appear,
Except a lonely stream which murmurs near—
On to the tree advance, though storms arise,
And tempests dark, involve wi' night the skies.
Around the tree a circle large is seen,
A fairy circle, of a brighter green;
Thrice let that circle round the tree be trod,
And *thrice* demand me, IN THE NAME OF GOD:
Then I, deliver'd frae the elfin charms,
Will in a blast be wafted to thy arms.

Jamie. Is that it all! And shall you then be mine?
How small a trial for such charms as thine!
But will I see no fairies?

Jean. Round my waist,
Then fold your arms, and cross the stream in haste.
But, oh! it fills my bosom wi' alarms,
To hear thee talk for ever thus of charms:
Is it alone because you think me fair
You love me—for my face, my shape, my air?
Or is it something else, mair firm an' staid,
Some ither ornament which will not fade?

Jamie. I never lov'd the persons who pretend,
That wealth and beauty should not move the mind;
Who wi' fause pride assert that pleasure springs
Detach'd, unaided by external things:
I own I'm weak enough to think, a maid
Is not the worse, like thee, wi' charms array'd;
I own I am not sage enough to brag,
I love a Grace nae better than a hag:
But, Jeanie, it is *not* that cheek that glows,
Mair sweet than through the sunny shower the rose;
It's no thae di'mond een, which, as they roll,
Dart through my heart, and soften a' my soul—
'Tis MIND I love in thee; charms fade away,
But never, never shall my love decay.
Why ask these questions? Sure you canna fear
A change in me—Why, Jeanie, why that tear?

Jean. I thank you; and the reason now I'll show:
I said that o'er a stream you needs must go:
Now, should the fairies chuse, they may bedew
My face, as o'er the stream I pass wi' you:
Straight shall my colour change, each charm shall fly,
A certain wildness stare in either eye.
My mind shall be as now; but, as I said,
Those beauties which sae much you praise shall fade:
I know the fairies love me, and they may
Unsprinkl'd by the stream permit my way:
But as they love me more, the more they'll grieve,
The more revenge themselves, when you relieve.
Now say, and chace thae fears my bosom fill,
Thus chang'd, thus alter'd,—could you love me still?
If not, although it's horror to remain
Wi' them—Adieu! we ne'er will meet again. [*rising up.*

Jamie (*pulling her to him.*) Delightfu' maid! my love,
my life thou art!
No change of thee can ever change my heart;
Enough for me—And could you say adieu!—
Enough, O Jean! if I'm belov'd by you:
'Tis true I'll mourn to see these beauties fade;
But will not love thee less, delightfu' maid!
Dear, dearer than the tide that warms my heart,
Thou'lt ever be—to me my better part.
(Strains her to his breast.)

Jean. But see the sun has left the middle sky,
And quick, ah me! the fated moments fly.
Haste to my father! and that picture bear,—
It is the picture o' my mother dear:
They stole it wi' myse'—Tell him the whole;
Then come—Alas! what fears possess my soul!—
Come, if you will, relieve a wretched maid,
And execute, O youth! what now I've said.
Alas! the heavy rains which fell to day,
Will still increase the horrors of your way;
For, hark! the streams down to the water-fall
Roll wild, and louder to the echoes call.

Jamie. And let them—Jeanie calls, and I obey;
Mid Alps and deserts Love can find his way;
He finds his way, and those whom he inspires
Can pass uninjur'd amid floods and fires.
Farewell a while! But oh! first let me sip
Again the nectar o' that roseate lip;
Still view these een, and yet again be prest,
In ardours half convulsive, to thy breast.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

' A vaulted ha' is ſeen, where echo calls
Full aft, and ſtoried tap'ſtry decks the walls.
Through painted windows, temperin' every ray,
Beams, wi' a ſweet and ſolemn light, the day:
At farther end's a fire—there ſits alone
The Knight—But ſee! James enters to Sir John.

Sir John, riſing to meet Jamie.

COME! come away! my ſon; you staid ſo long,
I was afraid that ſomething had gone wrong:
I wearied for you to come here and chat;
'Tis lang past dinner-time—But what is that?
(*Jamie holds out the picture.*)

Jamie. A picture! (*Giving it to Sir John, who ſtares at it attentively.*)

Sir John. Mighty God! where got you't, where?—
Some water quickly—lead me to a chair!
The picture of my wife!—'twas thus ſhe ſmil'd!
(*Kiſſing it.*)
Where was the picture got?—where is my child?
(*Riſing again, and coming towards Jamie.*)

Jamie. Compoſe yourſelf! Sit down! you canna ſtand!
To day I got it frae your daughter's hand.

Sir John. From whom ?

Jamie. Your daughter—She's alive and well.

Sir John. Where is she ? (*again rising in great agitation.*

Jamie. Sit ; the whole I'll tell !
But drink this cup of wine. (*filling out some wine.*

Sir John (bursting into tears.) How can you pretend,
To cheat an aged person, and your friend !
This is delusion ! It's a dream I fear !—
Where is the picture vanish'd ? No, its here. (*kissing it.*
Oh ! my full heart—Where did you get it, where ?

Jamie. I'll tell you all, but in the open air.
Lean on my arm ; we'll go enjoy the breeze,
Which now breathes sweetly mid the garden trees :
There I will tell you all—You'll faint I fear
In this warm room, I cannot tell you here.

(*Jamie leads out Sir John, who is almost insensible.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

"Oh, happy love! where love is truly found,
Oh heart-felt raptures, bliſs beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And ſage experience bids me this declare,
If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleaſure ſpare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale;
'Tis when a youthfu', loving, modeſt pair,
In others arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn, that ſcents the evening gale."

So thinks the bard, and Symon thought the ſame;
He ſits wi' Ann, who now approves his flame,

Symon. AND was it true, then, that I had a part,
Although ye ſtill diſguis'd it, in your heart?
And was it true that, while wi' fears oppreſt,
I fill'd a corner in my charmer's breaſt?
I thank thee, Annie: conduct, ſic as this,
Inflames ilk joy, and doubles a' my bliss.
Now, now I live; nor will I cloſe in night
My dying een, a ſtranger to delight:
Yet let me preſs thee cloſer to my breaſt,
Yet feel a rapture not to be expreſt.

Whan thou art my ain thing,
O I will luve thee, I will luve thee;
Whan thou art my ain thing,
How dearly will I luve thee?

At morning when the roſy rays,
Come dancin' o'er the dewy braes;
At evenin' by the ingle's blaze,
I'll tell how much I luve thee.

Whan thou art my ain thing, &c.

I'll raviſh'd view ilk chearfu' day,
For then amang the woods we'll ſtray;
And there, mid nature's ſcenes ſae gay,
I'll tell how much I luve thee.

Whan thou art my ain thing, &c.

I'll bleſs the ſtorm, for then within
We'll ſit and ſcorn the tempeſts din,
When vainly ſtrugglin' to get in—
How dearly will I luve thee!

Whan thou art my ain thing, &c.

Ann. These sentiments I own are very good;
But ilka lover says sae, whan we're woo'd:
Deceitfu' love! how mighty are his powers:
Inspir'd by him, what joy beguiles the hours!
What scenes arise, created by his aid,
Bliss in ilk walk, an' rapture in ilk shade?
How does he busk wi' charms the prospect o'er,
And ay mak' sweeter what was sweet before?
But marriage soon makes lovers change their sang,
And Ann might cease to please ere it be lang.

Tune—*Roy's Wife of Aldivallock.*

Could I hope you'd ay be true,
My pleaſure wad be paſt expreſſin';
Could I hope you'd ay be true,
I'd ſeek frae heaven nae ither bleſſin':

But, Oh! it's cruel when a youth
Has made our heart for maſter chuſe him;
Its cruel then to gang awa,
And leave a viper in the boſom.

Symon. Sooner yon hawk, when during a' the day
He faſted, wad releaſe at eve his prey;
Sooner the ſtream, in ſpite o' nature's laws,
Shall ceaſe to ſound, as o'er the rock it fa's;
Sooner the earth and ocean chang'd ſhall be,
And Tintoc's foot be dash'd on by the ſea;
The aſpin ceaſe to tremble wi' the breeze,
And a' things change, ere thou ſhalt ceaſe to pleaſe.

Ann. And was there nought then in what James did say,
About your love for Maggie o' Mill-brae?

Symon. Nought in the leaſt; he ſaid it juſt to prove,
Whether I ſhar'd a portion o' your love.

Ann. Weel, be it ſae—But Symon, do you know,
What is the cauſe that Jamie's alter'd now?
Nae mair to cheerfu' meetings he gie's birth;
Nae mair he jeſts, and fills the houſe wi' mirth;
Nae mair his chat beguiles the weary day,
Nor makes the eve paſs unperceiv'd away.
Silent he ſits, while aften tears diſtil,
Which my forebodin' heart wi' anguiſh fill:

Has he e'er tald—for aften ane reveals,
To a dear friend, what he frae kin conceals;
And thou his dearest friend frae childhood wert—
Has he e'er tald what anguish wastes his heart?

Symon. To day he did part of a tale reveal,
But which I promis'd firmly to conceal:
Indeed I ken yet but a part mysel',
Till night, and then I promise you we'll tell.
Oh how I wish for gloamin' to advance;
I hope that then wi' nane but me you'll dance.

Ann. I winna say—But Symon I maun go; (*rising.*
My mother weel will scold, I've been so slow;
I should frae Lanrik lang ere this hae been.
Farewell—and mind! that you maun tell at e'en.

(*Simeon holding her.*)

Tune—*Ewe-bughts Marion.*

Oh wait but a wee, my Annie!
You needna, my deareſt! depart;
I canna yet leave thee, Annie!
It breaks my very heart.
Oh! wait but a wee, my Annie!
'Tis early yet in the day;
Sit down on theſe gowans, my Annie!
An' gang nae yet away. (*Pulls her down.*

And wilt thou be mine, my Annie!
I'm glad maiſt even to pain;
Oh! tell me't again, my Annie!
Oh tell me't yet again.
What though our wealth be but little,
We never will repine;
The clear freſh fountain, my Annie!
Love turns to ſweeteſt wine.

Ann. I canna stay indeed—But gin ye chuse,
Come over in a little to the house:
I'll in the garden be, my love; and syne
We'll sit, while o'er our heads the roses twine;
There where his bridal sang the blackbird sung,
We'll vow eternal faith, wi' mutual tongue.

Symon. Speak! has your mother, Ann, forgotten yet,
How sair my uncle's dog your Crummie bit?

Ann. That's true! when you come o'er the'll be a din;
She bans your uncle John, and a' his kin;
It wasna right to hound a mastiff dog—

Symon. It was my uncle's herd, that little rogue:
But weel I ken, although your mother rage
Wi' greatest force, her fury to assuage,
She's been a mither to me; and you know,
There's kin between us—Maun you really go?

Ann. I must; 'twill soon be night: I maun be drest
Ye ken, to shine awa' at this same feast.

Symon. Thy charms far mair than ornaments adorn:
And must I thus, dear Ann, frae you be torn?
First then anither kiss—and O be sure
To be at hame—I'll be before an hour.

(Symon kisses Ann, with his arms round her neck; during which, Mass James the minister passes, with a long white staff, in a solemn manner, and, seeing them, says:)

Mass James. What's this you're doing there? I cannot bide
To see a man and maid thus side to side:

Its written that Rebecca veil'd her face,
When she approached Isaac—there was grace!
But men and maidens now, like thee and Ann,
Heed mair the outward than the inner man;
It's to be fear'd you'll fall into temptation;
And on the cutty-stool soon hae your station:
For, verily, I'll wad a doit and mair,
That neither o' ye has a bible there?—
Wha kens but Satan sits upon that know,
And at your doings laughs, an' shakes his pow?
"I'll beat the minister (thus to himsel'
He thinks) and roast half o' his flock in hell"—
Ye'll beat the minister, ye tatty dog!
Sneak to the pit, ye dirty brimstone rogue!
I trow my lad, at sight o' me, wad sneak
Awa' fu' quickly to his hall o' reek:
See! see! him scouring yonder o'er the brae,
Wi' tail atween his feet—He's well away! (*blows his nose.*
Sym! dost thou know, and Ann! what is the fruit,
That you're to reap frae this?

Symon and Ann. No, Sir!

Mass James. Be mute!
I ask you, 'cause interrogations force,
And greater pithiness, give the discourse:
Use first—Let every one avoid temptation,
It leads them afterwards to tribulation. (*blows his nose.*
Use second—When ye meet, remember this,
Ne'er talk of love, nor slabber, sirs, and kiss:
These are unhallowed doings, drive frae heaven,
And mak' ye of unrighteousness the leaven.
Finally, Sym and Ann, I say to you,
Put off the old man, and put on the new!

Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The garden, which before we ſaw, appears:
James has the ſtory told—Sir John's in tears.

Sir John. I weep with joy; and yet I own that fear,
Till she be wholly ours, shares half the tear.
Now I believe in dreams; for, as to day,
I yet was sleepy when you went away,
I laid me down—Methought that, vested bright,
My spouse then came, in robes of roseate light;
Fair as that day, an' fairer, than when led,
Wi' sweet reluctance, to the nuptial bed—
And art thou come, I said (while blest I gaze)
To charm my lonely nights, my weary days:
And art thou come at last? Oh wept and mourn'd!
So long! so greatly! Art thou then return'd?
Forward I rush'd; but backward flew the fair,
And hung supported on the fragrant air:
"Me heavenly bow'rs, celestial haunts retain,
(She said) where ne'er to part we'll meet again;
But see thy daughter"—Straight I turn'd me glad,
And saw by thee a virgin forwards led;
Young, bloomin'! like my wife in form an' face,
Save hers was saint-like, that a mortal grace:

Again I turn'd, as doubting if 'twere true,
And tried to catch her hem of sapphir' blue—
She smil'd and fled—before her all was night,
Behind her stream'd a track of golden light.
Weepin' I wak'd; and, musin' as I lay,
I thought that what we'd talk'd of baith to day
Had rais'd these visions; yet in the extreme,
I wearied for you, to relate my dream.
But rise my son, and to the lin let's go!
I think the minister in comin's slow.

Jamie. He could not yet be here.—But, as I said,
The fairies in her looks may change the maid;
Hence, though sae like the picture, she may be
Nae langer like it after she's set free:
But tenderness and love can charms supply,
Give roses to the lip, and gem the eye.

Sir John. I thank you James, for what you undertake,
Perils for mine and for my daughter's sake.

Jamie (*blushing.*) And for my own—But if you please we'll in,
And haste as quick's we can unto the lin:
He'll surely soon be here, that she may be
Baptiz'd, as soon as ever she's set free.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.

'Tis Adam's houſe—you ken't—A good peat fire
You ſee; and a' things neat as you'd deſire.
Beſide it Adam ſits, and the gudewife,
(She *ſits* maiſt for the firſt time in her life.)
He ſeems in grief, poor man! and heavy woe:
Alas! how true there's nane quite bleſt below!

Catharine. What needs ye deave us talkin' o' the cat?
The cats are no sae scarce a weel I wat;
What folly is it, just whan ye hae heard,
Your only son's to be a braw rich laird,
Thus to lament a cat? and ithers rack
Complaining thus?—Nae fears but she'll come back.

Adam. She never will come back! Waesucks! I doubt
You've hurt poor baudrans wi' your lang wet clout.
Cheet! cheet! waesucks, I doubt poor thing she's dead:
Fie light a wisp, and look below the bed!

(The Gudewife lights a candle; and they both look beneath the bed, without seeing her.)

Oh dool! oh dool! she's dead, and never mair
I'll stroke her arch'd up back and satin hair;
Nae mair she'll come, whan I begin the grace,
An' stand aside me wi' her sonsy face;
Nae mair, when I hae done, to get a bit,
She'll mew beside me, an' haud out her fit;

Nae mair beside the ingle, ere a fa'
O' rain, she'll wash her white face wi' her paw;
Nor in the nook, whan naething else is seen,
Glowr in the dark wi' her big yellow een—
I thought some judgement wad upon us light,
Whan you let in the papish priest last night.

Catharine. 'Twas you yoursel' that bade us strike the cat,
Because you threw your bonnet in the pat;
Besides we didna hit her; and ere night,
I'll warrant we'll o' pussy get a sight.

Adam. I wonder what possest me, that till now,
I wonder'd not poor brute she didna mew:
I'd rather her than ony lavrock hear:
Yon fairy will hae stolen her I fear;
Why did you let it in?

Catharine. It steal a cat!
It's no sae very daft, a weel I wat.
She'll just hae catch'd some hare, I ken fu' weel,
An' hid it, for she's greedy as the deil;
No like the last poor cat that's now away,
Who brought us hame a hare maist ilka day—
Fy! in a time like this lament nae mair.

Adam. And what is wealth unless our friends can share?
How glad she'd been, poor creature, to have heard,
Her fav'rite Jamie's now become a laird.
I never saw a brute had half the sense.
Cheet! cheet!—I'll go again and look the spence.—
No! no! she is not there; oh dool! oh dool!

Catharine. Weel say nae mair about her like a fool!
Gae change yoursel'—'twill soon amaist be dark—

I've laid out claes, hose, mittens, and a sark:
Make ready for the feast.

Adam. Weel! very good!
Speak, Kate, put on the day your scarlet hood,
An' tartan gown; I like to see you bra'.
Troth! though your auld, I think you war them a'.
(*Kissing her.*)

Catharine. Weel! weel! since sae you wish, I'll do my best,
And shall, gudeman, as you advise be drest.
I hope that auld John Simson o' Drumale
Will not be there—I'll mak' him rue his tail!

Adam. He couldna' help it.

Catharine. What? to hound his dog,
A mastiff, at the ky!—he is a rogue.
It grieves me to the heart, to see the cow
Gang wi' her tail dockt off, just like a sow;
And sic a cow! Gin I come near the dog,
Deil tak' me gin I dinna gie't a flog;
I'll gie't its fairing!—I shall mak' it rue
The very day that first it saw a cow:
I'll beetle it like bear!—I maist could cry.
She's quite asham'd to gang wi' ither ky:
The Bill when she comes near them drives her aff—
For which, in winter, he's get nought but chaff:
I'll gi'e him tit for tat; vile saucy brute!
I'll mak' him live on chaff—I will! I'll do't!

Enter Symon.

Symon. Gudeday!

Catharine. Gudeday! gude devil!—Gang as fast's ye can,

Unto your uncle, that gude worthy man;
Tell him frae me that—tell him he's a rogue,
To hound at a poor brute a mastiff dog.
How wad he like himsel', had he a tail,
That ane should pu' it aff? not weel I'se bail.

Adam. Speak, Symon, saw ye ought of our poor cat?
Her loss will mak' me furious, weel I wat.

Symon. Your cyprus cat?

Adam. The same—

Symon. I'm griev'd to say,
My uncle's dog has worried her to day.

Adam. Oh dool!

Catharine. Gude heaven! that I should ban;
Pack, Symon! to the door as fasts ye can!
Gie's o'er the poker, Adam—Pack you hame!
Or for twa towmonds ye's gae limpin' lame:
Foul fa' yoursel' and kin—I'd like to see
You a' wi' Pharaoh plung'd i' the Red Sea.

Adam. Oh dool! what harm poor beast had pussy done?
Waesucks! there's nought but wo beneath the sun.
Where is her corpse?

Symon. Tuts! I was but in jest.
I didna see her; and the dog, poor beast!
Was hang'd this mornin'—As for crummie's tail,
'Twill grow mair lang than ever without fail.

Catharine. But are ye sure o' that?

Symon. As true's I'm here,
This very day my cattles tail's I'll shear;

You ken that hair grows best when it is shorn;
I'll dock them a' this e'ening, or the morn.

Catharine. But then the rump's away!

Symon. So much the better!
It will not grow sae fast, and what the matter.
But where is Ann?

Catharine. She's wat'ring in the yard some useless flow'rs—
She's far o'er high for sic a house as ours.
The deil a hate o' wark she's done the day,
Except some twa three minutes at the whey.
Its a chang'd warld since I was young indeed!
Young folks were then a very different breed;
For flow'rs or useless trash nae hours were broken,
I care't na for a rose mair than a docken.

Symon. I weel believ't.—Ann bears frae a' the bell;
But someway still she's naething like yoursel'.

Catharine. Sit down, and get a dram an' cheese and bread—
Ay, Symie man! Ye might say that indeed,
Had ye but seen me aince—not ane sae trig,
Gaed to the kirk, or shore upo' a rig.
'Twas thought the minister himsel' to me,
Cast frae the pu'pit whiles a sheepish eye:
But now I'm auld an' frail: Not as when anes,
I gaed to win the kirn at Willy Bane's.
At Lanrik fair, what fairings frae the men!
For ilka lad the rest had, I had ten;
And ay I jeer'd them when they tald their tale,
An' frisk'd, an' laugh'd, as brisk as bottl'd ale.—

But saw ye Jamie! Symon, hae ye heard,
That if he's spar'd he is to be our laird?

Symon. I've heard it; and I wonder'd that a cow,
Or cat, could occupy your minds just now.
I'm sure you're happy!

Catharine (*filling a glass to Symon.*) Troth! I canna say.
I'm sometimes glad; at ither times I'm wae:
What need ha'e folk of mair, if they've enow?
The draff's ay sourest to the best fed sow:
It's better to sit still than rise an' fa:
On Tintoc tap the snellest drift-show'rs blaw.
I'm fear'd, when he grows bien, and is a laird,
He'll for his humble kin hae less regard;
For I've been tald the great do sae: but he
Has been the best and kindest son to me;
It's no frae his behaviour past I fear;
But the best mind, it's said, is spoil'd by gear.
Tak' aff your dram!

Symon. I'se do sae: Here's his health! (*drinks.*
A mind like his is never spoil'd by wealth:
It's me has cause to fear---Ye ken my love
To Ann, which all of you did aince approve;
But now you'll a' despise me, you're so great,
And anguish an' despair will be my fate.
(*The gudewife looks serious.*)
(What I admire in you maist is your een,
Sic coal-black blinkers I have never seen.)

Catharine. They're failing now, I'm growin' auld and frail;
But as for Ann, ye's get her without fail.
Gin she should dare refuse you, she may beg;

I'd break good sooth! the little cutty's leg.
My blessin' and a bannock wi' you baith!
(*Drinks, and fills out to the gudeman.*)

Symon (to Adam). And your's?

Adam. First tell me what you think of *Faith?*

Symon (winking privately to Catharine.)
I think that *Works* are useless, sinfu', bad,
Vile rags!

Adam. Weel Symon you're a worthy lad!
Tak' Ann if you can get her—Here's your health!
Love ane anither; love surpasses wealth.

Catharine. And so say I: an' though I sometimes flyte,
When she neglects her wark, she's my delyte;
Her brother scarce is mair.

(*Enter Herd Boy in great haste, and says*)
Is Symon here?

Symon. Ane very like him—Wha has lost his mare?

Herd Boy. James bade me tell you, fast as ye can scud,
To follow him this moment down the wood.
Sir John, Mass James, and he, gang to the lin:
Follow as fasts ye can, you'll be behin'.

Symon (rising.) Gudeday!

Catharine. Gudeday, we'll see you at the feast—
(*Exit Symon.*)
That lad ay seem'd to me aboon the rest:
I hate a flatterer; Sym is nane of thae—

Adam. I wonder where's the cat? ah well a day!

SCENE IV.

Again you ſee the inſide of the lin;
Again you hear its daſhin' and its din:—
A vaulted cave behind, immenſe in height!
On antic pillars rais'd, appears in ſight:
Steal through the gloomy perſpective wi' me.
But oh! be carefu' leſt the elves ſhould ſee!—
By rouſing fire three Fairies ſit; but Jean
Upon her hand her lovely cheek doth lean:
Aft too ſhe wipes away the ſecret tear,
For now the fatal, dreadfu' hour is near.
Meanwhile the Fairies unobſervin' chat;
And to its neighbour thus ſpeaks a wee brat:

---

1. *Fairy.* Steer up the ingle, Bob! Are ye no wae
That we maun lose the feast and sport to day,
That will be in the moon?

Bob (riping the ribs.) Ay, troth a wee;
But what our queen commands us, that maun be.

3. *Fairy.* Commands us? What's she fear'd for?
Troth, I'se lay
My lugs, that nane will trouble us to day,
To force away her favourite; for wha
Kens ought about us being here awa?

1. *Fairy.* It's best to be secure—But, lovely maid,
(*to Jean*)
Why sit you thus so pensive and so sad?

A few short hours ance past, like us you'll glide
Through the thin air, and travel on the tide;
Aboon the clouds you'll like a lavrock tour,
And reach the moon in less than half an hour. (*She cries.*

Bob. Distress her not.—Man often weeps, 'tis strange,
Though frae a worse to better state he change.
He who had lang time dwelt far mid the deep,
When taken frae his desert isle would weep;
For custom makes the walk, the stream, the grove,
Which aft we haunt, the objects of our love:
Men when they enter into life complain,
And yet they weep to leave that life again.

1. *Fairy.* Weel reason'd, troth! What have you been at College
Of late, that you've acquir'd sae mickle knowledge?
We a' were wondering where of late you've been,
That at nae fairy meeting you were seen.

3. *Fairy.* Ay, tell us, Bob—but first draw in your toes—
Where you have been; hard studying, I suppose.
I hope to see a fairy, I declare,
At Glasgow soon in a professor's chair:
You'll give us gratis tickets—

Bob. Yes, I may!
For your poor sculls would carry nought away.

1. & 2. *Fairies.* Where were you?

Bob. In quality of cat,
I've liv'd this while, a terror to each rat.

1. & 3. *Fairies.* A cat, preserve us a'! a cat! a cat!

Bob. Ay, fairies, just a cat! a cat! a cat!

1. *Fairy.* What tempted you to this?

Bob. To lay aside,
Is pleasant for a while, ane's pomp and pride:
Wi' living like a fairy I grew tir'd,
And from a cat no great thing is requir'd;
She lives an easy life—besides, ye ken,
I always greatly lik'd to study men:
This furnish'd me the means; for weel I wat,
She's no mean personage a country cat;
She sits at table, eateth o' the best,
And, speech excepted, 's equal wi' the rest.

1. *Fairy.* Where lived you?

Bob. In a cottage, where
There's bliss, if bliss be in this world of care:
The family are just in number four;
And wi' them I've had many a happy hour.
The auld gudeman nae trouble seems to feel,
Save what arises frae the pope and de'il;
The first he thinks a fish; a pair of horns,
And cloven feet, and tail, the last adorns.
Religion seems the business of his life,
And disputations wi' the auld gudewife:
She trusts in Works, and thinks that place in heaven,
To such as make gude sweet-milk cheese is given.
He trusts in Faith, and hopes in heaven a seat,
Because he thinks the deil has cloven feet—
But baith have better claims!

1. *Fairy.* Go on! go on!

Bob. They have twa children; a girl and son.
She is a lovely lass as e'er was seen;
Indeed she's not inferior much to Jean,
Though something I allow; and such a wit!
To hear her and her brother, days I'd sit:

For sense and learning I ne'er saw his mate;
But something's heavy on his mind of late:
He's not like what he was, for aft he sighs,
And aft as red wi' weeping are his eyes:
This made the house nae mair sae blyth and gay,
So I grew tir'd last night and came away.
I drank a pint o' cream—below the bed
My friends pursu'd me, and I hither fled.

1. *Fairy.* Speak! Is the house where late you did reside,
Where above Bonniton, winds round the Clyde?

Bob. The same.

1 *Fairy.* I ken't; for I was there last night,
Pretending cauld, and gied the carle a fright.
And were you there?

Bob. Was't after close o' day
Lang time?

1. *Fairy.* 'Twas nine.

Bob. I then had gone away.
And got you in?

1. *Fairy.* I never in my life
Saw ane I lik'd sae weel's the auld gudewife;
She us'd me as I'd been a brither's child:
As for the auld gudeman, he look'd sae wild,
I daresay he believ'd me Nick himsel',
Come there to bear him bodily to hell;
He star'd so wild at wife, and son, and daughter,
And whiles at me, I scarce could keep frae laughter:
As for the gude auld wife may she be blest.

Bob. Weel, for my part, I like auld Adam best;
Much missing I daresay he'll ha'e of me,
For at his meals I still was on his knee.

1. *Fairy.* When will the Queen be back?

Bob. At twelve at night,
She'll hither frae the moon direct her flight,

(Jean rises in great agitation, and goes through a chink of the rock to some other apartment.)

And sooner if she can—She's much afraid,
Lest one should take away that lovely maid;
She told me, sighing, ere she did depart,
That something doth in secret tell her heart,
That this will be the case—You know, to day
Ance past, she never can be forc'd away:—
And now less bright the rays are seen to gleam,
Of setting Phoebus, through that dashing stream,
Soon she'll be always ours; and who could e'er
Suspect of human beings we were here?
Or who could know this is the fatal day,
When wi' maist ease she could be forc'd away?
Who down to the abyss would dare to tread,
And brave those powers regarded with such dread?
All this I told our queen; but, still afraid,
She wish'd that here all day she could have staid;
Besides she bade us use the powerful charm,
To bring her frae the moon, should aught alarm,

1. *Fairy.* Hush! There's a noise—

3. *Fairy.* Tuts! it will be
Some shepherds seeking sheep; but I'll go see.

(*Goes away, and returns in great haste.*)

We are betray'd!—for at our caverns mouth,
Suspended by a rope, I see a youth;

Nae doubt he comes to steal our maid away;
And through the passage soon will grope his way.

(The Minister's voice is faintly heard without, calling to James.)

For Ahab's sake, wi' holy fear proceed!

Bob. What! is great Wallace risen frae the dead?
Sir Huon's self would feel his heart dismay'd,
Thus to attempt to steal away our maid.
Hast shut the iron door?

3. *Fairy.* It's shut. The sound
Of storms and earthquakes rocks the trembling ground,
And voices call and groan might shake each heart—
But come, we'll call our queen by magic art:
Stand in a circle; quickly here she'll be,
And then we'll try to drive him frae the tree.

Fairies haſte! we want our dame;
Call upon her round this flame,
With the charms we uſe to ſay,
That ſhe quickly anoint and come away.

(A green flame rises in the middle of the hall, round which they dance from left to right, while their faces assume a cast of gloom and horror.)

Charm 1. *Sung by* 1*st Fairy.*

Now the threads by ſpiders ſpun,
Glitter in the ſetting ſun:
Dame! Dame! the ſun is low,
Soon the worm will 'gin to glow;

Dame! Dame! ere cloſe o' day,
Saddle thy green horſe—Come away!

(Puts ſomething into the fire.)

Charm 2. *By 2d Fairy.*

Firſt I burn three tufts of hair,
Pilfer'd from a Norway bear;
Next throw in ſome brain of whale,
And briſtles of a mammoth's tail.—
Clouds of ſmoke curl through the room,
Haſte! haſte! throw in perfume.—
Dame! Dame! ere cloſe o' day,
Saddle thy green horſe—Come away

Charm 3. *By 3d Fairy.*

But now the flame aſcends too high,
Come to allay it let us try.
Firſt, to quench it half, I throw
This veſſel full of hoary ſnow;
Gather'd from below the pole,
Where ſleepy oceans ceaſe to roll.
Sprinkle next three drops of dew,
From flow'rs that on Imaus grew.—
That will do! That will do!

1. *Fairy.* I wonder! I wonder!
That I do not hear the thunder.

2. *Fairy.* Heard you not that diſtant hum?
I think I hear her; come, come, come.

3. *Fairy.* Our charms have been vain;
Come try her again

(They reverse the method of dancing round the flame, going now from right to left.)

1. *Fairy.* Haſte from the ſky! for the moment is nigh
When the daylight will die, and the night breeze will ſigh,
And the hook-wing'd bat fly, and the howlet will cry.

2. *Fairy,* The graſhopper ſlits to his hole where he ſits,
And liſtens, and liſtens, while out of his wits;
For the adder comes hiſſing, for his ſtone is a-miſſing,
And he ſearches the ground for it, round and all round,
Mount and fount, dale and vale—but it no where is found.
It is here! It is here!
Thrice I twirl round the ſphere,
And burn it, and burn it!—Perhaps ſhe'll appear.

3. *Fairy.* I call thee once, and I call thee twice,
I turn me again, and I call thee thrice.

1. *Fairy to the 3d.* Haſte! haſte! from Iceland bring,
Some water from the Geyzer ſpring!

3. *Fairy.* I will go!

(Vanishes, and returns almost instantly with a phial of water.)

Have I been ſlow?

2. *Fairy.* No! No! No!

3. *Fairy.* 'Tis a thouſand miles or ſo.—
Where ſhall I the water throw?
It's warm as when it did o'erflow.

1. *Fairy.* The flame is raging; pour it in—
Hear you! hear you! yet no din?

3. *Fairy.* I wonder! I wonder!
That I do not hear the thunder!

2. *Fairy.* Break off! break off! Our charms are all in vain,
Some force mair potent must our queen detain;

Nor let us linger here ; for he will be
(The person who invades us) near the tree :
Soon she'll be ours nae mair—But come, we'll lave
Her face, ere she's bore o'er it, with the wave :
I grieve indeed to make such beauties fade ;
But it is just—we've been by her betray'd !

1. & 3. *Fairies.* Come, we'll lave
Her visage from the wave !

Exeunt Fairies.

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The ſun grows broad, and ane o' little ſkill
Wad think he'd touch him, ſtandin' on yon hill:
Now wakes the evenin' breeze; the ſhadows play,
On rocks made ruddy by the ſettin' ray:
While here we walk, ſee far beyond that glade,
Maiſt half a mile awa', our lengthen'd ſhade:—
The ky gang routing hame—and o'er yon trees,
The reek's ſeen better, curling in the breeze:
The craws wi' lazy flight retire to reſt;
The merle while whiſtling nods wi' ſleep oppreſt.
The fairy hour is nigh; when through the bowers
They trip, and hang round gems on a' the flowers,
And on ilk blade; ſo that, when morning leads
The day, they ſeem like ſtrings o' chryſtal beads.
But wha's yon ſhepherd? Wi' a look of woe,
He ſpeaks—Come near, his words the cauſe will ſhow.

Shepherd. How true is that whilk aft Mass James has said,
There's naething stedfast on the yearth nor staid!
That a' is ups and downs; frae high to low,
We in a moment pass, frae joy tae woe;
Now firm in strength, now bright in beauty's bloom,
Soon sunk in pain, or moulderin' in a tomb:

How true it is! For scarcely had I heard,
Till he was drown'd, that James was to be laird.
Oh, bluidy Clyde! Oh, bluidy bluidy Clyde!
A stream sae cruel flows not tae the tide;
Three folk, though I say naething o' the lave,
Since Hallowe'en, hae found in thee a grave:
First Davie Smith was (spite o' a' his gear)
Borne by the current frae his gude grey mare:
The mare swam through, but Davie's sel' was lost,
And ay sinsyne I'm fear'd I meet his ghost;
I hope we'll find the corpse, for aince at night,
Down on the Black craig Pool, I saw a light.
Next Tammy Reid was lost, some twa months hence,
A man who claver'd ay o' common sense:
He was by Echo drown'd, ae stormy night,
Cauld, rainy! when the moon sent down nae light:
Poor man! he came, an' cried across the Clyde,
And heard ane answer on the ither side—
'Twas Echo, vex'd to be awak'd frae sleep—
Is it not deep, Tam cried—she cried, *not deep*;
But doubting yet, to try the voice once more,
May I come o'er Tam cried—she cried, *come o'er*.
A friend who was with Thomas did advise,
He should not thus trust to a stranger's cries;
But Tam appeal'd to common sense, went in,
And took that night a lodgin' in a lin:
His corpse was found wrapt in an eel's embrace,
Which mickle pleas'd the Bellman o' the place.—
But Oh! I mourn indeed that James is lost,
He was sae fine a lad; the kintry's boast.
How shall I break the matter! how relate,
To Adam and his wife, their darling's fate?

SCENE II.

The Fairies in their cave are ſeen to ſab,
While to them quick as lightening—enter Mab.

Q. Mab. Is ſhe gone?

1. *Fairy.* She's gone!

Q. Mab. Is she gone?

2. *Fairy.* She's gone!

Q. Mab. Is she gone?

3. *Fairy.* She's gone!

Q. Mab. I heard your call—Upon my grass-green steed,
You bade me come, and that was right indeed;
For nane sae well my passage can sustain,
O'er the green earth, and o'er the dark blue main;
Nane can wi' such unwearied pennon fly,
Whether I hasten down or climb the sky:
But Oberon, who wish'd my longer stay,
And knew not why sae soon I wish'd away,
Had sent him out to graze: Of freedom glad,
With pleasure on his native soil he fed;
And when I sent to catch him---when of you
I heard the charms---the wanton creature flew,

From place to place; now distant he would light,
And when he was approach'd again took flight:
Hence I came off without him, and the way
Is lang and weary now in my decay.
And is she gone?

1. *Fairy.* She's gone!

Q. Mab. Is she gone!

2. *Fairy.* She's gone!

Q. Mab. Is she gone!

3. *Fairy.* She's gone!

Q. Mab. Alas! my bosom wi' prophetic fear,
Has lang been fill'd—O that I had been here!
Had I been here!—But what would that have done?
Nae doubt 'twas wi' her wish that she was won.

Was't for this, to every place,
My nimble-footed fairies flew
And brought thee, eager in the race,
Glossy grapes wi' honey dew
Was't for this they sought the sea,
And brought up pearls for beads to thee?

Often while asleep you lay,
Beneath the white moon's tanning beams,
I fann'd them frae your face away,
And rais'd to please thee sweetest dreams;
Sat to guard frae harm thy bed,
And upon cowslips propt thy head.

When trippin' to the elfin bowers,
The fairies tribute brought to me;

The ſweeteſt fruit, the faireſt flowers,
Ungratefu'! were reſerv'd for thee.
I told thee tales to charm the day—
And art thou! art thou gone away?

Is't lang since she was lost?

Bob. Maist half an hour;
And every obstacle was us'd I'm sure:
Our power was shorten'd on this fatal day,
But every means was us'd that in us lay:
Ne'er did such darkness brood upo' the cave,
Ne'er did the storms below sae loudly rave;
Now flash'd the vaults wi' momentary fire,
Now voices call'd might deepest dread inspire:
In vain; for still—

Q. Mab. But tell me who could dare,
Thus come and steal my false but darling fair?
For a' but Wallace, who ance spent a night
In our dread cave, I thought would shrunk wi' fright.

Bob. You ken your fav'rite James, who 'mang these rocks
Did use to sit and sing, and tend his flocks;
Him of whose praises aft our lugs hae rung,
Him whom you said you'd steal if you were young.

Q. Mab. What, was it he?

Bob. It was—

Q. Mab. Blest youth and maid!
But was she sprinkled? are her charms decay'd?

3 *Fairy.* I wish'd to do't. I'd made the stealin' dear,
But Bob prevented, and this fairy here.

Bob. Great Queen! 'twas in his father's house of late
I liv'd, as you were told, in shape of cat:
Would I the kindness there I met repay,
By makin' those sweet charms he lov'd decay?
Besides his mother kindly us'd, last night,
My brother fay—now gratitude is right.

Q. Mab. I'm glad you did not spoil the gipsy's face,
And blast sic sweetness, sic celestial grace.
Deceitfu' creature! could she then depart,
In my auld days could she thus break my heart?
Those scenes wad torture now, where I to stray
Wi'her was wont—I'll to the moon away.

During this time, a celestial harmony is heard at a distance, but still approaching; and at last the following verses are heard.

Chorus. *Haſten, baſten, fairies green!*
To ſalute our youthful queen.

A ſingle voice. She's freſher than the bloom in May,
When cooling zephyrs round it play;
Fairer than the lunar gleam,
Glittering on a lake or ſtream,
When night appears a milder day,
And half its ſhades diſſolve away.

Chorus. *Haſten, baſten, fairies green!*
To ſalute our youthful queen.

Enter a great number of Fairies; one of whom seeing the Queen lamenting, says,

' Great Queen! why moan?

Bob. Jean—Jean—is gone!

All the fairies. Ah me! ah me!
Is ſhe ſet free?

A Fairy. Could ſhe, could ſhe be ſae blind!
Could ſhe leave a queen ſae kind!
Could ſhe ha'e ſae blind a will,
As be a ſluggiſh mortal ſtill?
Not like us, who ſwiftly run,
And catch the beams that leave the ſun;
Or dance below the fleecy waves
Of ocean, when it wildeſt raves.
Could ſhe hae ſae blind a will,
As be a ſluggiſh mortal ſtill?

Chorus. *Oh, how ſorry, ſorry we,*
Little fairy bodies be.

Q. Mab. Fairies and elves! who, when the eye of night,
The moon, is gazing on the billows bright;
(Ungratefu' creature!) Who, when billows glance,
Beneath the beam, in glens or forests dance:
Fairies and elves! 'Tis now nae little time,
Since first you came to this my native clime;
But now I soon must pay great Nature's debt,
And earth, and earthly things, I should forget:
(*All the Fairies fall a crying.*)
Hence I shall to the moon; and there I'll wait,
Repenting all my faults, the will of Fate.

It's pleasant in ane's native land to have
Repose, but every land affords a grave:
Long have you lov'd, in compliment to me,
The earth, but now at liberty you'll be;
And since I've fail'd to get a youthfu' queen,
For ever more you'll leave each earthly scene.

Anither thing should urge us hence away,
Is knowledge, which increases ilka day:
Knowledge I hate; it fills wi' doubt the mind,
And makes it hostile to the elfin kind;
It hurts the health; and, since the world began,
Its apples have been bitter fruit to man.

Now Tintock veils in thicker mists his head,
And the slope moon her rays doth upwards shed:
Soon as she shall her spotted face display,
We'll hurry on our horizontal way:
But enter to this cavern, and prepare
For my last passage through the chilly air.
Fairies! no more, no more we here will dwell;
Sing a last song, and bid your haunts farewell.

(They arrange themselves in the form of a semicircle, on each side of the Queen, and looking towards the mouth of the cave: Those on the one side sing one of the following songs, and those on the other the other; all join in the burthen.)

Farewell, where we did reſide,
Rocky caves of Mouſs and Clyde!
Never mair, by lunar gleam,
Frae Bonniton we'll tread the ſtream,
Down to where the Corra Ïin
Tumbles o'er wi' rumbling din;
Nor down its fall, though wild it rave,
We'll fail, nor jump up to the cave;
The cave in the round rocky wa',
The cave that overlooks the fa'.

Hemton! Hamten!
Never more on earth we'll ſtampen!

Never, never mair we'll ſwim,
On Douglas' wild and ſavage ſtream;
Where the chieftain's caſtle ſtood,
Who warm'd it with invaders blood:
Never, haſtening down the Clyde,
We'll track its paſſage to the tide;
Down Stonebyres, at midnight hour,
And paſſing Bothwell's maſſy tower,
To where Dumbarton's caſtle ſteep,
Frowns upon the glittering deep:
Never up the Leven take
Our courſe to lovely Lomond's lake.

Hemton! Hamten!
Never more on earth we'll ſtampen!

Q. Mab. Haſten: haſten! let us go—
Wither! fairy bowers below!—
Scotia, country of my birth,
Deareſt, deareſt land on earth!
Scenes from which I muſt depart,
For every ſcene now tears my heart;
Scenes where pleas'd I wont to dwell,
Native land!—Farewell! Farewell!

She enters into the cavern, followed by the Fairies: A melodious and melancholy ſymphony is for ſome time heard, which grows fainter and fainter, and at laſt dies away.

SCENE III.

'Tis Adam's house—How chang'd! On earth below
Nane was mair cheerfu', now it's full of woe;
For Jamie's father, mother, sister, weep,
Inform'd that now he welters in the deep:
A while they've mourn'd, unable all to speak,
Wi' burfting hearts—but now to words they break.

Adam. OH! oh! oh! oh! oh! (*Covering his face with his bonnet.*)

Catharine. O wo! O wo! O wo! O wo! O wo!
Wretch that I am! why did I see this day?
Why was I not before this ta'en away?
Oh me! (*weeps.*)

Ann. My brother, art thou gone!
My brother! hast thou left us thus to moan?
I'll rush, if thou art gone, into the Clyde,
Clasp round thy neck, and welter by thy side—
But are you sure it's true what you assert,
Are you quite sure? Oh, thou wilt burst my heart!

Shepherd. All that I can assert is, that I view'd,
Him by a rope let down into the flood;
And that he ne'er cam' up—Lang, on a rock,
I watch'd him, for I fed near that my flock:

Sir John, Mass James, and Symon, let him down.
I maist in seeing him fell in a swoon.

Ann. Did they, when he was let down, go away,
Or cry for help?

Shepherd. No, that I will not say!
All that I will assert is, that I view'd
Him by a rape let down into the flood.

Catharine. Oh wretch! Oh wretch! Why have I seen this day?

Adam. Why have I liv'd sae lang? Oh well-a-day! *(to themselves.)*

Ann, (*after musing a little.*) And is it to be thought, you ugly lown!
That his best friends wad hang him o'er to drown?

Shepherd. All that I can assert is, that I view'd
Him by a rape let down into the flood.
Soon after whilk I heard a dreadfu' sound—
I wish I'm sure his body may be found—

Catharine. His body may be found, you ugly nowt!
Swithe! frae my sight, ye filthy ragged cowt!

Shepherd. If that's the thanks I'm to get for my news,
To search his corpse, gude faith! I shall refuse.

(*Enter Herd Boy.*)

Yonder is James!

(*Adam, the gudewife, and Ann, running out.*)

Oh, where! where! where!

Shepherd, (*to the Herd Boy*) That's very curious I must declare;
It's seldom that a corpse sae soon is found;
Ane's sometimes lost for months when he is drown'd.

Herd Boy His corpse! It is himself—

Shepherd. Is it in faith?
If that's the case, I must avoid their wrath.

(As he is going out, enter Jamie, with his father, mother, and sister hanging on him.)

Catharine. That villain there has gi'en us sic a fright,
I'm sure I winna be mysel' the night.
Get out, you ragged rascal frae my sight!

Jamie. Why did you come and put them in such fear?

Shepherd. I'm sure that I design'd nae ill I'se swear;
All that I did assert was, that I view'd
You by a rape let down into the flood.

Jamie. Weel that was true.—We wonder'd at your stay. *(To the family.)*
Come over to Sir John's without delay!
Come father, mother, sister, fast's ye can,
You'll wonders hear. *(Adam goes for his bonnet, and Catharine and Ann for their caps.)*
Hae there's some siller, man!

Shepherd. I thank you—I am sure I meant nae ill,
And for your corpse would sought wi' great good-will;
And if you ever happen to be drown'd,
I swear I sha'na rest till you be found.

Jamie (smiling.) Since that's the case, run over to the feast,
And get your bellyfu' amang the rest:
I give that coat t'ye to be better drest.

Shepherd. Blessings upon you to your latest breath.—
But, speak! I hope the corpse of Davy Smith
Will soon be found; for aft I see at night,
Down on the Black-craig Pool, a bluish light;
Will you go search for it?

Jamie (*smiling.*) Some other day
I may perhaps.—Come, mother, come away!

Shepherd. But speak, I saw—

Catharine (*coming from the spence.*)
What, is *Assert* ay there yet? Pack ye hame!
Or for twa towmonds ye'se gae limping lame.
(*Exit Shepherd.*)
A drowning seems to be his greatest joy,
It brings him whisky and a merry ploy. (*Kissing Jamie.*
What put it in the ragged rascal's head,
To come and tell us, Jamie, you were dead?
I ne'er was half sae frighted i' my life.

Jamie. I went down to the lin to seek a wife.

Catharine. You're joking—But Gude gie us a' his grace,
Is't true you ventur'd to that horrid place?
What was it for?—Not Kelpy's sel' wad dare,
To venture 'mang the rocks and torrents there.

Jamie. I'll tell you all as we go o'er the way:
This has indeed been an important day.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The lights now in dance the hours employ,
And ſtring an' pipe announce the voice of joy:
But, in a room apart, Sir John, and Jean,
And James, and Catharine, and Gudeman are ſeen;
Before them cups, wi' bludie-red wine well ſtor'd,
Shine, where the feaſt did lately crown the board.*
I'm ſure, ſince Noah entered the ark,
Nae company was e'er mair bleſt—But, hark!
Sir John his hiſtory will firſt relate,
And then we'll end, for now it's growin' late.

Sir John. Now would I gladly close my eyes in peace;
My joys o'erflow, and only can decrease:
This single rapt'rous moment far outweighs,
The griefs of all my mourning nights and days:
A glorious gleam my ſetting ſun has ſhed,
And all the ſhades which dim'd my courſe are fled.
Jean. Scarce o' my bliſs I yet can feel the whole,
Such various cares have ſhook to day my ſoul;
When pleaſin' rapture ſteals upo' my heart,
I think that this is all a dream, and ſtart:

---

* Rien n'eſt meilleur pour l'homme ſoulager
Après le mal, que le boire et manger.

And is my long, long bondage at an end,
And sit I wi' my father and my friend?
(Putting her arms around her father's neck and kissing him.)

Catharine. How like her mother! sic her face and een;
I mind her better than I do yestreen;
And sic her voice—I'm sure the warld ne'er saw
A bonnier lady or sae kind to a'.
Aft when my Jamie was na half an ell
In height, she led him round the yard hersel',
An' gied him flow'rs an' cherries—Weel I mind,
We had a wee lamb of a curious kind;
My lady took a fancy to the thing,
And Jamie led it to her in a string:
But when unto the meikle house he cam',
By that time he'd made friendship with the lamb;
They tried by bribes to make him leav't in vain,
Or threats—he toddlin' led it hame again.

Jean (to Adam.) Lost you of late a cat?

Adam (starting as if from a dream.) Ay, where's the cat?
Her loss will mak' me furious weel I wat.
Cheet! cheet! Waesucks! I doubt poor thing she's dead,
Fie light a wisp, and look below the bed. *(All laugh.*

Jean. It was a fairy.

Adam. What, hetooch us a'?
The cat a fairy, Lord preserve us a'!
If that's the case I'm damn'd as clean's a leek!
For we ha'e baith been friends this mony a week:
Now a' the devil's friends gang straight to hell—
The Lord deliver me!—Heard ye that yell?
(Listening ruefully.)

Sir John. Take aff a cup o' wine, and soon you'll feel,
Wine's the best spell to drive away the de'il.

Jean. I'm sure I'm happy that it was your fate
To shelter that kind fairy as a cat:
Had that no been the case, I greatly fear,
At present I would look a little queer.

Adam. Weel, that may be—But never in your life,
Let in a baudrans at your door, gudewife!
Before a cat shall enter at the door,
The mice shall dance in dozens on the floor:
Wha kens but next the Pope may come himsel',
To be our cat? Gude keep us a' frae hell!

Catharine. I wish he durst; my faith! I'd gi'e 'm a rattle,
I'd break his collar-bane wi' a plough pattle;
I'd *pope* him wi' a vengeance—he should learn
How to play pranks upo' my father's bairn:
But as for fairies, wee green-coated elves,
They're fine bit bodies, just maist like ourselves.
I like to hear them singin', poor wee things!
They're maist as happy as so many kings.

Sir John. Great! great is the account I have to pay,
To you, dear James! for what you've done to day;
Already I've bestow'd on you my land,
And now I offer you my daughter's hand:
Nane e'er by deeds did greater love express,
Than you to her—nor is my daughter's less.

(Jamie and Jean both fall on their knees before Sir John, and shed tears.)

Jamie. My soul's oppress'd! o'erwhelm'd, and cannot show,
By words, my sense of what you now bestow:

This is indeed a gift to me more dear,
Than giving to me kingdoms would appear:
My soul imbath'd in floods of heavenly bliss,
Feels joy too great for such a state as this.

Jean. And I too feel a pleasure too immense,
To be supported by mere mortal sense.
Kind, generous youth! who dar'd for me to tread,
To regions where the boldest would have dread;
Who unto me such generous proffers made,
And offer'd love, e'en though my looks should fade.

Sir John. How wond'rous are the accidents of fate!
As ye may learn from what I'll now relate:
But tell me, Catharine! first, have you not heard,
Aft that your grandsire was a powerfu' laird?

Catharine. Aften indeed.—He dying left my mither,
A little child, besides a grown up brither;
But he unfortunately in a fight,
Or private battle, kill'd a Scotish knight;
Ane o' the Douglas family; and they
Forc'd him to flee to countries far away:
His lands were seiz'd; ilk person was afraid,
To gi'e his infant sister ony aid:
Untaught and friendless, she a farmer's wife
Becam' like me, an' led a country life.

Sir John. What of the brother, now I'll tell, became:
In foreign lands he gain'd baith wealth and fame:
From step to step he forwards did advance,
And was a general renown'd in France.
I am his only child—

Jamie. Eternal power!
How dost thou down thy gifts in torrents shower.

I'm overwhelm'd!—This, this indeed is sweet;
For still I own my bliss was incomplete:
I fear'd that some repentance might remain,
That you had given your daughter to a swain;
A daughter that might Scotland's throne adorn,
Fair as a rose-bud opening to the morn.
My love! my cousin! my far dearer part!
Permit me, thus, to clasp thee to my heart.

Sir John. Soon as my sire went to a better life,
I came to Scotland wi' my lovely wife:
She was the very picture o' my Jean,
So strong a likeness sure was never seen.
We came in the same ship which wafted o'er
Unhappy MARY to this fatal shore:
These lands I purchas'd—here I hop'd to dwell
In bliss, and bid ambitious cares farewell:—
But short in human hearts is pleasure's sway,
Affliction comes, and drives her soon away.
As in some day, when winter's drawing nigh,
Low skimming clouds quick rush below the sky;
Now hide the sun a moment, then to view
He stands in glory mid his sapphir' blue:
High on the hill the pensive shepherd laid,
Is cover'd now with light, and now with shade;
Bright on him now descends the glittering ray,
Then comes the cloud, and it too flits away,—
Such is the state of man when plac'd below;
Woe follows joy, and joy succeeds to woe.

Catharine. Oh wonders!

Jean. Father! why did you delay,
To tell this pleasing story till to day?

Sir John. Soon as I came to my paternal shore,
I found my father's sister liv'd no more;

That Catharine you, her only child, were led,
To share like her a peasant's cares and bed;
I thought it therefore best that you should still
Keep in that station you were us'd to fill,
But make you easy in it; there might harm
Arise from raising you above a farm:
Each in that state to which he's us'd is best,
And by great changes man is seldom blest:
This could not right have been had I reveal'd
The secret to you—hence I still conceal'd:
Frae all I hid it but my dearest wife,
And hence her kindness to you during life.
But I design'd to breed wi' utmost care
Your son, if he prov'd worthy, as my heir:
He far surpass'd each hope, yet I did hide
The secret still: not through a foolish pride;
But that, dependant, he might use each art,
Still to improve, and every power exert.
My joy is full! To me are children given,
Such as fond parents scarce dare hope from heaven.

Adam. We'd better tak' the book, for what to day
Has happen'd—Katrine, do not say me nay!
I'm certain that Sir John has nae objection;
Your corrupt nature, Kate's a sad reflection!
Were you converted, naething mair I'd crave,
Of warldly bliss, upo' this side the grave.

Catharine. I'm sae o'ercome wi' joy, that ilka day,
As lang's ye like, I'll henceforth wi' you pray.

Exeunt omnes.

END OF THE PASTORAL.

NOTES

TO THE

FOREGOING PASTORAL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Cut ſhort the prayer gudeman.*—The ſublime of this exerciſe of piety has been given by BURNS in his *Cotter's Saturday Night.* That intereſting picture, we are told, was drawn from his father and family, of which it is ſaid to be an exact copy. The author of this ſcene, which was written when he was a boy of ſixteen, has alſo painted from the life. He has deſcribed what he was often accuſtomed to ſee, in ſome country families which he viſited; where the ſame ridiculous tone of familiarity was uſed in the ſervice of the Deity as was uſual with our old covenanting clergy.

2. *Than o' a great big weaver he will tell.*—The ſtaff of Goliah's ſpear, being compared to a weaver's beam, Catharine, who had not given herſelf much trouble to examine and analyſe the paſſage, ſuppoſed the giant was a weaver, and fought with his beam. It is probable, that the hiſtory of the Philiſtine giants, as much as the claſſic tales of

Polyphemus and the Cyclops, gave riſe to the antipathy of the knight-errants to giants, ſo as to kill theſe poor gentlemen wherever they met them.

It is a heavy caſe no doubt,
A man ſhould have his brains beat out,
Becauſe he's tall, and has large bones.

---

3. *Ann I rax you row'n buſs to me.*—A ſprig of rowan or mountain aſh is, as I have frequently experienced in my youth, an excellent defence from fairies, warlocks, and witches.

---

4. *It's a great fiſh that liveth in the ſea.*—Adam had probably heard that the Pope lived in the *Sea* of Rome, and thence concluded that he was a fiſh; which he would be led to ſuppoſe alſo from his being told that he was the beaſt mentioned in the book of Revelations; a thing believed alſo by Sir Iſaac Newton.

---

5. SCENE II.—*See the ſilver moon on high.*—I know not well the tunes to theſe ſongs, which, being ſung by Fairies, may be called Virelays, a word in frequent uſe in Spenſer, Chaucer, and the old Engliſh poets. G. Gaſcoigne, in his Defence of Rhyme, gives the following ſenſible and ſatisfactory account of Virelays: "There is an old kinde of rhyme called Verlayes, derived, as I have redde, of the worde *verde*, which betokenethe greene, and *laye*, which betokeneth a ſong, as if you would ſay *greene ſonges*."

---

6. *And trip it nimbly in a ring.*—The fairies were ſuppoſed to dance in a circle, which ſometimes appeared of a deeper green, ſometimes of a withered yellow, and within which it was dangerous to ſleep or ſtay after ſunſet, as it expoſed the perſon to elfin power. See a ſtory on this ſubject, ſaid to be common in Selkirkſhire, in the *Minſtrelſy of the Scotiſh Border*, vol. ii. p. 226.

This opinion of fairy circles was common not only in Scotland, but in England, and all the northern countries of Europe. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, act ii. sc. 1. Puck says,

> And I serve the fairy queen,
> To *dew her orbs* upon the green.

"The orbs here mentioned (says S. Johnson) are the circles supposed to be made by the fairies on the ground, whose verdure proceeds from the fairies care to water them. Thus Drayton:

> They in their courses make that round,
> In meadows and in marshes found,
> Of them so call'd the fairy ground.

Stevens brings the following remark from Olaus Magnus, *De gentibus Septentrionalibus*—"Similes illis spectris, quae in multis locis, praesertim nocturno tempore, suum *saltatorium orbem* cum omnium musarum concentu versare solent." It appears from Olaus, that these dancers always parched the grass, and therefore it was made the office of Puck to refresh it.

---

7. SCENE III.—*And to the greenwood awkward limps the hare.*—For this idea I have been indebted to Thomson.

---

8. *But cast fear Tintock cloth'd wi' light.*—Tintock is a mountain in Clydesdale, a few miles from the Falls. It is of a circular form; is about 2400 feet above the level of the sea, and commands a fine prospect. On its top is a huge heap of stones, to which, we are told, every person who ascends the mountain should carry up one. This, it is said, served in old times as a beacon, which was visible from sixteen counties.

---

9. *Wi' thee in woods where near a step.*—This song is formed upon the following lines of Tibullus:

Sic ego ſecretis poſſim bene vivere ſylvis,
Qua nullo humano ſit via trita pede;
Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen! et in ſolis tu mihi turba locis!

A wilderneſs is populous enough,
So Suffolk had thy heavenly company.—*Henry VI. part* ii.

10. Scene IV.—*I ſee his tyke, moving ſu' penſive.*—The ſhepherds dog, which has a wild and melancholy aſpect, is by Buffon conſidered as the original dog, the dog of nature, and parent ſtock from which all the different varieties have been produced, by changes of education, climate, food, and other circumſtances. This may be; but his remarks on the manner in which the various kinds of dogs have been metamorphoſed are extremely abſurd, and have been well ridiculed in the *Bee*, Vol. xvii. In the ſame work, we have the following ſtory. "Of the ſagacity of dogs many inſtances might be adduced, but none that I have ever met with can equal the following inſtance of the ſagacity of a ſhepherd's dog: The owner himſelf having been hanged ſome years ago for ſheep-ſtealing, the following facts among others, reſpecting the dog, were authenticated by evidence on his trial.

"When the man intended to ſteal any ſheep, he did not do it himſelf, but detached his dog to perform the buſineſs. With this view, under pretext of looking at the ſheep with an intention to purchaſe them, he went through the flock, with his dog at his foot, to whom he ſecretly gave a ſignal, ſo as to let him know the individuals he wanted, to the number of perhaps ten or twelve, out of a flock of ſome hundreds. He then went away; and from a diſtance of ſeveral miles ſent back the dog by himſelf, in the night-time, who picked out the individual ſheep that had been pointed out to him, ſeparated them from the flock, and drove them before him by himſelf, for the diſtance of ten or twelve miles, till he came up with his maſter, to whom he delivered up his charge."

While we wonder at the powers, it is impoſſible not to feel pity at the degrading employment of this poor animal, who on his part was manifeſting the higheſt fidelity and affection to a being who employed his virtues in ſo unworthy a manner.

11. *How doth love afflict a heart.*—As analagous to the ſentiments contained in theſe ſtanzas, and as a proof of elegant literature in a Pope, I beg leave to quote the following lines of Barberini, (Pope Urban VIII.) for Berninis' ſtatue of Apollo and Daphne.

Quiſquis amans ſequitur fugitivae gaudia formae,
Fronde manus implet, baccas vel carpit amaras.

---

12. *Her dreſs was green.*—It was natural that a young lady living with the fairies ſhould be dreſſed in green. In the old Scotiſh ballads, the ladies are repreſented generally with yellow hair and green mantles.

Janet has kilted her *green* kirtle,
A little aboon her knee;
And ſhe has braided her yellow hair,
A little aboon her bree.

* * *

He's ta'en her by the milk-white hand,
And by the gruſs-*green* ſleeve—

Petrarch frequently talks of the "verdi panni" of his miſtreſs, who we are told was dreſſed in that colour the firſt time he ſaw her. "The figure of Diana (ſays Joſeph Warton) in Dryden's Palemon and Arcite, is a deſign fit for Guido to execute.

The graceful goddeſs was array'd in *green*;
About her feet were little beagles ſeen,
Who watch'd, with upward eyes, the motions of their queen.

---

13. *But when my lips I preſs'd*, &c.—Theſe few lines reſemble much the well-known epigram of Plato, written at a time when he had not acquired thoſe refined and metaphyſical notions of love which he

afterwards entertained—" How (to uſe the words of Milton in his Apology for Smectynuus) the firſt and chiefeſt office of love begins and ends in the ſoule, producing thoſe happy twinnes of her divine regeneration, Knowledge and Virtue, with ſuch abſtracted ſublimities as theſe."

Plato's epigram, which is preſerved and heavily paraphraſed by Aulus Gellius, is this:

Τὴν ψυχὴν Λγάθωνα φιλῶν ἐπῖ χείλεσιν ἔσχον
ἦλθε γὰρ ἡ τλήμων ὡς διαβησομένη.

Lorſqu' Agathis par un baiſer de flâme,
Conſent à me payer des maux que j'ay ſentis;
Sur mes levres ſoudain je ſens venir mon ame,
Qui veut paſſer ſur celles d'Agathis.——*Fontenelle.*

We have alſo the following paraphraſtic tranſlation by the late learned and elegant Sir W. Jones.

Cum fervens tua Phylli ſuaviarer
Dulci nectare, dulciora labra;
Tranſcurrens anima uſque ad os avebat
Labi in virgineum (ah miſella) pectus.

I fancy the true notion of love is ſomething intermediate between the ideas of Plato and thoſe of Buffon, who tells us, in his *Diſcourſe on the Nature of Animal.*—" This paſſion is only a phyſical good. Notwithſtanding all the pretences of lovers, morality is no ingredient in the paſſion of love. Wherein does the morality of love conſiſt?—In vanity."

---

14. *Elfe-ſhoot our ky.*—To underſtand this, I ſhall extract a paſſage from Pennant's Tour of 1769, p. 101. " Elfe-ſhots, i. e. The ſtone arrow heads of the old inhabitants of this iſland, are ſuppoſed to be weapons ſhot by fairies at cattle, to which are attributed any diſorders they have. In order to effect a cure, the cow is to be touched by an elfe-ſhot, or made to drink the water in which one has been dipped. The ſame virtue is ſaid to be found in the chryſtal gems, and in the

adder's ſtone, our *glein naidr*; and it is alſo believed that good fortune muſt attend the owner. Captain Archibald Campbell ſhewed me one, a ſpheroid ſet in ſilver, which people come for the uſe of above a hundred miles, and brought the water it was to be dipt in with them; for without that, in human caſes, it was believed to have no effect."

We are told, in the ſame work, that the farmers in the north country "carefully preſerve their cattle againſt witchcraft, by placing boughs of the mountain aſh and honeyſuckle in their cow-houſes, on the ſecond of May."

---

15. *But I've been tald, an irie tale to tell.*—In the intereſting ballad of Young Tamlane, in the Minſtrelſy of the Scotiſh Border, vol. ii. Tamlane gives to his love the following account of Fairyland.

And pleaſant is the fairy land,
But an eiry tale to tell;
Ay at the end o' ſeven years,
We pay the teind to hell;
And I'm ſae fair and fu' o' fleſh,
I'm fear'd it be myſell!

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Gang up amang thae rocks, there is a lin.*—I have often heard it diſputed, whether *lin* means the waterfall or pool beneath. Some derive it from the Gaelic, *leum*, a leap; others from *linne*, a pool.—I ſuppoſe it means cataract in general.

2. *I want to ken, Queen Mab, if I may gae.*—" As to the Fairy Queen (ſays Warton, Obſervations on Spenſer, vol. i. p. 59.) conſidered apart from the race of fairies, the notion of ſuch an imaginary perſonage was very common. Chaucer, in his rime of Sir Topaz, mentions her, together with fairy land.

> In the old dayis of the king Arthure,
> Of which the Bretons ſpeken great honour,
> All was this lond fulfill'd of Fayry:
> The Elf Quene, with her jolly company,
> Daunſid full oft in many a grene mede:
> This was the old opinion as I rede.

---

3. *Know that of creatures there's a gradual ſcale.*—It is evident that Mr. Pope muſt have heard ſomething of this converſation, from the circumſtance of his proving, in his famous Eſſay, that there must in the ſcale of being be ſuch a creature as man, in the ſame manner and almoſt in the ſame words as Queen Mab uſes in order to prove that there muſt be fairies.

> Of ſyſtems poſſible, if it's confeſt,
> That wiſdom infinite muſt form the beſt,
> Where all muſt full, or not coherent be,
> And all that riſes, riſe in juſt degree;
> Then in the ſcale of reaſoning life, it's plain,
> There muſt be ſomewhere ſuch a rank as man.
>
> *Eſſay on Man*, i. 48.

Biſhop Warburton's commentary on this paſſage is—" That as the beſt ſyſtem cannot but be ſuch a one as hath no inconnected void, ſuch a one in which there is a perfect coherence and gradual ſubordination in all its parts, there muſt needs be, in ſome part or other of the ſcale of life and ſenſe, ſuch a creature as man; which reduces the diſpute to this abſurd queſtion, Whether has God placed him wrong."

In the above paſſage, inſtead of the word *man* ſubſtitute *a fairy*, and we ſhall have the teſtimony of one of the greateſt poets, and one of the greateſt prelates of England, allowing the exiſtence of fairies.

Warburton, always too deep for his hearers, went on refining. A critic of his caſt would, on the paſſage of Burns about people going *ſtirk*, viz. large calves, to college, affirm that the poet meant to pun on the word Oxford, *Vadum boorum*.

As learned commentators view,
In Homer, what he never knew.

---

4. *Our dwelling's in the moon*, &c.—Several of the ancient philoſophers believed the moon was inhabited; and Plutarch tells us of a lion which fell from it to Peloponeſus. It has been a favourite ſubject of romantic deſcription by poets, and by aſtronomical romancers, as Kircher, Cyrano de Bergerac, and others. Arioſto tells us, in his 34th canto:

Altri fiumi, altri laghi, altre campagne
Sono là sù, che non ſon qui tra noi;
Altri piani, altre valli, altre montagne,
Ch'an le cittadi, hanno i caſtelli ſuoi;
Con caſe, de le quai mai le piu magne
Non vide il Paladin prima nè poi;
E vi ſono ampie, e ſolitarie ſelve,
Ove le ninfe ogn'or cacciano belve.——*St.* 72.

Milton in his third book, talking of the Paradiſe of Fools, ſays that *Vanities*,

Wander here;
Not in the neighbouring moon as ſome have dream'd,
Thoſe argent fields more likely habitants,
Tranſlated ſaints, or *middle ſpirits* hold,
Betwixt the angelical and human kind.——iii. 462.

There is a ſtory of the celebrated Biſhop Wilkins, which has at laſt got into the jeſt book, but which is ſtill not a bad ſtory. The Biſhop having aſſerted the poſſibility of a journey to the moon, the Dutcheſs of Newcaſtle ſaid ſhe would be happy to go, if ſhe knew a place to

bait at. Why, ſays the Biſhop, your ladyſhip need be at no loſs, ſince you have built ſo many caſtles in the air that you may lodge at one of them every night.

In the original ſketch of the FALLS of CLYDE, formed at ſixteen or ſeventeen years of age, the fourth act was laid in the moon, of whoſe ſcenes there are ſeveral deſcriptions; however I thought it would be as well to keep to unity of place.

---

5. *A new-born infant you were ſtole away.*—Warton, in his notes on Milton's leſſer poems, p. 312, ſays: "It is not yet ſatisfactorily decided what Shakeſpeare means by calling Mab *the fairies midwife*, Romeo and Juliet, act 1. ſc. 4. Dr Warburton would read the Fancy's Midwife, for he argues it cannot be underſtood that ſhe performed the office of midwife to the fairies. Mr Steevens much more plauſibly ſuppoſes her to be called the fairies midwife, "becauſe it was her department to deliver the fancies of ſleeping men of their dreams." But I apprehend, and with no violence of interpretation, that the poet means the midwife among the fairies, becauſe it was her peculiar employment to ſteal the new-born babe in the night, and to leave another in its place. Johnſon, in his entertainment at Altrope, ſays of Queen Mab,

This is ſhe that empties cradles.

---

6. *Him who gave its laws to Fairy land.*—This contradicts a remark of the celebrated German poet Mr Wieland, who obſerves ſomewhere, "The land of the fairies is ſituated beyond the confines of nature. It is governed by its own laws; or, to ſpeak more accurately, like certain republics, which I do not chuſe to name, it has *no laws at all.*"

---

6. *Deep in our fairy foreſt there's a well.*—In Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, Perigot deſcribes to Amoret a foreſt, where he wiſhes her to meet him to plight their troths.

For to that holy well is conſecrate,
A virtuous well; about whoſe flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,
By the pale moonſhine; dipping oftentimes
Their ſtolen children, ſo as to make them free
From dying fleſh, and dull mortality.——*Act* I.

---

7. Scene II. *There's no a Turk*
In a' the country does ſae mickle work.

To work like a Turk, is a common country ſaying; originating either for the ſake of the metre, or perhaps from irony. We are told by Boſwell, that Johnſon, three or four days before his death, lamented much his inability to read during his hours of reſtleſsneſs: "I uſed formerly, (he added) when ſleepleſs in bed, to read like a Turk."—The ſaying might however have been introduced when that people were exceedingly active. To *fight* like a Turk ſeems to have been the original expreſſion.

---

8. *D'ye think that our Bill-blo.*---*Blo* is an uſual addition in Scotland to the word bill (a bull), and is very ſucceſsfully called by the boys ſometimes to put that ſurly gentleman into bad humour. "Haud inexpertus loquor"---Or, to uſe the words of the pious Æneas,

Quaeque ipſe miſerrima vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui.

---

9. Scene III.—*When Love gaed frae my heart away.*—Theſe two ſtanzas are part of an early tranſlation of Metaſtaſio's *Libertà a Nice*, into the Scotiſh dialect.

Quando lo ſtral ſpezzai,
(Confeſſo il mio roſſore)
Spezzar m'inteſi il core,
Mi parve di morir;

Ma per uſcir di guai,
  Per non vederſi oppreſſo
Per racquiſtar ſe ſteſſo,
  Tutto ſi può ſoffrir.

Nel viſco in cui s'avenne,
  Quel augellin talora;
Laſcià le penne ancora,
  Ma torna in libertà.
Poi le perdute penne,
  In pochi dì rinova;
Cauto divien per prova;
  Nè più tradirſi fà.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The gillyflower, the eglantine, an' roſe:*
Aboon the cherry bluſhes, while below
The ſpotted ſtrawberries luxuriant grew.

In the notes upon one of the verſes of the ballad of *Clerk Saunders*, which pretends to give a deſcription of heaven, ſaying of women who die in child-birth,

Their beds are made in the heavens high
  Down at the foot of our good Lord's knee;
Well ſet about with gillyflowers;
  I wot ſweet company for to ſee.

Mr Scott, the ingenious editor, obſerves, That, from whatever ſource the popular ideas of heaven are derived, the mention of gillyflowers is not uncommon. Thus in the dead man's ſong:

The fields about this city faire,
Were all with roſes ſet;
Gillyflowers and carnations fair,
Which canker could not fret.

---

2. *Oh, gin my love were yon red roſe.*—I was much pleaſed with the four firſt lines of this ſong, which I ſaw in the Minſtrelſy of the Scotiſh Border, prefixed to a number of others of very inferior merit; and wrote thoſe that follow, in order to complete, as well as I could, the ſong in the ſame tender manner.

Upon peruſing afterwards the Works of Burns, vol. iv. p. 76. I ſaw other four lines of the original worthy of the four firſt, and ſo excellent, that, had I ſeen them before I wrote my own, I ſhould not have compoſed others. Beſides this, there is a ſtanza written by Burns himſelf, but I think of very inferior merit. I beg leave to extract the paſſage relating to this ſubject.

"Do you know (writes Burns to Mr Thomſon) the following beautiful little fragment in Witherſpoon's Collection of Scots Songs:

O gin my love were yon red roſe,
That grows upon the caſtle wa';
And I myſel' a drap o' dew,
Into her bonny breaſt to fa'!
Oh! there beyond expreſſion bleſt,
I'd feaſt on beauty a' the night;
Seal'd on her ſilk ſaft faulds to reſt,
Till fley'd awa' by Phœbus light.

"This thought (proceeds the poet) is inexpreſſibly beautiful, and quite, ſo far as I know, original. It is too ſhort for a ſong, elſe I would forſwear you altogether unleſs you gave it a place. I have often tried to eke a ſtanza to it, but in vain. After balancing myſelf for a muſing five minutes on the hind-legs of my elbow chair, I produced the following.

"The verſes are far inferior to the foregoing, I frankly confeſs; but, if worthy of inſertion at all, they might be firſt in place; as every

poet who knows any thing of his trade will huſband his beſt thoughts for a concluding ſtroke.

" O were my love yon lilack fair,
Wi' purple bloſſoms to the ſpring;
And I a bird to ſhelter there,
When wearied on my little wing:
How I wad mourn when it was torn,
By autumn wild, and winter rude;
But I wad ſing, on wanton wing,
When youthfu' May its bloom renew'd."

---

3. *Tell him I'll read his poem on the Sphere.*—This is the philoſophical poem *De Sphaera*, which, if leſs intereſting perhaps than the *Urania* of Pontanus, and ſome others of the ſame kind, abounds with beautiful poetical paſſages. I read it, but was always happy when any friend called and interrupted my reading. It is evident that Sir John, from his partiality to Queen Mary, had an antipathy both at George Buchanan and at our illuſtrious reformer John Knox. This, ſome readers may judge to be a defect; but no perſon is altogether perfect; and beſides, as the critics obſerve, a perfect is not a theatrical character.

Perhaps George Buchanan is as much ſpoken of among the vulgar of our country as among the Literati, under the title of Geordy Buchanan, the king's fool; and there is a pamphlet ſold at country fairs, which tells his merry deeds and ſayings. How the greateſt genius perhaps our country has yet produced ſhould go under the denomination of *fool*, is hard to ſay. Virgil too paſſes for a *wizard* among the vulgar of Naples.

---

4. *And feared neither man nor woman's face.*—This was the eulogy pronounced upon Knox by the Earl of Morton, who at his funeral ſaid, " Here lies he who never feared the face of man."

One of the ſtrongeſt inſtances of the intrepidity of that period is given by the pious and illuſtrious Dr Jortin. " A Scotch clergyman, ſays he, (probably our Maſs James) railing in the pulpit againſt monarchical government before King James VI. was commanded by his Majeſty " Either to ſpeak ſenſe, or to come down." To this (one

would think reaſonable) requeſt, the preacher anſwered, " I'ſe tell thee, mon! I'ſe neither ſpeak ſenſe, nor come down."

5. *The maids who watch'd her had gone to the door.*—" The notion of a ſecond ſight ſtill prevails in a few places, as does the belief of fairies; and children are watched till the chriſtening is over, leſt they ſhould be ſtole or changed."——*Pennant's Tour in* 1769, 8vo, p. 94.

6. *The gates of hell are open night and day.*

Facilis deſcenſus Averni,
Noctes atque dies patet atri janua Ditis;
Sed revocare gradum, ſuperaſque evadere ad auras,
Hoc opus, hic labor eſt.——*Æneid*, vi. 129.

7. SCENE II.—*When I told her, the ſhepherd the roſe*, &c.—This, as well as the next ſong, and indeed the great proportion of them, is an early production. Oppoſite to this ſtanza, in the old manuſcript, are the following lines of Metaſtaſio, from which the idea ſeems to have been taken.

Odia la Paſtorella
Quanto bramò la roſa,
Perche vicina a quella,
La ſerpe ritrovò—*Iſſipile.*

8. *The merry owl will cry.*—The only poet, perhaps, who has ever aſſociated the owl and mirth, is Shakeſpeare; who, at the end of *Love's Labour Loſt*, ſays,

Then nightly ſings the ſtaring owl,
Tu-whit, to-who,
A merry note;
While greaſy Joan doth keel the pot.

In this the poet accords with natural hiſtory, by which we learn that the howling of the owl is his expreſſion of joy and exultation.

At leaſt ſo I learn from a work of Sir John Hill, whoſe opinions on ſubjects of that kind have ſome weight, whatever they may have on others. Sir John once owned to a phyſician who attended him when ſick, that he was then writing on ſeven different ſubjects, one of which was architecture, and another cookery.

---

9. SCENE III.—*And ſweeter unto me the purple heath*, &c.—For a commentary on this paſſage, read the tale of Voltaire entitled *La Begueule.*

---

10. *Oh how like to our late lady's picture.*—Sir John and his lady had been abroad, and there the pictures mentioned might have been done. But there ſeems to have been a taſte for painting in Scotland even ſo early as the reign of James V. ſince we have portraits of that monarch in a good ſtile. Sir Anthony More, it is ſaid, came to Scotland with Lord Seton, when ambaſſador from Mary of Guyſe.

---

11. *And golden fruitage beckons on each path.*—Since I wrote this, I ſee that Pluto endeavours, in Claudian, to conſole Proſerpine, who, according to Chaucer, was Queen of Faerie, by telling her that below,

> Nec mollia deſunt,
> Prata tibi: zephyris illic melioribus halant
> Perpetui flores, quos nec tua protulit Enna;
> Fortunatumque tenebis
> Autumnum, et fulvis ſemper ditabere pomis.
>
> *Rapt. Proſerp.* lib. ii. v. 299.

---

2. *If then ſo great a love perſuadeſt to go.*

> Quod ſi tantus amor menti, ſi tanta cupido eſt,
> Bis Stygios innare lacus, bis nigra videre
> Tartara; et inſano juvat indulgere labori,
> Accipe quae peragenda prius!——*Æneid* vi. 136.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Oh happy love*, &c.—In addition to this fine ſtanza from Burns, let me add the following of Madame Deſhoulieres.

Que la fin d'une tendre ardeur,
Laiſſe de vuide dans la vie!
Rien remplace-t-il le bonheur,
Dont la douce union des Amans eſt ſuivie?
Non il n'appartient qu'a l'amour,
De mettre les mortels au comble de la joie;
A ſes brûlans tranſports lorsqu'on n'eſt plus en proie,
Qu'un coeur vers la raiſon, fait un triſte retour!

A number of critics have condemned the mingling love ſo much in dramas. But, beſides that no paſſion is more general, and that few are judges of the noble or heroic paſſions of patriotiſm, magnanimity, &c. none is ſuſceptible of ſo much variety. Courtſhip, abſence, infidelity, conſtancy, marriage, death, or diſhonour, give riſe to importunity, complaint, deſpondence, hope, joy, lamentation, and deſpair. Even the ſevere Boileau, notwithſtanding his adventure with the Turkey cock, has ſaid:

De cette paſſion la ſenſible peinture.
Eſt pour aller au coeur la route la plus ſûre.

And Fontenelle, whoſe friends were accuſtomed to ſay that he was wholly head without a heart, remarks—"Il n'eſt que trop certain que l'amour eſt de toutes les paſſions la plus agréable." He adds indeed, that it is that ſtate of it in which "on a le coeur rempli et non pas troublé, on a des ſoins, et non pas des inquietudes, on eſt remué, mais non pas dechiré."

I might quote a vaſt number of philoſophers to the ſame purpoſe, but ſhall content myſelf with the following philoſophic lines of Voltaire, and Platonic ones of Milton.

Un amour vrai, ſans feinte, et ſans caprice,
Eſt en effet, le plus grand frein du vice;
Dans ſes liens qui ſçait ſe retenir,
Eſt honnête homme, ou va le devenir.

Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his ſeat
In reaſon, and is judicious; is the ſcale,
By which to heavenly love thou may'ſt aſcend.
Paradiſe Loſt, viii. 593.

---

2. *Sooner you hawk*, &c.—I do not remember to have ſeen lines which contain a more delicate confirmation of laſting attachment, than the following of Montreuil.

Pourquoi me demandez vous tant,
Si mes voeux dureront, ſi je ſerai conſtant,
Juſques à quand mon coeur vivra ſous votre empire?
Ah Phillis vous avez grand tort!
Comment vous le pourrois-je-dire?
Rien n'eſt plus incertain que l'heure de la mort.

Thus imitated by Mr Sheridan.

Aſk'ſt thou "How long my love may ſtay,
When all that's new is paſt;"
How long?—Ah Delia, can I ſay,
How long my life will laſt.
Dry be that tear, be huſh'd that ſigh,
At leaſt I'll love thee till I die.

The ſame thought had appeared beautiful to the celebrated David Hume, who, in his ſentimental eſſay the *Epicurean*, thus addreſſes Caelia:

"But why does your boſom heave with theſe ſighs, while tears bathe your glowing cheeks? Why diſtract your heart with ſuch vain anxieties? Why ſo often aſk me, *How long my love ſhall yet endure?*—

Alas! my Caelia, can I reſolve this queſtion? Do I know how long my life ſhall yet endure?"

It has been ſaid of Hume, that to the "pleaſures and pains of love he was a ſtranger." Whether this be true or not, is of very little importance to the public: but I think this eſſay ſhows a feeling mind, and appears ſomething more than a mere echo of ſentimental books.

Rouſſeau, in the letter written to Hume on their quarrel, ſays, that whenever he went to ſee him he found a volume of *Heloiſe* lying on his table. "Comme (ſays Jean Jacques) ſi je ne connoiſſois pas aſſez le goût de M. Hume, pour être aſſuré que, de tous les livres qui exiſtent, *l'Heloiſe* doit être pour lui le plus ennuyeux."

---

3. *The clear freſh fountain, my Annie,*
Love turns to ſweeteſt wine.

Symon ſeems to have adopted this ſentiment from his friend James, who, in a place which I cannot at preſent find, makes a ſimilar obſervation. It does very well in the mouth of a lover; but there is a good old Scotiſh proverb, "A kiſs and a drink o' water is but a werſh (i. e. inſipid) breakfaſt."—"Sine Baccho et Cerere friget Venus," ſays an ancient.

---

4. *What's this your doing there; I canna bide*, &c.—This ſpeech of Maſs James was written many years ago, and is very far from being a picture of the preſent Scotiſh clergy, of whom Mr Pennant ſays—"The clergy of Scotland, the moſt decent and conſiſtent in their conduct of any ſet of men I ever met with of their order, are at preſent much changed, from the furious, illiterate, and enthuſiaſtic teachers of the old times. Science almoſt univerſally flouriſhes amongſt them; and their diſcourſe is not leſs improving, than the table they entertain the ſtranger at is decent and hoſpitable."

Maſs James is intended to repreſent the very old clergy more than a century ago, who took perhaps too literally the precept of rebuking, in ſeaſon and out of ſeaſon, and from their anxiety (often unenlightened) about the welfare of their flock, looked with a jealous eye upon the moſt harmleſs conduct. "The diſſoluteneſs of manners among the catholic clergy, (ſays Dr Currie), which preceded and in ſome

meaſure produced the Reformation, led to an extraordinary ſtrictneſs on the part of the reformers; and eſpecially in that particular in which the licentiouſneſs of the clergy had been carried to the greateſt height, "the intercourſe between the ſexes." During the reign of James VI. the church having called in the aſſiſtance of the civil power, criminal converſation was made the ſubject of a particular ſtatute, (Hume's Commentaries on the Laws of Scotland, vol. ii. 332.) which, from its rigour, was never much enforced, and which has long fallen into diſuſe.

5. *For, verily, I'll wad a doit and mair.*—A doit is half a farthing. By the miniſter offering to wager ſo ſmall a ſum, it ſhows that he was ſcarce of money, or conſidered the odds as not greatly in his favour.

6. *Uſe* I.—The old ſermons conſiſted of a number of heads, after which follow the *uſes*, or what we now call the application. Luther and others about that period pretended (as Maſs James does in this ſermon) to have perſonal conferences with Satan, who does not make quite the figure that he does in Milton. I have ſeen him, in ſome old books and manuſcripts, repreſented with a tattered blue bonnet and hoggers, that is to ſay, ſtockings without feet.

7. SCENE II. *Before her all was night,*
Behind her ſtream'd a track of golden light.

In a picture of the Stoning of Stephen, by Annibal Carraci, an angel is repreſented as flying in a dark ſky, and behind him, in the track which he has paſſed, is a long gleam of light, marking the path which his paſſage had illumined. This fine idea gave riſe to the lines in the paſtoral.

8. SCENE III. *What needs ye deave us talking o' the cat!*—The lamentation of Adam for the loſs of this animal may ſeem *outré*, to thoſe who do not know the importance of cats in remote country families in

which there are few members. I had in my fancy a large red cat, which reſided in a family where I viſited when young, which caught hares, and was the moſt important perſonage in the houſe. Rediſh-brown cats are called Cyprus cats in Upper Clydeſdale, for what reaſon I know not; probably from being introduced by the cruſaders, the fineſt cats of the world being thoſe of Syria, Cyprus, and Spain.

Notwithſtanding the antipathy with which Buffon ſpeaks of this animal, none has been ſo frequently celebrated by poets. Taſſo, De Lille, Dr Jortin, have endeavoured to immortalize their cats. Madam Deſhoulieres, a French lady of great genius, made ſome fine verſes in honour of the Duke of Burgundy. Unfortunately ſhe had written a great number of verſes on her cat, which furniſhed a ſatirical poet of thoſe days with the means of hindering her from receiving a reward for her verſes on the Duke. This pleaſantry ended thus:

Pour immortalizer ſon chat,
Elle en a fait bien davantage.

In Miſs Seward's Life of Dr Darwin, we are informed that, "In September 1780, a playful correſpondence paſſed between Dr Darwin and Miſs Seward, in the name of their reſpective cats." This correſpondence is given, and might have as well perhaps been omitted.—I might mention Gray; but have ſaid enough to juſtify Adam, and beſides his cat was an uncommon animal.

---

9. *She never will come back.*—This is a confirmation of a remark made by Buffon in his Natural Hiſtory—"Though cats live in our houſes, they are not entirely domeſtic. Even the tameſt cats are not under the ſmalleſt ſubjection, but may rather be ſaid to enjoy perfect liberty; for they act only to pleaſe themſelves, *and it is impoſſible to retain them a moment after they chuſe to go off.*"

---

10. *Ane very like him. Who has loſt his mare?*—This is a common ſaying in the country, when there is any buſtling hurry. Falſtaff coming to the hoſteſs and officers who were preparing to apprehend him, ſays, "How now? *Whoſe mare's dead?* What's the matter?——*Henry IV. part 2d act 2. ſcene* 1.

Scene IV.—*Steer up the ingle, Bob.*—Bob, though with the ſame name, ſeems to be a different and more reſpectable perſonage than

> "That ſhrewd and knavish ſprite,
> Call'd Robin Goodfellow,"

Of whom ſuch tricks are related, *Midſummer Night's Dream*, act ii. ſc. 1. and who, on account of the diſturbance he gave to domeſtic tranquillity, received many *douceurs* of curds and cream, milk, &c. In a ſong publiſhed by Biſhop Percy, Robin gives an account of his pranks. He tells us that when lads and laſſes are met together,

> Then out the candles I do blow,
> The maids I kiſs;
> They cry, Who's this?
> I anſwer nought but ho! ho! ho!—*Reliques*, vol. iii. 202.

---

11. *For Abab's ſake, wi' holy fear preſsd.*—This ſhows the agitation and terror of Maſs James. Probably he meant to have ſaid *Abram*; but at this we can only gueſs.

---

12. *Sir Huon's ſelf would feel his heart diſmay'd.*—In Wieland's fine poem of *Oberon*, which has been well tranſlated by Mr Sotheby, Sir Hüon, by the command of Charlemagne, goes on ſome adventures of the utmoſt difficulty and danger, but which he happily executes by the aſſiſtance of fairies. The baſis of this work, which to me ſeems to diſcover more poetry (and I have read it only in the tranſlation) than any poem I have ſeen written ſince the time of Milton, is an old French romance. It is entitled, "The famous exploits of Sir Hugh of Bordeaux." It was tranſlated from the French by John Bourchier Lord Berners, in the time of Henry VIII. and paſſed through three editions.

---

13. *Fairies, haſte! we want our dame.*—I have borrowed three or four lines from the witches charms in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Queens*; which, though mixed with a great deal of traſh, appear to me to excel in wildneſs the incantations in Macbeth. In the author's notes upon that performance, there is a great deal of magical learning.

14. *Haſte, haſte, from Iceland bring,*
Some water from the Geyzer ſpring.

Of the Geyzer, or principal burning fountain in Iceland, there is in the third volume of the Tranſactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, an intereſting account given, in a letter to Dr Black, from John Thomas Stanley, Eſq. Of theſe burning ſprings, there are a great number, riſing between the declivity of ſome hills and a river, in the S. W. of the iſland, about 36 miles from Mount Hecla. The moſt magnificent of them is deſcribed by Mr Stanley as riſing through a pipe or ſhaft 70 feet deep, and 8½ in diameter. This pipe opens into a circular baſon or funnel, 59 feet from the one edge to the other; the ſides both of the ſhaft and funnel are rendered ſmooth by the friction of the water.

After an eruption, the pipe is left empty, but in a few ſeconds the water ruſhes into it with a bubbling noiſe; and during the time it is riſing in the pipe, it is frequently darted ſuddenly into the air, to different heights; ſometimes to two or three, ſometimes to ſixty feet above the ſides of the baſon: Of theſe jets, ſays Mr S. we counted twenty in an hour and a half, during which the water had filled the pipe, and in part the baſon. It then ſeemed oftentimes agitated, and boiled with great violence. The jets were more beautiful, and continued longer, as the quantity of water in the baſon increaſed.

While the pipe was filling, we threw into it ſeveral ſtones of conſiderable weight, which, whenever the water burſt forth with any violence, were projected much higher than itſelf. Theſe ſtones, in falling, were met by other columns of water, and amidſt theſe they roſe and fell repeatedly. They were eaſily diſtinguiſhed in the white foam, and contributed much to the novelty and beauty of this extraordinary phenomena.

When the baſon was nearly full, theſe occaſional eruptions were generally announced by ſhocks of the ground, ſimilar to thoſe preceding the great eruptions. Immediately after the ſhocks, the whole body of water in the baſon heaved exceedingly; a violent ebullition then took place, and large waves ſpread themſelves in circles from the centre, through which the column forced its way.

When Mr Stanley and his companions were firſt led to the Geyzer, the baſon was filled to within a few feet of its edge. The water was tranſparent as cryſtal, a ſlight ſteam aroſe from it, and the ſurface was only ruffled with a few bubbles which now and then came from the bottom of the pipe. "We were ſoon alarmed by a ſudden ſhock

It fell that in that lady's caſtle,
The king was bound to bed;
And up and ſpake the popinjay,
That ſtew abune his head:

"Leave aff your douking on the day,
And douk upon the night;
And wherever that guiltleſs knight lies ſlain,
The candles will burn bright."

Upon this paſſage the ingenious editor remarks—"Theſe are unqueſtionably the corpſe lights, which are ſometimes ſeen to illuminate the ſpot where a dead body is concealed. The editor is informed that, ſome years ago, the corpſe of a man drowned in the Ettrick, below Selkirk, was diſcovered by means of theſe candles. Such lights are common in church-yards, and are probably of a phoſphoric nature."

---

3. *Is it* not deep, *Tom cried—She cried*, not deep.—The celebrated Athanaſius Kircher gives an account of a man who was actually drowned in this manner. This might have happened; but the long echoing ſcenes in the *Aminta* and *Paſtor Fido* are quite unnatural. In the laſt of theſe paſtorals, Sylvio, who had been a ſworn foe to love, while hunting in a foreſt, holds a long diſcourſe with Echo, and by her is half perſuaded that there is ſome delight in love, and that he muſt at ſome future period yield to its influence. This muſt have been an Echo of a ſimilar ſpecies to that in Ireland, which, when aſked *How do you do?* replied, *Very well, I thank you, Pat.*

---

4. *Which micht ſhow't the Bellman o' the place.*—In Scotland the bellman and grave-digger is generally the ſame perſon; and he was no doubt glad at the body being found, as the burying it would furniſh him with ſome perquiſites.

SCENE II.—*But Oberon who wiſh'd my finger ſtay.*—The commentators on Shakeſpeare remark, that this writer was not the firſt who introduced Oberon on the ſtage, there having been prior to his piece,

" The Scottiſhe Story of James the Fourth, ſlain at Flodden, intermixed with a pleaſant Comedie, preſented by Oberon king of the Fairies." In the old French romance of Huon of Bourdeaux, which we have mentioned, Oberon and Titania are principal characters.

---

6. *And upon cowſlips groſt thy head.*—The cowſlip, Dr Johnſon obſerves, was a favourite of the fairies.

The *cowſlips* tall her penſioners be;
In their gold coat ſpots you ſee,
Theſe be rubies, fairies favours,
In thoſe freckles live their ſavours:
I muſt go ſeek a dew-drop here and there,
And hang a pearl on every cowſlip's ear.

Midſummer Night's Dream, act 2. ſc. 1.

So Drayton

For the queen a fitting tower,
Quoth he, is that fair cowſlip flower;
In all your train there's not a fay,
But ſhe hath made it in her way,
The talleſt flow'r that groweth.

---

7. *When tripping to the elfin bowers.*—T. Warton, in his Remarks on the Comus of Milton, gives a great number of inſtances from the Engliſh poets to prove that *to trip* was the proper pace of a fairy. The following ſtanza of Drayton's *Nymphidia*, when he mentions the attendants of Queen Mab, is lively, and as it were in a tripping meaſure:

Hop, and Mop, and Drop ſo clear,
Pip, and Trip, and Skip, that were
To Mab their mighty ſovereign dear,
Her ſpecial maids of honour;
Fib, and Tib, and Pink, and Pin,
Tick, and Quick, and Jill and Jin,
Tit, and Nit, and Wap, and Win,
The train that wait upon her.

8. *For a' but Wallace, who ance ſpent a night*—The author of the article *Lanark* in the Statiſtical Account, W. Lockhart of Bareneald, Eſq; who ſeems to be a learned and ingenious man, tells us that "We are informed by Fordun that, in the year 1297, Sir W. Wallace began at Lanark his firſt great military attempt, by defeating the Engliſh ſheriff of Lanarkſhire, and putting him to death. Blind Harry relates this event at greater length, affixing the ſame date to it. He tells us, that Wallace having married a lady of the name of Braidfoot, the heireſs of Lammington, lived with her privately at Lanark: that, while there, a ſcuffle enſued in the ſtreet between Wallace, accompanied by a few friends, and a body of Engliſhmen: that Wallace being overpowered, fled firſt to his own houſe, and thence made his eſcape to Cartlane-Craigs: that the ſheriff Heſilrig, or, as Fordun calls him, Heſliope, ſeized upon his wife, and put her to death; to revenge which, Wallace gathers a few friends, attacks Heſilrig in the night, and kills him and 240 Engliſhmen.—Tradition tells us, that the houſe where Wallace reſided was at the head of the Caſtlegate, oppoſite the church, where a new houſe has lately been erected. It alſo acquaints us, that a private vaulted arch led from this houſe to Cartlane-Craigs on the river Mouſs, but without the ſmalleſt probability."

Beſides a cave on a ſteep precipice on the banks of this laſt romantic river, called *Wallace Cove*, and ſuppoſed to be a place of refuge for that patriot, there is on the Clyde, below the Corra Fall, a rock called *Wallace' Chair*. Innumerable places in Scotland are ſuppoſed to have been dignified by the preſence of that illuſtrious hero.

Each rugged rock proclaims great WALLACE' fame,
Each cavern wild is honour'd with his name;
Here in repoſe was ſtretch'd his mighty form,
And *there* he ſhelter'd from the night and ſtorm.
So the grim lion, laſh'd with hiſſing ſhowers,
Seeks ſome huge cave, and ſlumbers out the hours:
But when the tempeſts ceaſe, he ſhakes his mane,
And ſtalks tremendous o'er the ſandy plain;
With living flames his flaſhing eye-balls glow,
And horror ſits upon his wrinkled brow.

---

9. *She's freſher than the blown in May.*—We learn from the old poets that the Queen of Fairies was eminently beautiful. In the *Faithful Shepherdeſs*, the Satyr ſays to that character,

Brighteſt! if there be remaining
Any ſervice, without feigning
I will do it—were I ſet
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green;
Or to ſteal from *the great Queen*
Of the Fairies, all her beauty.—Act 5. ſc. laſt.

So too in the ſong of *Tamlane*, publiſhed in the *Minſtrelſy of the Scottiſh Border*:

On we lap, and away we rade,
Down to a bonny green;
We lighted down to bait our ſteed,
And we ſaw the fairy queen,

With four and twenty at her back,
Of ladies clad in green:
Though the king of Scotland had been there,
The worſt might hae been his queen.

Spenſer makes his principal hero, King Arthur, perform all his deeds in order to be rewarded with the love of the Queen of Fairies. Alſo in Chaucer's Rime of Sir Thopas, the knight, like Spenſer's Arthur, goes in ſearch of the Fairy Queen.

An Elf Quene well I love, I wis,
For in this world no woman is
Worthy to be my makē;
All othir womin I forſake,
And to an Elfe Quene me take,
By dale and eke by doune.
Into his ſaddle he clombe anon,
And pricked over ſtyle and ſtone,
An Elfe Quene to eſpie;
Till he ſo long had ridden and gone,
That he fonde in a private wonne,
The country of Fairie.

---

10. *But every land affords a grave,*
Grata quies patriae, ſed et omnis terra ſepulchrum.——*Sannazarius.*

11. *Farewell, where we did reſide,*
Rocky caves of Mouſs——

Of the Mouſs we have ſpoken in another note. It runs through the pariſh of Lanark, which it ſeparates. Its banks are every where ſteep and woody; which ſteepneſs increaſes to an awful height not far from Lanark, where it makes a ſweep before entering the Clyde. Here the banks are about 400 feet in height, and are finely varied by the different appearances of rocks, wood, and precipice. To thoſe who have not ſeen it, the ſteep banks of the Eſk at Roſlin will give an imperfect idea. At the bottom runs the river Mouſs, in the bed of which one muſt walk in order to traverſe this den. At every turn of the Mouſs the ſcene varies; and wherever there is a prominent rock on the one ſide there is a correſponding receſs on the other. In one of the moſt dreadful of theſe rocks is the cave which, tradition ſays, ſheltered Wallace.

In Cririe's Scotiſh Scenery there are ſome very poetical lines relative to the Mouſs, and an engraving from a fine view by Walker.

---

12. *The cave in the round rocky wa'*.—In the immenſe circular rocks facing the Fall of Corra, beneath the pavilion, there is ſeen a ſmall cave, above a buſh or ſmall tree growing from the rock. This is probably that here alluded to by the fairies.'

---

13. *Hemton! Hamton!*—Reginald Scott tells us, "Our grandams maides were wont to ſet a boll of milke before Incubus and his couſin Robin Goodfellow, for grinding of malt or muſtard, and ſweeping the houſe at midnight; and that he would chafe exceedingly if the maid or goodwife of the houſe, having compaſſion of his nakedneſs, laid aſide clothes for him, beſides his meſſe of white-bread and milke, which was his ſtanding fee. For in that caſe he ſaith, *What have we here? Hemton! Hamton! here will I never more tread nor ſtampen.*"—*Diſcoveries of Witchcraft*, 1585, *p.* 85.

---

15. *On Douglas' wild and ſavage ſtream.*—The water of Douglas flows into the Clyde above the Fall of Bonniton. The country is very

wild towards the mouth of it; but about nine miles up becomes beautiful, where the village of Douglas and the Caſtle are. This is the the wing of a large new houſe built, where the principal ſeat was of the moſt warlike and illuſtrious private family in Europe.

---

16. *Down Stonebyres at midnight hour.*—The Fall of Stonebyres is about two miles and a half below the Corra Lin, and is ſo called from the adjacent eſtate of Stonebyres. This fall is about eighty feet high, having, like the Corra Lin, three diſtinct ſtages. The cataract is beſt ſeen from a point a little below it, and its wild impetuoſity contraſts finely with the placidity of the river beneath. The Bonniton Fall contraſts with the calm flow of the Clyde above; in the Corra there is nothing of this. The hanging rocky banks on each ſide of the Stonebyre Lin are ſkirted with coppice wood; and upon the whole there is ſeldom to be ſeen ſo grand a ſcene.

---

16. *And paſſing Bothwell's maſſy tower.*—This caſtle, a few miles below Hamilton, is accounted by ſome the nobleſt decayed ſtructure in Scotland. Its ruins are two hundred and thirty-four feet in length, and ninety-nine in breadth. The river Clyde here makes a fine ſweep, and immediately oppoſite the old caſtle are the ruins of the Priory of Blantyre. On both ſides of the river the banks are ſteep and fringed with wood.

---

17. *Never up the Leven take.*—This river, celebrated by Smollet, who was born on its banks, flows from Lochlomond, and enters the Clyde at Dumbarton Caſtle.

---

18. *Native land, farewell! farewell!*—From a ſong in Percy's *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, written by Biſhop Corbett, and entitled, "A proper new ballad, entitled the Fairies Farewell, or God-a-mercy Will; to be ſung or whiſtled to the tune of *The Meadowes Brown*, by the learned;

by the unlearned, to the tune of *Fortune.*" We learn that the fairies did actually diſappear about this time, though the good Biſhop did not know the true reaſon.

Witneſs thoſe rings and round-e-lays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days,
On many a graſſy plain:
But ſince of late Eliſabeth,
And later James came in;
They never danc'd on any heath,
As when the time hath been.

END OF THE NOTES.

ERRATA.

Page 139, line 3. *For* cherry buſhes *read* cherry bluſhes.
141, 10. *For* inform'd *read* informéd.
142, 2. *For* fear'd *read* fearéd.

GLOSSARY

OF THE SCOTISH WORDS CONTAINED IN THE DISSERTATIONS AND PASTORAL.

A

Aboon, above
Ae, one
Ainee, once
Airt, point of the compaſs, direction
Ait, oat
Ane, one
Aſide, beſide
Aſk, newt, an animal of the lizard kind
Ather, adder
Auld, old

B

Ban, to curſe
Bannock, a round flat cake
Baudrans, a cat
Beat, overcome
Beik, to baſk in the ſun, or before a fire
Bien, comfortable
Bill, a bull
Billie, literally brother, alſo a bold buſtling fellow
Birk, birch. *Teut.* berck
Blate, baſhful. *Teut.* blaet
Blythe, cheerful, merry. *Sax.* bleithe
Bonny, beautiful
Book, at the, an expreſſion for family worſhip
Bowt, bolt, dart
Bra, gay, adorned. *Teut.* brauwe
Brae, ſide of a hill, declivity
Brattlin, a cantering noiſe
Bravely, bravely
Brock, badger. *Sax.* broc
Burn, brook, ſtream of water, *Sax.*
Buſk, to dreſs, array
Buſt, buſh
Byre, cow-houſe

C

Ca'd called
Cairn, a looſe heap of ſtones, often on the top of high hills in Scotland. *Gael.* kairn
Callan, boy
Cannily, gently
Canty, chearful
Caul', cold
Cauldrif, cold, indifferent
Cauler, cool, freſh. *Icel.* kalldur, frigid

Chappin', knocking
Chorkin, moiſt, the noiſe made with wet feet
Chiel, young fellow, (a familiar way of ſpeaking of a perſon)
Claes, clothes
Claver, to talk fooliſhly. *Ger.* klaeffer, a trifler
Cloots, the hoof of a cow, ſheep, &c.
Cog, a wooden diſh, milking pail
Collie, a cur
Coots, ancles, *Teut.* kuyte
Cowt, colt
Crack, to chat, converſe
Craig, crag
Creeſhy, greaſy
Croud, to coo as a dove
Crouſe, ſecure, confident
Crummie, an old horned cow
Cuſhat, the wood pigeon
Cutty, gypſie
Cutty-ſtool, ſtool of repentance

D

Dad, father (uſed contemptuouſly)
Daft, mad, fooliſh, merry, giddy
Docken, dock, (a plant)
Doit, a very ſmall piece of money, leſs than a farthing
Do'e, dove
Dool! an exclamation of dole, pain, mourning, *Fr.* deuil
Doon, done
Draff, brewers grains, *Teut.* draf

E

Een, eyes
Eerie, fearful through ſolitude, afraid of ſpectres
Eldritch, frightful, ghaſtly
Eneuch, enough

F

Fa, fall
Fairing, a preſent, (literally in a fair or market)
Faſh, to trouble, vex, diſturb, *Fr.* faſcher
Fauld, fold
Fit, foot
Fleed, frightened
Flyte, to ſcold, chide, *Sax.* flitan
Frae, from
Fraizing, flattery
Fudding, ſhaking backwards and forwards

G

Gab, to prat, talk idly, *Teut.* gabberen
Gaed, went, (the paſt of go, *gaſ*, go-ed)
Gaen, gone
Gang, go
Gar, to cauſe, to force
Gear, goods, effects, wealth, *Sax.* geara
Geck, to aſſume ſcornful airs, *Teut.* gecken
Get, a contemptuous word for *child*, *offſpring*
Gi'e, give
Gin, if, given, gien, gin. See *D. of Purley*
Glen, a narrow valley between mountains. *Gael.* glean
Glibs, pert minx
Gloamin, twilight. *Sax.* glommung
Glooming, frowning
Glowr, to ſtare
Gowan, literally, *field daiſy*, alſo common yellow crowfoot, or gold cup, dandelion, &c.

Gerdan, golden
Golf, golf, a blow
Graen, groan
Gret, to bear the, to carry off the praiſe, or be conqueror
Greet, to weep. *Sax.* gretan. *Goth.* greitan
Gudeman, maſter of the houſe
Gudewife, miſtreſs of the houſe

H

Haud, hold
Hate deil, not the leaſt
Haugh, valley or low ground on the ſides of rivers or large brooks
Herd or *bird*, one who tends ſheep or cattle. *Sax.* heord
Hurkle, to crouch, or ſit in a bent contracted manner

I

Ilk, *ilka*, each. *Sax.* aelc
Ingle, fire
Irie. See *eerie*
Ither, other

J

Jawner, to talk fooliſhly
Jink, to turn quickly in order to avoid a perſon

K

Kelpy, the water ſpirit, ſaid to haunt fords and ferries in ſtorms
Ken, to know
Kintry, country
Kirn, churn, *to win the*, to ſhear on the day when the harveſt is concluded
Ky, cows. *Belg*, koeye

L

Langſome, tedious. *Teut.* langſaem
Laird, landed gentleman, proprietor
Laverock, lark. *Sax.*
Liking, ſinging chearfully
Lin, cataract
Linwhite, linnet
Lug, the ear
Lum, the chimney vent

M

Mair, more
Maiſt, moſt
Mart, the proviſion of beef, mutton, or other animal food laid in at Martinmas to ſerve during Winter
Maſs, a title given to the clergyman originally from ſaying maſs, (it is generally pronounced miſs)
Maukin, a hare
Maun, muſt
Maunna, muſt not
Merle, the blackbird. *Fr.* merle Merula
Minny, mammy. *Teut.* minne, a *nurſe*
Mirk, dark. *Scand.* moerk. *Sax.* mirce

N

Nane, none
Neb, beak. *Teut.* nebbe
Niffer, to exchange
Nowt, nolt, cattle. *Scan.* naut, oxen

O

Oxter, arm-pit. *Sax.* oxtan

P

Pattle, a plough ſtaff

Penſy, penſive
Plaid, a mantle. *Gael.*
Ploy, a jovial party
Pyat, magpye. *Gael.*

Q

Quick, alive, uſed in this ſenſe in ſcripture, (the quick and the dead)

R

Raw, reach
Red I, to judge. *Sax.*
Reek, ſmoke. *Sax.* ree
Rigging, the top of the roof. *Sax.* hricg
Ripe, to ſtir. *Teut.* reppen, *to ripe the ribs*, to open or clear the bars of the grate to admit the air
Rowan, mountain aſh
Rowting, lowing of a cow
Rung, a cudgel, a rude ſtick

S

Sab, ſob
Sae, ſo
Sair, ſore
Sark, ſhirt, ſhift
Saul, ſoul
Sax, ſix
Shaw, wood, or woody bank
Shoulders, ſhoulders
Sib, connected by affinity. *Sax.*
Sic, ſuch
Siller, ſilver, money
Simmer, ſummer
Sin ſyne, ſince
Smoor, ſmother
Snood, a ribband, or fillet for tying up a young woman's hair. *Sax.* ſnod
Sonſy, plump, comely
Spae, to foretell, divine. *Iſl.* ſpae. *Dan.* Spaer
Spate, a torrent after rain or thaw
Spence, the country room, pantry
Spier, to aſk. *Iſl.* ſpir
Stane, ſtone
Sweens or Sowans, the groſſer part of the oatmeal, with the huſks, firſt put into a barrel with water in order to become ſour, and then boiled into a ſort of pudding or flummery
Swithe! get away!
Syke, a little rill, commonly dry in Summer. *Sax.* ſich
Syne, afterwards, thereafter

T

Taid, toad
Tappin, tuft on the crown of a bonnet
Tatty, hanging in tates or matted locks
Teind, tythe
Thae, theſe
Towmond, twelvemonth
Trig, neat, tight
Tyke, a dog. *Iſl.* tiig. *Swed.* tik

U

Unco, very
Unco folk, ſtrangers

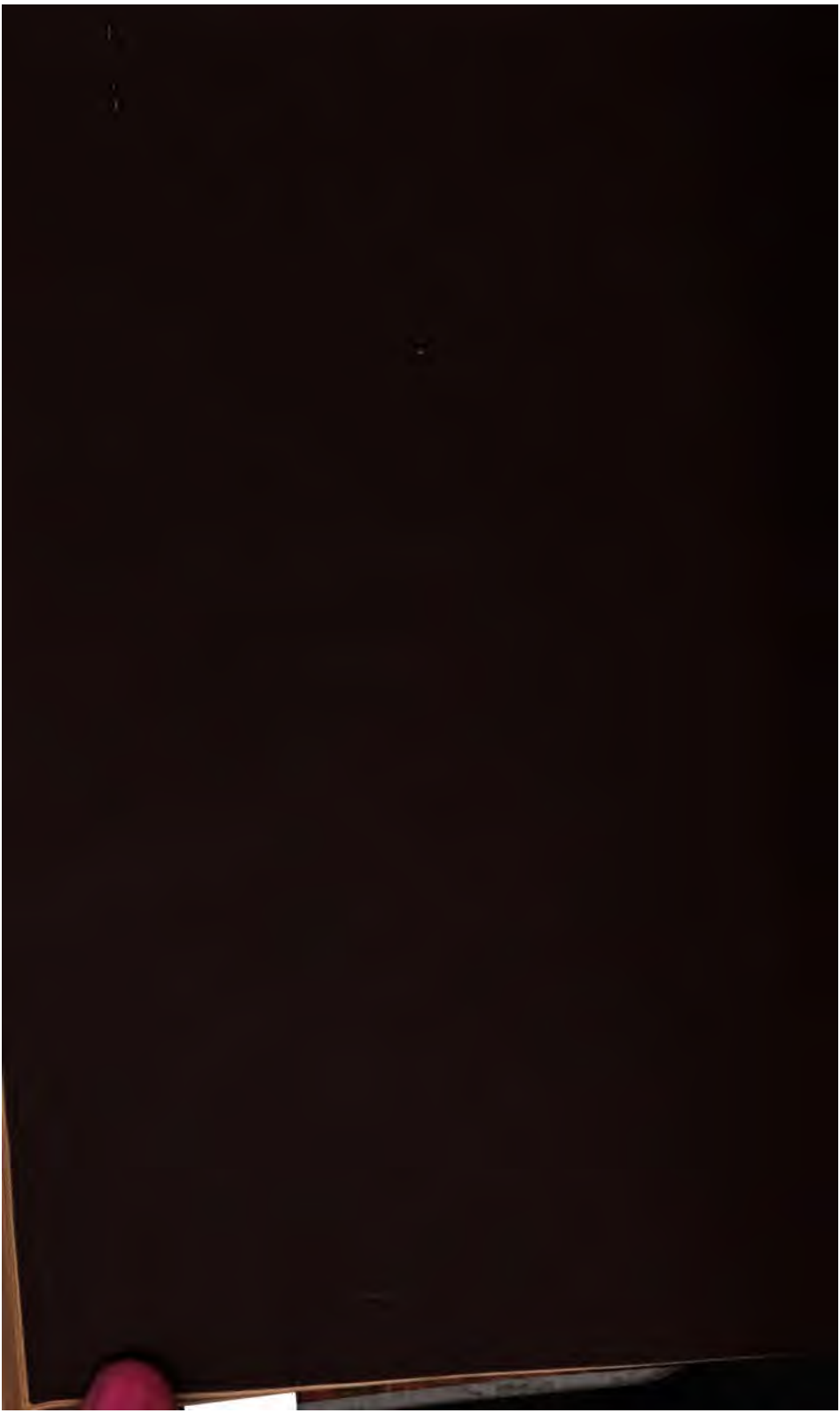
W

Wa', wall
Wad, would, wadger
Wadna, would not
Waeſucks! alas!
Waukd, awak'd
Wean, a child, *quaſi*, wee ane

Wee, little, a ſhort while
Wether, wedder
Whia, the motion of a hare running, but not frighted
Whiles, ſometimes
Whilk, which
Whinging, whining
Whiſht, huſh!
Winna, will not.

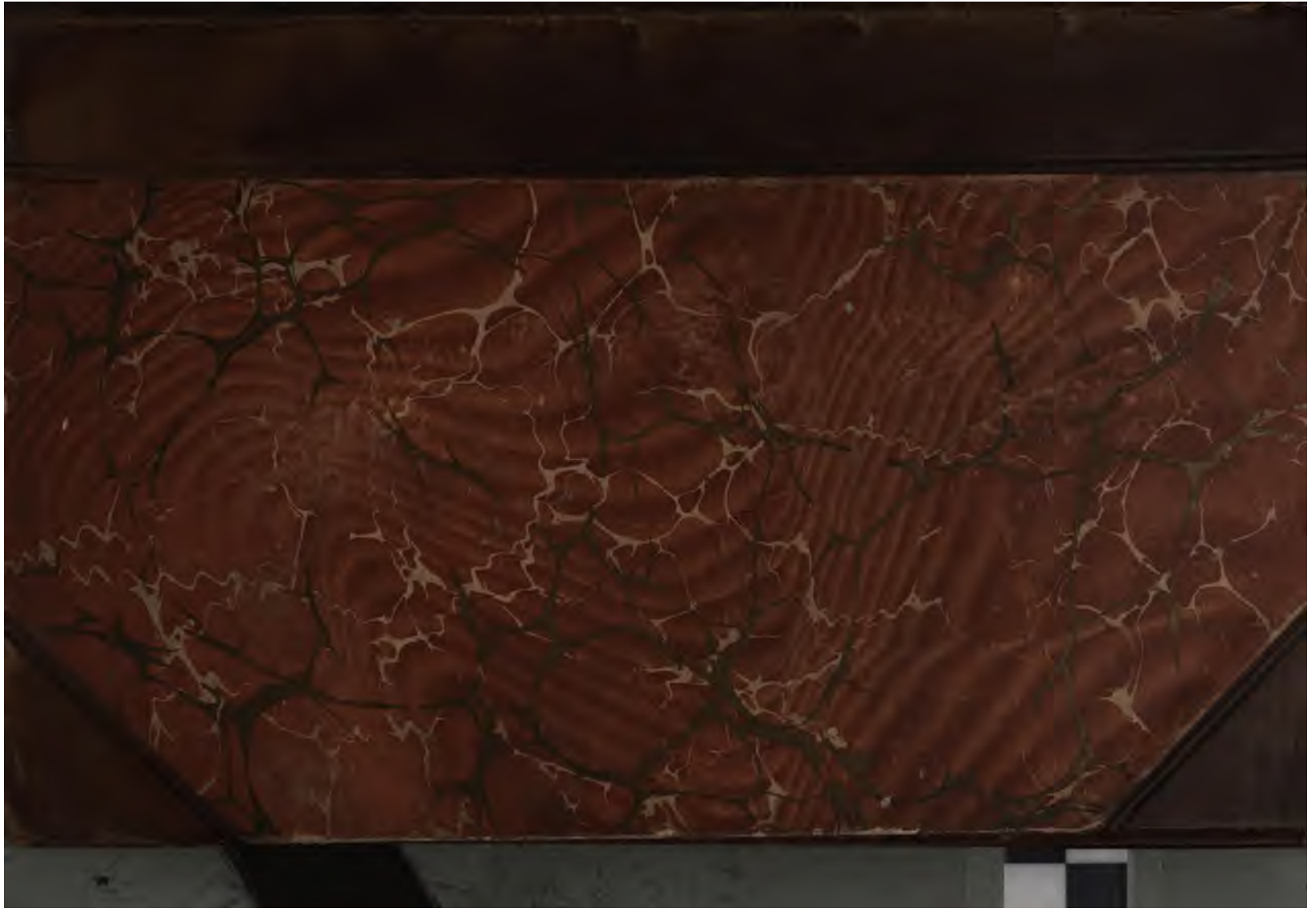
FINIS.

Printed by ALEX. SMELLIE, Edinburgh.



PR 4118 .B5 .F3 C.1
The falls of Clyde
Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 036 827 405

PR
4118
.B5.F3

DATE DUE

STANFORD UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA
94305